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IE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS
BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON
LUME I

PLATE I.

[*From the original drawing in the collection of Sir Robert Witt.*]

PLATE I

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. By G. H. HARLOW.
Inscr.: "*B. R. Haydon*, 1816," *and* "*G. H. H.*"

Reproduced by kind permission of Sir Robert Witt from the original drawing in his collection.

The AUTOBIOGRAPHY and MEMOIRS of BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

(1786–1846)

Edited from his Journals by Tom Taylor

A NEW EDITION
with an Introduction
by
Aldous Huxley

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INTRODUCTION

Two likenesses of Haydon hang in the National Portrait Gallery. One, by Miss Zornlin, is a full face, and might be a prophetic portrait of Mussolini. That vast and noble brow, enlarged and ennobled by incipient baldness beyond the limits of verisimilitude; those flashing eyes; that square strong jaw; that wide mouth with its full, floridly sculptured lips; that powerful neck—are not these Il Duce's very features? But Miss Zornlin was not a very good painter. A competent portraitist knows how to imply the profile in the full face. Miss Zornlin's implications are entirely misleading, and if it were not for Haydon's own self-portrait in the National Gallery, and the drawing of him as a youth in the possession of Sir Robert Witt, we should never have guessed that this truculent dictator was the possessor of a very large, yet delicately modelled and somehow frail-looking aquiline nose, and a chin which, while not exactly weak, was not so formidably protuberant as one might have expected. It is as though Mussolini had been strangely blended with Cardinal Newman.

From whatever angle one looks at it, the face is remarkable. One would notice it in a crowd; one would know at once that it belonged to some unusual spirit. It is a face that bears the stigmata almost of genius. Haydon had only to look in the glass to realise that he was a great man.

Nor was a grand appearance Nature's only gift to him. The other attributes of genius—a little tinged, it is true, with vulgarity—were not lacking. He was endowed with a sharp and comprehensive intelligence; an excellent judgment (except where his own productions were concerned); a dæmonic vitality; the proverbial "infinite capacity for taking pains"; a mystical sense of inspiration, and a boundless belief in his own powers. His special gifts were literary and discursive. His brain teemed with general ideas. He

was

was an acute observer of character; he could talk, and he could write. He had a gift of expression, even a literary style. Never was anyone more clearly cut out to be an author. Or, if the outlet of literature had been denied him, he would have made a good politician, a first-rate soldier ("I did not command bayonets and cannons. Would to God," he says himself, "I had!"); he might even—if we may judge from his laborious studies in anatomy and his facility in the propounding of theories—have been a tolerably efficient man of science. The one gift which Nature had quite obviously denied him was the gift of expressing himself in form and colour. One has only to glance at one of Haydon's drawings to perceive that the man had absolutely no artistic talent. The lines are hard, heavy, uncertain and utterly insensitive. He fumbles painfully and blunderingly after likeness to nature, and when he cannot achieve realism falls back on the cheapest art-student tricks. The paintings —such of them, at any rate, as I have seen in the original or in reproductions—are entirely without composition. They abound in bad drawing and disproportions. The colour is crude and inharmonious. In his enormous Agony in the Garden, which now reposes in the cellars of the Victoria and Albert Museum, a shapeless Saviour (straight from the studio and illumined by a strong north light) kneels in the right foreground. Behind Him lies a Rembrandtesque night, full of torch flames, of ruddily illuminated faces and portentous chiaroscuro. The ground is apparently meant to slope up from the place where the Saviour is kneeling. But it slopes in such a curious way that the background seems to be on a level with, if not actually in front of, the figure in the foreground. One is forced to imagine a Mount of Olives constructed like those Tudor houses in which each storey projects a little farther forward than the one below. The painting is broad, dashing, and amateurishly uncertain. In the draperies, and in what is visible of the landscape, one notices great swishing brush strokes entirely devoid of meaning, whole passages daubed in for the sole reason that every inch of the canvas has got to be covered with paint. The thing is ludicrous. The Agony in the Garden is admittedly one of the least successful of Haydon's pictures. I regret that I have never seen

seen his best—Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, and The Raising of Lazarus. The former is at Cincinnati; to judge by the photographs it bears a certain very distant resemblance to a picture. Where the latter is, I do not know; nor have I ever seen it reproduced. But after having looked at The Agony in the Garden, the various portraits at the National Portrait Gallery, the Punch at the Tate, and the various reproductions in Sir Robert Witt's library, I feel quite justified in saying that it must be entirely worthless.

Most children are geniuses, and perhaps there may have been some excuse for admiring the scribblings of the infant Haydon. Half the five-year-olds in any country are Raphaels; one in a hundred retains his genius at the age of ten. One in a million of these childish talents survives puberty. Some Imp of the Perverse must have suggested to young Haydon that he was destined to preserve his baby gift and become a painter. Outraged nature protested. The boy was afflicted with a disease of the eyes that permanently weakened his sight. To a natural incapacity to draw or paint was now added an inability to see. It was a broad hint. But the Imp of the Perverse and Haydon's will were very strong. Illness only reinforced the boy's decision to become a painter. All his exuberant energy, which a piece of judicious advice or a happy accident might have harnessed to some congenial labour, was now directed to painting. His self-confidence became a confidence in his powers as an artist. His heavenly muse breathed artistic inspirations. He had, as he tells us, "perpetual and irresistible urgings of future greatness." And again, "I have been like a man with air balloons under his armpits and ether in his soul. While I was painting, walking, or thinking, beaming flashes of energy followed and impressed me." To have refused, in such circumstances, to devote oneself body and soul to painting would have been the sin against the Holy Ghost. On another occasion, after having "conceived my background stronger than ever, I strode about the room imitating the blast of a trumpet—my cheeks full of blood, my heart beating with a glorious heat. Oh, who would exchange these moments for a throne?" These ecstatic moments came to him whenever his mind was occupied with something that specially interested it. He would spend a whole evening

" in

"in a torrent of feeling about Homer." On the day after the news of Waterloo had come through to London, he "got up in a steam of feeling and read all the papers till he was faint." Since he had elected painting as the chief concern of his life, it was natural that these delicious and inspiring moments came oftenest while he was at work on a picture. They justified his belief in his own powers, in the same way as the raptures of the mystic justify his belief in a personal God. An emotion so intense must, it is felt, have some adequate external cause. Similarly, the sentiments of a lover are so enormous that it seems impossible that they should have been aroused by plain Miss Jones or plainer Mr Brown. Something cosmic, something divine must have crept in somewhere. Nothing short of the Absolute could account for such ecstasies. A whole literature of platonising love poems has arisen, in order that Mr Robinson's feelings for Miss Smith might be satisfactorily accounted for. Something analogous took place in Haydon's case. Full-blooded, emotional, a sort of Gargantua turned idealistic and romantic, he was easily excited and, when excited, felt profoundly. He could not believe that such prodigious emotions as his were not due to some proportionate cause. If he felt grandly about his painting, that was because his painting was grand, and because to paint was his mission in life, his divinely ordained duty. Of the divine approbation he was, indeed, directly convinced. We find references in the Autobiography and Journals to Voices which commanded him to embark, even in the midst of financial ruin, on vast and unsaleable works. To his prayers for guidance (and Haydon was always praying) were vouchsafed, so he believed, encouraging replies. And every small success, every happy coincidence—the opportune arrival, for example, of a cheque or a commission—was interpreted by him as a friendly message from the Almighty. It is not to be wondered at if, in the teeth of failure and of hostile criticism, he should have gone on believing in himself. What matter the sneers of human connoisseurs when one *knows*, one is *certain* that the Heavenly Critic approves?

And then there was Haydon's pride, there was Haydon's ambition. Right or wrong, he had embarked on a painter's career. He was too proud to admit failure and withdraw. And

And his ambition to excel was inordinate, his vanity was without bounds. He admits (and his frankness is engaging, his perspicacity even in the midst of so much self-deception is remarkable) that he was "always panting for distinction, even at a funeral (for I felt angry at Opie's that I wasn't in the first coach)." He wanted to be in the first coach at the christening of a new school of English painting. Portrait-making, the sham *beau idéal*, petty genre-painting were to be ousted from their pre-eminence and historical painting on a colossal scale was to take their place. Haydon was to be the father of the new school. "The production of this picture (Dentatus) must and will be considered an epoch in British Art." And towards the end of his life he records: "I thought once of putting up a brass plate (on his old house in Lisson Grove), HERE HAYDON PAINTED HIS SOLOMON, 1813."

Sanguine and very susceptible to flattery, Haydon was always ready to believe that the smallest stroke of good fortune must be the herald of complete success, that a word of praise was the first note in that chorus of universal commendation for which he was always anxiously listening. When a "lady of the highest rank" remarked (with that charming and entirely meaningless politeness of which only ladies of the highest rank know the secret): "We look to *you*, Mr Haydon, to revive the Art," poor Haydon "anticipated all sorts of glory, greatness, and fame." He was a man who dramatised his own life, who saw himself acting his own part, not merely as he was playing it at the moment, but in the future too. "I walked about the room, looked into the glass, anticipated what the foreign ambassadors would say, studied my French for a good accent, believed that all the Sovereigns of Europe would hail an English youth who could paint a heroic picture."

The "Sovereigns of Europe," it may be remarked parenthetically, played a great part in Haydon's imaginative life. Of burgess origin, and endowed with a romantic temperament, Haydon was—fatally and inevitably—a snob. The prestige of great names and titles impressed him profoundly. The picturesqueness of traditional aristocracy and the splendours of wealth went violently to his romantic head, just as they went to Balzac's. We have seen how absurdly

elated

elated he felt when the "lady of the highest rank" looked to him to "revive the Art." He was as much delighted when Sir George Beaumont and his family "allowed that nothing could exceed the eye of my horse." Even the approbation of a noble savage (if only sufficiently noble) was intoxicating to Haydon, who records complacently that the Persian Ambassador remarked of his Jerusalem "in good English and in a loud voice, 'I like the elbow of soldier.'" But bitter experience soon taught him that lordly patrons are fickle and their favour not to be relied on. He realised that he had taken their praises of his historical pictures too seriously. "I forgot," he sadly remarks, "that the same praise would have been applied to the portrait of a race-horse or of a favourite pug." He discovered to his cost that lords and ladies "are ambitious of the *éclat* of discovering genius, but their hearts are seldom engaged for it." And—yet more painful discovery for a man of Haydon's intelligence and acquirements—"I find the artists most favoured by the great are those of no education, or those who conceal what they have. The love of power and superiority is not trod on if a man of genius is ignorant when a gentleman is informed. 'Great folks,' said Johnson, 'don't like to have their mouths stopped.'" Haydon was rash enough to be right about the Elgin Marbles. The great were all on the side of Payne Knight and grotesquely wrong. They did not enjoy being told so. But though he early discovered the truth about aristocratic art patrons—viz. that they regard artists as mere court fools existing for the entertainment of their endless leisure, that they take no genuine interest in art, and are, for the most part, bottomlessly frivolous—though he knew all this, he yet retained an extraordinary affection and respect for lords. How excessively and abjectly he enjoys his week-end with Lord Egremont at Petworth! "The very flies at Petworth seem to know that there is room for their existence, that the windows are theirs. Dogs, horses, cows, deer and pigs, peasantry and servants, guests and family, children and parents, all share alike his (Lord Egremont's) bounty and opulence and luxury."

He dramatised himself in misfortune no less than in success. It is a fallen Titan who goes to the Debtor's Prison

Prison and haggles with creditors. And in spite of everything, how much he enjoys his grandly and dramatically unhappy position at the time when his reforming zeal had made him, in 1832, the official painter of the radical party! At half-past nine he would be in the pawnshop raising money on the silver coffee-pot; at ten he would be sitting in the palace of some peer of the realm, sketching the grand patrician profile and discussing high politics. The afternoon would be spent imploring attorneys to give him time; the evening at some luscious rout where "the beauty of the women, the exquisite, fresh, nosegay sweetness of their looks, the rich crimson velvet, and white satin, and lace, and muslin, and diamonds, with their black eyes and peachy complexions, and snowy necks, and delicate forms, and graceful motions, and sweet nothingness of conversation bewildered and distracted him." Pauper and pampered pet of society, frequenter of drawing-rooms and pawnshops —the rôle was dramatic, picturesque, positively Shakespearean. He dwells at length, emphatically and almost with pleasure, on his own romantic misery.

Haydon was at all times very conscious of his own character. He is his own favourite hero of fiction. He realises his own energy, genius and vitality, and describes them dramatically in a bold Homeric style. We find him in his journals constantly comparing himself to one or other of the nobler animals. He "flies to the city to raise money, like an eagle." He bathes at Margate "like a bull in June." He is constantly walking up and down his studio or furiously painting "like a lion." (And we know from what he says in his journal, after dissecting one, how much lions meant to Haydon. "Spent the whole day with a lion and came home with a contempt for the human species.")

Haydon's belief in himself was infectious, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say contagious—for it was only while one was actually in the presence of the man himself that one could fully believe in his powers as an artist. In front of his pictures, even his most admiring friends must occasionally have had their doubts. But the man had such a masterful and magnetic personality, was so large, so exuberantly vital, so intelligent and plausible, such a good critic of all art but his own, so well read, such an entertaining talker,

talker, that it was impossible not to take fire at his ardour; it was difficult when he said, "I am a great artist," not to believe him. All those, it would be true to say, who came into personal contact with Haydon believed in him. All —from Keats (who lent him money) and Wordsworth (who addressed two admirable sonnets to him) to the poor wine merchant, of whom Haydon records "I showed him Solomon and appealed to him whether I ought, after such an effort, to be without a glass of wine, which my medical man had recommended. 'Certainly not,' said he. 'I'll send you a dozen.'" And he sent them, gratis. Lamb and Hazlitt and the Hunts were among his friends and admirers. His landlord, Newton, was infinitely kind to him. His colourman provided him, on indefinite credit, with canvases of unheard-of dimensions on which to paint unsaleable historical pictures. Sir Walter Scott not only admired and liked him, but gave him money. His servant, the faithful Sammons, seems positively to have worshipped him. There was a magic about the man, a magic which began to evaporate as the years passed and a generation arose which had not known him in his dazzling prime, and the man himself grew old and querulous and hysterical with failure and repeated disappointment and chronic poverty. With the final pistol-shot the magic was totally dissipated. The pictures remain, deplorable monuments of a wasted life. The real, the magical Haydon can only be divined from the Autobiography

Haydon was sixty when he committed suicide. One can only feel astonished that he did not kill himself before. A few years of the life which Haydon led for the best part of forty years would have sufficed to drive most men into suicide, or madness, or the selling of their principles. Haydon's energy, his sanguine temperament kept him struggling on, year after year, decade after decade. His later journals make the most distressing reading. In the course of his desperate and never-ending hunt for cash, what agonised anxieties, what humiliations were his daily lot! Long familiarity with humiliation seems, indeed, in the long run to have blunted his sensibilities. One has the impression that, after some few years of chronic misfortune, it no longer cost him much to write a begging letter

or

or draw up for publication a pathetic statement of his accounts. He was never, even in his early days, very scrupulous about financial matters. The story of his debt to Keats is not told in this volume; it must be read in Keats's own letters. It is not, assuredly, very creditable to Haydon. With his usual frankness, Haydon admitted his unscrupulousness about money. "Too proud to do small modest things that I might obtain fair means of existence as I proceeded with my great work, I thought it no degradation to borrow." And again, "I have £400 at Coutts's, thought I, never thinking how I was to return it, but trusting in God for all." Haydon trusted a great deal in God. It salved his conscience to feel that the Almighty was standing security for his IOU's. But if he was not very honest, he had his justifications. To begin with, he could not afford to be scrupulous. Strict financial honesty is easy only for those whose bank balances are long, or who draw a regular wage and are without ambition. Haydon was filled with vast ambitions, believed himself the greatest painter of his age, and had no money. He felt that the world owed him something for existing, for being the genius that he was. Loans and gifts were received on account of the world's debt to him; he had a certain divine right to them, even when they came from people who could not afford to lend or give. Still he did always honestly try to pay back, later if not sooner, the money he had borrowed. One has only to read the following passage to realise that Haydon had a nice, if peculiar, sense of honour—not to mention a financial ability amounting almost to genius. "In one hour and a half I had ten pounds to pay on my honour and only £2, 15s. in my pocket. I drove away to Newton, paid him £2, 15s. and borrowed £10. I then drove away to my friend and paid him the ten pounds, and borrowed five pounds more, but felt relieved I had not broke my honour."

It must not be thought that Haydon's exertions brought him nothing. First and last, he made considerable sums of money, which might have sufficed to keep a single man in comfort. But Haydon was married. His wife, who was a widow, brought him two small children and no dowry. His own family was numerous. Once every fifty or sixty pages his journals announce a fresh confinement; another little

little Haydon enters the world. A few years pass, and with a regularity almost as unfailing the little Haydons shuffle off again. One stepson, it is true, reached manhood before he had a promising career in the navy cut short, in the Indian Ocean, by the bite of a sea-serpent. But his case was exceptional. Most of the children died in infancy. After a time one loses count of the births and deaths. I have an impression that about half a dozen children must have survived their father and that about as many died before they were six years old. Perhaps if one hunted among the sooty grasses of Paddington Green, in the shadow of Mrs Siddons's monument, one might still find their little tombstones.

Haydon was a most conscientious father—rather too conscientious, considering that he could not possibly afford to educate his children as aristocratically as he did. Some of the most pressing debts of his later years were for his sons' tutorial and college dues at Oxford and Cambridge.

Towards the end of his life Haydon was no longer too proud to do "small modest things." His ambition was still to paint huge historical pictures; but meanwhile, to keep the pot boiling, he was prepared to stoop to a pettier kind of art. He painted portraits—that is, when he could find sitters. But he hated portrait-painting. Lacking, as he did, any understanding of, or interest in, the formal side of art, he could never paint for painting's sake. He was only interested in the literature of painting; he needed a subject to stimulate his imagination. "In portrait," he complains, "I lose that divine feeling of inspiration which I always had in history. I feel a common man." What he really liked painting was something in the style of The Plagues of Egypt. "A Sphinx or two, a pyramid or so, with the front groups lighted by torches, would make this a subject terrific and appalling." There was nothing very terrific or appalling about the stout business men and their wives and ugly daughters who came to have their portraits painted at twenty-five or thirty pounds a time. Moreover, Haydon was, as he himself admits, a very bad portrait painter. He soon lost whatever patronage he had. He felt the loss as something of a relief.

More congenial, at any rate to begin with, and no less lucrative than portraits were his fancy pictures of Napoleon musing. Haydon's first picture of Napoleon on St Helena caught

caught the public fancy. It represents the Emperor standing on a crag, with his back to the spectator, contemplating the Atlantic Ocean, the remains of a sunset and the crescent moon. The piece was engraved and sold well. Sir Robert Peel bought the original. Replicas were ordered in quantities. For years Haydon lived on Napoleon musing— musing, not merely on St Helena, but at Fontainebleau, in his bedroom, on the Ocean, at Marengo, in Egypt before the pyramids. He turned them out by the dozen. Haydon also painted a picture of the Duke of Wellington musing on the field of Waterloo; but the piece was much less successful. Perhaps it was felt that the picture lacked verisimilitude. French tyrants might muse; but not an English general, not a Wellesley, a Duke, a Prime Minister.

Haydon's self-confidence remained apparently unshaken to the end. Indeed, as failure was heaped upon failure, disappointment on disappointment, it expressed itself more vehemently than ever, with a kind of shrill, hysterical defiance. After the rejection of the cartoons which he had prepared for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament—the cruellest blow of Haydon's whole unhappy career—he tried to comfort himself by insisting with an almost insane violence on his own genius. "What magic! what fire! what unerring hand and eye! what a gift of God! I bow and am grateful." And looking at his Solomon ("this wonderful picture") he asks himself: "Ought I to fear comparison of it with the Duke of Sutherland's Murillo, or any other picture?" And he answers with a confidence that would be ludicrous if it were not painfully pathetic, "Certainly not!" At this period, too, he liked to insist more strongly than ever on the altruistic, the self-sacrificingly patriotic character of his whole career. He had always claimed that he was working for the glory of British Art. By the end of his life he was saying that he "had devoted himself without a selfish feeling to the honour of his country." The sense that he was a martyr to a great cause gave him, no doubt, a certain comfort in his misery.

His religion was another source of comfort. His journals reveal him in close and constant communication with his Maker. There is something curiously primitive about his prayers. He asks for specific material benefits, for the providential

providential and almost miraculous solution of particular difficulties. This is how he prepares for one of his exhibitions: "Grant, during the exhibition, nothing may happen to dull its success, but that it may go on in one continuous stream of triumphant success to the last instant. O God, thou knowest I am in the clutches of a villain; grant me the power to get out of them, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. And subdue the evil disposition of that villain, so that I may extricate myself from his power without getting further into it." (An only too accurate description of Haydon's ordinary method of paying off debts.) "Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, with all my soul." The prayer, alas, was not answered. On the day that Haydon opened his exhibition, Barnum arrived in town with General Tom Thumb. Unconsciously cruel, he hired a room in the Egyptian Hall next to Haydon's. Standing at the door of his empty gallery, the unhappy artist could watch the crowds that surged and shoved and fought in a Gadarene scramble to see the dwarf.

But enough of misery and failure and incompetence. Haydon was something more than a bad and deservedly unsuccessful painter. He was a great personality to begin with. And in the second place he was, as I like to think, a born writer who wasted his life making absurd pictures when he might have been making excellent books. One book, however, he did contrive to make. The Autobiography reveals his powers. Reading it, one realises the enormity of that initial mistake which sent him from his father's bookshop to the Academy schools. As a romantic novelist what might he not have achieved? Sadly one speculates.

There were times when Haydon himself seems to have speculated even as we do. "The truth is," he remarks near the end of his life, "I am fonder of books than of anything else on earth. I consider myself, and ever shall, a man of great powers, excited to an art which limits their exercise. In politics, law, or literature they would have had a full and glorious swing. . . . It is a curious proof of this that I have pawned my studies, my prints, my lay-figures, but have kept my darling authors." The avowal is complete. What genuine, born painter would call painting an art which limits the exercise of great powers? Such a criticism could only come

come from a man to whom painting was but another and less effectual way of writing dramas, novels, or history.

It is, I repeat, as a novelist that Haydon would best have exhibited his powers. I can imagine great rambling books in which absurd sublimities ("a Sphinx or two, a pyramid or so") and much rhapsodical philosophising would have alternated in the approved Shakespearean or Faustian style with admirable passages of well-observed, naturalistic comic relief. We should yawn over the philosophy and perhaps smile at the sublimities (as we smile and yawn even at Byron's; who can now read *Manfred*, or *Cain?*); but we should eagerly devour the comic chapters. The Autobiography permits us to imagine how good these chapters might have been.

Haydon was an acute observer, and he knew how to tell a story. How vividly, for example, he has seen this tea-party at Mrs Siddons's, how well he has described it! "After her first reading (from Shakespeare) the men retired to tea. While we were all eating toast and tingling cups and saucers, she began again. It was like the effect of a Mass bell at Madrid. All noise ceased, we slunk to our seats like boors, two or three of the most distinguished men of the day with the very toast in their mouths, afraid to bite. It was curious to see Lawrence in this predicament, to hear him bite by degrees and then stop, for fear of making too much crackle, his eyes full of water from the constraint; and at the same time to hear Mrs Siddons's 'eye of newt and toe of frog,' and then to see Lawrence give a sly bite and then look awed and pretend to be listening. I went away highly gratified, and as I stood on the landing-place to get cool, I overheard my own servant in the hall say, 'What! is that the old lady making such a noise?' 'Yes.' 'Why, she makes as much noise as ever.' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'she tunes her pipes as well as ever she did.'" There are, in the Autobiography, scores of such admirable little narratives and descriptions.

Haydon's anecdotes about the celebrated men with whom he came in contact are revealing as well as entertaining. They prove that he had more than a memory, a sense of character, an instinctive feeling for the significant detail. Most of the anecdotes are well known and have often been

 reprinted.

reprinted. But I cannot resist quoting two little stories about Wordsworth, which are less celebrated than they deserve to be. One day Haydon and Wordsworth went together to an art gallery. "In the corner stood the group of Cupid and Psyche kissing. After looking some time, he turned round to me with an expression I shall never forget, and said, 'The Dev-ils!'" From this one anecdote a subtle psychologist might almost have divined the youthful escapade in France, the illegitimate daughter, the subsequent remorse and respectability. The other story is hardly less illuminating. "One day Wordsworth at a large party leaned forward in a moment of silence and said: 'Davy, do you know the reason I published my "White Doe" in quarto?' 'No,' said Davy, slightly blushing at the attention this awakened. 'To express my own opinion of it,' replied Wordsworth."

Merely as a verbal technician Haydon was singularly gifted. When he is writing about something which deeply interests and excites him, his style takes on a florid and violent brilliance all its own. For example, this is how, at the coronation of George IV., he describes the royal entrance. "Three or four of high rank appear from behind the throne; an interval is left; the crowd scarce breathe. Something rustles; and a being buried in satin, feathers and diamonds rolls gracefully into his seat. The room rises with a sort of feathered, silken thunder." He knows how to use his adjectives with admirable effect. The most accomplished writer might envy his description of the Duke of Sussex's voice as "loud, royal and asthmatic." And how one shudders at the glance of a "tremendous, globular and demoniacal eye!" How one loves the waitresses at the eating-house where the young and always susceptible Haydon used to dine! When they heard that he was bankrupt, these "pretty girls eyed me with a lustrous regret."

Haydon could argue with force and clarity. He could be witty as well as floridly brilliant. The man who could talk of Charles Lamb "stuttering his quaintness in snatches, like the Fool in *Lear*, and with as much beauty," certainly knew how to turn a phrase. He could imply a complete criticism in a dozen words; when he has said of West's classical pictures that "the Venuses looked as though they had

had never been naked before," there is nothing more to add; the last word on neo-classicism has been uttered. And what a sound, what a neatly pointed comment on English portrait-painting is contained in the following brief sentences! "Portraiture is always independent of art and has little or nothing to do with it. It is one of the staple manufactures of the Empire. Wherever the British settle, wherever they colonise, they carry, and will ever carry, trial by jury, horse-racing and portrait-painting." And let us hope they will every carry a good supply of those indomitable madmen who have made the British Empire and English literature, English politics and English science the extraordinary things they are. Haydon was one of these glorious lunatics. An ironic fate decreed that he should waste his madness in the practice of an art for which he was not gifted. But though wasted, the insanity was genuine and of good quality. The Autobiography makes us wish that it might have been better directed.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

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From the original drawing in the collection of Sir Robert Witt, C.B.E., F.S.A. Reproduced by kind permission of the owner.

II. A Sketch by Haydon of a Lapith from the Parthenon Frieze 96

Inscribed: "1809. *Sketched in Park Lane—In the Court Yard now built over (Duke of Gloucester's), then Lord Elgin's—who bought the house of Lord Cholmondely.*"

From the original drawing in the British Museum.

III. Study for the Head of a Youth, for "The Judgment of Solomon"; and Sketches of Sir George Beaumont . 144

Inscribed: "*Sir G. B. expression, first time looking at Solomon when put up in his gallery; this said more than all praise.*"

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EDITOR'S PREFACES

TO THE FIRST EDITION

THAT part of my editorial remarks which may by many be thought the proper matter of a preface will be found at the end of these volumes instead of the beginning.

Here I only wish to put my readers in the right point of view for judging the book. Before my work comes to judgment I am bound to tell my judges what it is that I have done, or rather aimed at doing.

This is not the biography of Haydon, but his *autobiography* —not a life of him by me, but his life by himself.[1]

It may be a biographer's part to paint his subject with as heroic lineaments as he can manage to give him, without falling into glaring disproportion or taking too great liberties with truth. I do not say this is my conception of even a biographer's duty: but readers appear to expect this of those who write lives.

But the editor of an autobiography is relieved from all difficulty on this point. He has only to clean, varnish and set in the best light the portrait of himself which the autobiographer has left behind him. He may wipe away chills or mildew; he may stop a hole, or repair a crack; he may remove impurities, or bring obscure parts into sight: but he has no right to repaint, or restore or improve.

Haydon is presented to the readers of these volumes—I will not say " in his habit as he lived "—but as he thought, or, at any rate, wished the world to believe, he lived. Whether the portrait be a true likeness it is for those who knew him to say. On this point there will probably be as many opinions as critics. At any rate it is better than any other man can draw. The vainest human being knows himself better than the most clear-sighted observer knows him, and his own description of himself

[1] [The work was originally issued with the somewhat equivocal title of *Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq.*]

will

will always be the best we can obtain (if he have the needful power and habit of record), for even his misstatements, exaggerations and perversions are characteristic, and like no other man's.

No man who has left an autobiography has ever succeeded in making himself out a hero in the world's opinion, however strenuously he may have been bent on so doing. It is apparent throughout the twenty-seven folios from which these volumes have been compressed that Haydon believed himself a hero, and thought the world would believe it when these records of him came to light.

My task has been that of presenting the self-portraiture which Haydon has left behind him within reasonable dimensions of canvas, and, as I said before, in such a light as may show the work intelligibly.

My labour has been one mainly of condensation and arrangement. I have tried to preserve everything which belonged to the portrait; and, for the sake of this I have left on one side much interesting matter, especially in the shape of correspondence. I would rather the book had been shorter. But this seemed impossible consistently with fair-dealing towards its subject. Such as it is, I commend it to my readers alike as a curious piece of psychological revelation and a not uninteresting though mournful picture of artist life.

Chiswick Lodge,
June, 1853.

TO THE SECOND EDITION

The principal additions made to this Edition are a paper (Appendix I.) on the indications of long-standing disease of brain afforded by post-mortem examination of Haydon's head—an additional letter of Wordsworth, at the end of the Third Volume [1] —some remarks by Mr Watts on the question of the public employment of artists—and a letter (also printed in Appendix I.) from Mr Bewicke, Haydon's pupil and model for Lazarus, giving an interesting account of the painting of that picture.

Besides these additions, many trifling errors have been corrected; and some inaccuracies in Haydon's recording, referred

[1] [See p. 839 of the present edition.]

to

to by the Quarterly Reviewer, are noticed in footnotes. An Index and Table of Contents have been also added.

It would be superfluous here to express my satisfaction at the interest with which these *Memoirs* have been received. This is clearly due to the painful, but powerful, exhibition they contain of a brave, though vain, passionate and often erring man, struggling with the consequences, partly of evil times, mainly of personal mistakes, misdoings and miscalculations—and all these converging to a tragic end.

I believe that good has resulted to the memory of the painter from giving to the world this Autobiography—for such it is. Some of the reviewers think otherwise, and attribute the publication to other and lower motives than a wish in Haydon's family to exhibit the beloved husband and father as he was, with all his strength, weakness, heroisms, vanities, triumphs, follies, disappointments, humiliations, joys and agonies.

I think, for my part, that they consented to this publication in a loyal spirit of regard and reverence for the dead, believing that the study of his whole life, so shown, would leave behind a result of sympathy and regard far overbalancing the more transient impressions of disapproval and disgust, while the lessons of the tale are unmistakeable and of wide application.

If I have contributed in any way to the favourable reception of the book by my manner of discharging my editorial duty, I confess it is a source of pleasure to me, the only one I have any right to look for.

The balance of expressed opinion seems to be in favour of the way in which I have done my part of the work. Of course there are great differences of opinion as to the good or bad taste of my omissions and retentions in a work which does not profess to be an imprint of the MSS. out of which it has been made up.

I do not intend to discuss any of the questions arising out of these differences of opinion, satisfied that the discussion would be useless. After all, it is precisely in such points that an editor must exercise his own judgment; and, if he honestly satisfy that, his best course seems to me to "jowk and let the jaw gae by" before his critics in or out of print.

Chiswick Lodge,
Nov. 12, 1853.

[Bibliographical Note.—The present reprint follows the text of the second edition. One or two notes have been added, and are set between square brackets, to distinguish them from those which appeared in the original.]

PART I.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
(1786–1820)

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

WHEN a man writes a life of himself or others the principle of truth should be the basis of his work.

Where all is invention, if consistency be kept high colouring is a merit; but a biography derives its sole interest or utility from its EXACT TRUTH.

Every man who has suffered for a principle and would lose his life for its success,—who in his early days had been oppressed without ever giving the slightest grounds for oppression, and persecuted to ruin because his oppression was unmerited,—who has incurred the hatred of his enemies exactly in proportion as they became convinced they were wrong,—every man who, like me, has eaten the bitter crust of poverty, and endured the penalties of vice and wickedness where he merited the rewards of virtue and industry,—should write his own life.

If the oppressed and the oppressor died together, both (if remembered at all) might be left to the impartiality of future investigation; but when the oppressed is sure to die, and the oppressor, being a body, is sure to survive, I cannot be blamed for wishing to put my countrymen in possession of my own case when they will most undoubtedly at all times be able to ascertain the case of my enemies. I have known and associated with many remarkable men. My life has been connected with my glorious Country's Art. The people and nobility of England, the grandest people and nobility of the world, have ever sympathised with my fate and often deferred my ruin.

My mistakes I hope will be a beacon to the inexperienced; my occasional victories, a stimulus to the persevering; and the manner in which I have been elevated from the depths of want and disgrace to the heights of fortune and hope, an encouragement to those who believe, as I believe, that bending before the corrections of the Almighty is the only way to save the brain from insanity and the heart from sin.

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE

A.D. 1786. Many years ago, my sister sent me a journal of my father's, which he had kept for a number of years. I destroyed most of it, and no doubt the Royal Academicians will think that I ought to have destroyed the following extracts too.

On the 23rd of January, 1786, my father thus writes:

"I went with Miss Squire to hear Mr Watson, who made an excellent sermon; went home with her and spent a very agreeable hour with her and her mother."

"Hay supped with me and left at twelve."

"*Dear Sally poorly.*"

My mother was called "Sarah," and every husband, from this gentle hint of my father's, will anticipate the approaching catastrophe.

The next day:

"Very dirty weather; wind W.S.W.," says my father.

"Sally taken bad—hope it will end well with her."

"Called on Squire."

And the next:

"Sally taken in labour, and at nine at night was delivered of a fine *boy*. Is as well as can be expected."

And so my father's journal launches me fairly on the world.

The most important as well as the most trivial notes in my father's journal generally concluded with the state of the wind.

"Poor Mrs Burgess died in childbed," says he in one part,—"poor Tom Burgess much afflicted: wind W.N.W." I do not know how it is, but that statement of the wind always alleviated any pain I felt at the afflictions he related. There was a consolation in finding that the course of nature went on. One contrasted the cool perseverance of the wind doing its duty with the griefs of my father's friends.

Poor Tom Burgess had lost his wife, but yet he ought to be comforted, for the wind was not a south-wester. My dear father had such a habit of recording the state of the wind on everything,

that

that I will not positively affirm he did not sometimes head a Christmas account with

" Blowing hard; wind S.W."

My father was the lineal descendant of one of the oldest families in Devon, the Haydons of Cadhay. The family was ruined by a chancery suit, and the children were bound out to various trades. Among them was my grandfather, who was bound out to Mr Savery, of Slade, near Plymouth. He conducted himself well, and gained the esteem of his master, who in time made him his steward. In a few years he saved money, and on the death of Mr Savery set up a bookseller's shop in Plymouth, where he died in 1773 from disease of the heart.

My grandfather (who was very fond of painting) married Mary Baskerville, a descendant of the great printer. She was a woman of great energy and violent prejudices. She hated the French and she hated the Americans; and once, when an American prisoner, who had escaped, crept into her house and appealed to her for protection until pursuit was over, though alone in the house, she told him " she hated all Americans," and turned the poor fellow out into the street.

At my grandfather's death, my father succeeded to the business, and married a Miss Cobley, the daughter of a clergyman who had the living of Ide near Exeter. He was killed early in life by the fall of the sounding-board on his head while preaching. He left a widow and eight children. An opulent merchant at Leghorn, a Mr Partridge, who had married the eldest sister, immediately took two boys and one girl off their mother's hands. The Russian fleet was cruising in the Mediterranean at the time and frequently put in to Leghorn. The Admiral and officers were often entertained at Partridge's table: and one of them, a Captain Mordwinoff, fell in love with the girl. His prospects being very good, consent was given, and Mordwinoff and his young wife started for Russia, taking with them one of her brothers who had expressed a great desire to enter the Russian army. Mordwinoff got him a commission, and Thomas Cobley joined his regiment during the Turkish war. He was at the storming of Otschacoff and Ismailoff, and gained a good name during the siege of the latter place by the following act of daring.

Close under the fortifications of the town was a very fine vine loaded with grapes. One day the officers of Cobley's mess in a joke said they should like some grapes for dessert. My uncle offered to go if a guard could be got to cover him. This was granted by the Colonel, and away went my uncle with a ladder and

and basket. He soon reached the vine, planted the ladder against the wall and commenced picking the grapes. Some of the Turks, observing him, opened a rattling fire, but he filled his basket in spite of them and returned to his own lines without a scratch. Mordwinoff had been educated by order of Catherine and was the playmate of the Emperor Paul. He rose to be an Admiral in the Russian navy and was at one time at the head of the Admiralty and President of the Council. The Emperor Paul, during the latter and eccentric part of his reign, thought proper to reward his playmate by exiling him to Siberia. On his way, Mordwinoff was recalled by the news of His Majesty's sudden demise. This recall of Mordwinoff was a most unfortunate thing for me. I should have been sure to have heard often from my worthy relative in Siberia, but I scarcely heard from him at all in St Petersburgh.

Both by my father's and mother's side I am well descended and connected; the families always residing on their own landed property. The only estate, however, at present remaining to us, is a small one near Ide, Exeter. Such are the consequences of folly, extravagance, and law-suits. Surely there is no occasion in England for a Judean Commonwealth to restore property every fifty years, when it hardly ever remains in one family half that time as it is.

My ancestors were loyal, public-spirited men, and my father inherited their spirit. He loved his Church and King, believed England to be the only great country in the world, swore Napoleon won all his battles by bribery, did not believe that there was poet, painter, musician, soldier, sailor, general, or statesman out of England, and at any time would have knocked down any man who dared to disbelieve him, or been burnt in Smithfield for the glory of his principles.

I remember nothing of my early days of nursing and long petticoats, nor indeed much of any time before I was five years old. I was, I believe, an excessively self-willed, passionate child. As I was one day in a fury of rage which nothing could pacify, my mother entering the room with a book of engravings in her hand, as a last resource showed me the " pretty pictures," at which, as she used to declare, I became very silent and interested, and would not part with the book for the rest of the day.

Among my father's apprentices was one (George, I called him) who made love to my nurse, and under pretence of showing me prints and teaching me to draw from them, visited the nursery very frequently. In fact George became so very fond of teaching " little master Benjamin—the little dear," to draw, that my nurse was obliged to be sent away.

About

About this time a severe fever laid me up for six weeks, and my life was repeatedly despaired of. For my recovery we went to Plympton St Mary, and here I remember sitting, propped up with pillows, on a little pony, watching some gentlemen throwing the fly on the bridge opposite the church in the valley. The delight of this day, with its beautiful landscape and village church, I have never forgotten. I was now six years old, and of course old enough to go to school, and well remember my dear mother standing at the door, watching me as I trotted down the street to school, and then I remember for the first time writing my name "*Benjamin Robert Haydon*, 1792," in a parchment copy-book.

In 1793 the King of France was beheaded, and I well recollect the furious discussions which used to arise at breakfast and dinner about the French Revolution. I recollect my mother crying on the sofa, and on my asking her the reason, replying: "They have cut off the Queen of France's head, my dear." I used to wonder what for, and ask, but nobody ever gave me a satisfactory reason.

For a boy, this was a most stirring period. Nothing was talked of but the Duke of York, the siege of Valenciennes, Robespierre and Marat. French prisoners crowded Plymouth. Guillotines made by them of their meat bones were sold at the prisons; and the whole amusement of children consisted in cutting off Louis XVI.'s head forty times a day, with the playthings their fathers had bought to amuse their young minds. My chief delight was in drawing the guillotine, with "Louis taking leave of the People" in his shirt sleeves, which I copied from a print of the day.

About this time, I remember, while I was caricaturing a schoolfellow, my father came behind me and said, "What are you about, sir? you are putting the eyes in the forehead!" As I went to school, I observed people's eyes were not in the middle of their foreheads, as I had drawn them. To this day and hour I hardly ever paint a head without thinking of my father's remark.

My father now sent me to the grammar-school under the Rev. Dr Bidlake, a man of some taste. He painted and played on the organ, patronised talent, was fond of country excursions, wrote poems, which nobody ever read, one on "the Sea," another on "the Year."

I remember him with his rhyming dictionary, composing his verses and scanning with his fingers. He was not a deep classic, but rather encouraged a sort of idle country-excursion habit in the school; perhaps, however, he thus fostered a love of nature.

All I know of hydraulics, pneumatics, astronomy, geography, and mechanics I learnt of him; but it is so very little, that I suspect he put us off with amusement for instruction.

Finding

Finding that I had a taste for art, he always took me with another boy from our studies to attend his caprices in painting. Here his odd and peculiar figure, for his back was bent from fever, induced us to play him tricks. As he was obliged to turn round and walk away to study the effect of his touches, we used to rub out what he had done before he returned, when his perplexity and simplicity were delightful to mischievous boys. Once he sent my companion to cut off the skirt of an old coat to clean his palette with, and the boy cut off the skirt of his best Sunday coat. Poor dear Dr Bidlake went to Stonehouse Chapel in his greatcoat the next Sunday, and when he took it off to put on the surplice, the clerk exclaimed in horror: "Good God, sir, somebody has cut off the skirt of your coat!"

He was a kind, eccentric man of considerable talent. He brought forward several youths (especially Howard, a charity boy, who has translated Dante), and published many useful school books.

My father was much plagued with apprentices who thought they were geniuses because they were idle. One, I remember, did nothing but draw and paint. He was the first I ever saw paint in oil. The head man in the binding-office was a Neapolitan called Fenzi, a fine, muscular, lazzaroni-like fellow. Fenzi used to talk to me of the wonders of Italy, and bare his fine muscular arm, and say, "Don't draw de landscape; draw *de feegoore*, master Benjamin." He first told me of Raphaele and the Vatican.

I used to run up to Fenzi, and ask him hundreds of questions, and spent most of my half-holidays in his office.

I now tried to draw "*de feegoore*," began to read anatomical books by the advice of Northcote's brother (a townsman), to fancy myself a genius and a historical painter, to talk to myself in the fields, to look into the glass and conclude I had an intellectual head; and then I forgot all about it and went and played cricket; never touched a brush for months; rode a black pony about the neighbourhood; pinned ladies' gowns together on market-days and waited to see them split; knocked at doors by night and ran away; swam and bathed, heated myself, worried my parents, and at last was laid on my back by the measles. Here again came my divine art. I looked at my drawing-book, at the date of my last drawing with sorrowful regret and set to work, resolving never to leave it, and I kept my resolution. I remember my dear father, to keep me in spirits, one day putting his head in at the curtain and saying, "My dear, Jervis has beaten the Spanish fleet and taken four sail of the line. This will cure ye!" In the summer I was sent to Ridgway, and here I drew from nature for the first time—a view of the old farmhouse, built during the

the civil wars, and the new cider ground on the right of it. The Plym river ran by it a little farther on, a hill on the left ascended to Ridgway, and a passage in front across beautiful meadows led to the Church of St Mary; on the right you could only get to the road by one of those simple wooden bridges so frequent in Devonshire, and carriages, carts, and horses plunged right into the stream.

My father used to show my drawings to his customers. One of them was a very great man in the town, merchant, and, I believe, consul. John H—— was a very worthy but pompous man, exceedingly vain, very fond of talking French before people that could not speak a word of it, and quoting Italian sayings of which he knew little; liked everything but steady attention to his business, was a good father, good husband, and to play soldiers for a week at any time would have laid his head upon the block. During the dread of invasion, volunteer corps became the rage. The very infants in the nursery played soldiers too. Mr John H—— either raised or joined a corps of volunteers, and warier men made him Colonel, that the expense might not fall on their heads. Colonel he was, and devoted himself to the occupation with so much sincerity that his men in discipline and order would certainly not have disgraced a marching militia regiment. After review days, nothing gave the Colonel so much delight as marching right through the town from the Hoe, to the horror and consternation of the apple-women. The moment the drums and trumpets were heard sounding at the bottom of Market Street, the scramble to get out of the way amongst the poor old women is not to be imagined. Market Street in Plymouth is a sort of hill, and how often as a boy have I left my drawing, darted down and out to the top of the hill to see the Colonel in all his glory!

First came in view his feather and cap, then his large, red, pride-swollen, big-featured face, with a smile on it, in which grim war, dignity, benevolent condescension, stolidity and self-satisfaction were mixed in equal proportions; then came his charger, curvetting with graceful fire, now hind-quarters this side, now fore-quarters that side, with the Colonel—sword drawn and glittering in the sun—recognising the wives and children of the ironmongers, drapers, and grocers, who crowded the windows to see him pass. Then came the band, long drum and trumpets; then the grenadier company, with regular tramp; then the Colonel's eldest son John, out of the counting-house, who was Captain; then his Lieutenant, an attorney's clerk; then the Colonel and band turned to the right, down Broad Street—the music became fainter and fainter, the rear lagged after. The Colonel

Colonel drew up his regiment before his own parlour windows, and solaced by white handkerchiefs and fair looks, dismissed his men, and retired to the privacy of domestic life, until a new field-day recalled him again to the glory of the Hoe, and the perils of apple-stalls and slippery streets. Far be it from me, however, to ridicule such generous, and even useful, vanities in a worthy man. H—— was one of that class who stuck by their Church and King, when to believe either worth defending was considered a proof of narrow mind and antiquated spirit.

" Colonel H——, my dear," said my father, " likes Benjamin's drawings." " What does *he* know of drawings? " said my dear mother, with that courage and love of tearing off disguises which belongs to all women. " What does *he* know? You know, my dear, he *must* know," said my father, with an emphasis which showed he no more believed it than my mother: but the Colonel being a good customer, my father wished before his children to have the air of thinking he must know everything.

Thus time rolled on till I was thirteen years old. My leisure hours were passed in drawing, my master Bidlake sometimes taking us to Bickley Vale (a beautiful spot to the right of Roborough Down) to sketch and drink tea.

In classical knowledge I was not disciplined: Bidlake's mind was too dissipated for concentration. He was kind-hearted, but a smatterer, and I do not think any man left his school without lamenting the time lost in getting a little of everything, without knowing correctly the principles of anything.

My habits now began to be lazy and lax—my father very properly saw that I wanted the discipline of a boarding-school, and accordingly I was sent to the Rev. W. Haynes, headmaster of the Plympton Grammar School, where Sir Joshua was brought up. Haynes put me back into Phædrus, though I read Virgil and murdered Homer at Bidlake's, and going regularly on as I ought to have done at first, I got into Virgil and Homer again, and for the last six months I was the head boy of the school. The " small Latin and less Greek " that I know are owing to the care of this worthy man, and though, perhaps, the acquirement of my smattering of knowledge with Dr Bidlake was useful, yet I have always had to struggle with the classics. My father had hinted to Haynes my predilection for art, and it was understood that I was not to learn drawing because he had views for me in the counting-house. However, I spent my allowance in caricatures which I copied. One half-holiday, as there was a dead silence in the playground, Haynes, apprehending mischief, bolted into the school and found the boys drawing under my direction with the greatest quiet, I marching about and correcting as I went.

At

At another time we saw a hunt on the hills, and when I came home, the boys furnishing me with burnt sticks, I drew the hunt all round the hall so well that Haynes kept it some weeks. At Calcutta is now (1842) settled a merchant who remembers my trying to etch and to squeeze off an impression with school ink in the tablecloth press.

With my schooling at Plympton concluded my classical education. I returned home, and was sent to Exeter to be perfected in merchants' accounts. Here I did little. The master's son taught crayon-drawing, and I drew under him for a short time, but was more celebrated for electrifying the cat, killing flies by sparks, and doing everything and anything but my duty. At the end of six months I came back for life—unhappy in mind, disgusted with everything but drawing, yet prepared to do what my father thought right, and resolved to make the best of it.

I was bound to him for seven years, and now began that species of misery I have never been without since—ceaseless opposition. Drawing for amusement was one thing, but studying the art for a living was another. My father's business realised a handsome income; I had nothing to do but pursue his course and independence was certain.

Now that I was bound by law, repugnance to my work grew daily. I rose early and wandered by the sea; sat up late and pondered on my ambition.

I knew enough of form to point out with ridicule the misshapen arms, legs, feet, and bodies of various prints of eminent men in my father's windows, and was censured for my presumption.

I hated day-books, ledgers, bill-books, and cash-books; I hated standing behind the counter, and insulted the customers; I hated the town and people in it. I saw my father had more talent than the asses he was obliged to bend to; I knew his honourable descent, and I despised the vain fools that patronised him. Once, after a man had offered me less than the legitimate price for a Latin dictionary, I dashed the book on its shelf and walked out of the shop. My father restored his customer to good humour by explaining to him the impropriety of expecting a respectable tradesman to take less than the market price. The man, convinced, paid the full sum and took the book.

I never entered the shop again. Now what was to be done? Into the shop I would not go, and my father saw the absurdity of wishing it. He was a good, dear, fond father. We discussed my future prospects, and he asked me if it was not a pity to let such a fine property go to ruin, as I had no younger brother? I could not help it. Why? Because my whole frame convulsed when I thought of being a great painter.

"Who

"Who has put this stuff in your head?" "Nobody: I always have had it." "You will live to repent." "Never, my dear father; I would rather die in the trial."

After that we were silent—at dinner, at tea, at bedtime. Friends were called in; aunts consulted, uncles spoken to; my language was the same; my detestation of business unaltered; my resolution no tortures of the rack would have altered.

Luckily, I had an illness, which in a few weeks ended in chronic inflammation of the eyes. For six weeks I was blind, and my family were in misery. At last, fancying I could see something glittering I put out my hand and struck it against a silver spoon. That was a day of happiness for us all. My mind, always religious, was deeply affected. I recovered my sight, but never perfectly; had another attack, slowly recovered from that, but found that my natural sight was gone, and this too, with my earnest and deep passion for art. "What folly! How can *you* think of being a painter? Why, you can't see," was said. "I can see enough," was my reply; "and, see or not see, a painter I'll be, and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first." Upon the whole, my family was not displeased that I could only see sufficiently for business. I could still keep accounts and post the cash-books. It would have been quite natural for an ordinary mind to think blindness a sufficient obstacle to the practice of an art, the essence of which seems to consist in perfect sight, but "when the divinity doth stir within us," the most ordinary mind is ordinary no longer.

It is curious to me *now*, forty years after, to reflect that my dim sight never occurred to me as an obstacle; not a bit of it: I found that I could not shoot as I used to do, but it never struck me that I should not be able to paint.

The moment my health recovered I went to see an apprentice of my father's who had set up for himself and who had brought down from town some plaster casts of the Discobolos and Apollo —the first I had ever seen. I looked at them so long that I made my eyes ill, and bought them out of a two-guinea piece given to me by my godfather. I doted over them; I dreamt of them; and when well, having made up my mind how to proceed, I wandered about the town, in listless agony, in search of books on art.

My father's apprentice (Johns), a man of considerable talent and ingenuity, possessed a library in which I used to read. Accidentally tumbling his collection over I hit upon Reynolds' *Discourses*. I read one. It placed so much reliance on honest industry, it expressed so strong a conviction that all men were equal and that application made the difference, that I fired up at once. I took them all home and read them through before breakfast

breakfast the next morning. The thing was done. I felt my destiny fixed. The spark which had for years lain struggling to blaze, now burst out for ever.

I came down to breakfast with Reynolds under my arm, and opened my fixed intentions in a style of such energy that I demolished all arguments. My mother, regarding my looks, which probably were more like those of a maniac than of a rational being, burst into tears. My father was in a passion and the whole house was in an uproar. Everybody that called during the day was had up to bait me, but I attacked them so fiercely that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. In the evening I told my mother my resolution calmly, and left her. My friend Reynolds (a watchmaker) backed me. I hunted the shop for anatomical works, and seeing Albinus among the books in the catalogue of Dr Farr's sale at Plymouth hospital, but knowing it was no use asking my father to buy it for me, I determined to bid for it and then appeal to his mercy. I went to the sale and the book was knocked down to me at two pounds ten shillings. I returned home, laid the case before my dear mother, who cried much at this proof of resolution, but promised to get my father to consent. When the book came home my father paid with black looks. Oh, the delight of hurrying it away to my bedroom, turning over the plates, copying them out, learning the origin and insertion of the muscles, and then getting my sister to hear me! She and I used to walk about the house, with our arms round each other's neck—she saying, "How many heads to the deltoid?" "Where does it rise?" "Where is it inserted?" and I answering. By these means, in the course of a fortnight, I got by heart all the muscles of the body.

My energy was incessant. My head whirled at the idea of going to London and beginning life for myself. My father had routed me from the shop, because I was in the way with my drawings; I had been driven from the sitting-room, because the cloth had to be laid; scolded from the landing-place, because the stairs must be swept; driven to my attic, which now became too small, and at last I took refuge in my bedroom.

One morning as I lay awake very early, musing on my future prospects, the door slowly opened, and in crept my dear mother with a look of sleepless anxiety. She sat down on my bedside, took my hand, and said that my father blamed her very much for promising that I should go up to London, that he had been talking all night to her, and had said that I should have everything I wished, if I would only give up my scheme. She added: "My dear Benjamin, you are our only support, and in the delicate state of your poor father's health God only knows how soon I may

may be left alone and unaided. It will break my heart if, after all my care and anxiety for your infancy, you leave me just as you are becoming able to comfort and console me."

I was deeply affected, but checking my tears I told her, in a voice struggling to be calm, that it was of no use to attempt to dissuade me. I felt impelled by something I could not resist. "Do not," said I, "my dear mother, think me cruel; I can never forget your love and affection; but yet I cannot help it—I must be a painter." Kissing me with wet cheeks and trembling lips she said in a broken voice: "She did not blame me; she applauded my resolution, but she could not bear to part with me."

I then begged her to tell my father that it was useless to harass me with further opposition. She rose sobbing as if to break her heart and slowly left my room, borne down with affliction. The instant she was gone I fell upon my knees and prayed God to forgive me if I was cruel, but to grant me firmness, purity, and piety to go on in the right way for success.

My father's opposition arose from the peculiarity of his situation. In early life he had been most basely treated by a man whom he had assisted in every possible way, and who returned this lavish generosity by a blow from which my father never recovered.

Disgusted with the world, he plunged into dissipation to forget himself. The society of the educated and virtuous was not stimulating enough, and from one class to another he gradually sunk till nothing pleased or gratified him but the company of players.

This neglect of his duties soon led him to embarrassment, embarrassment to law costs, and law costs, as a matter of course, to ruin and bankruptcy. However, he recommenced business, and then took into partnership a brother of my mother's, a Mr Cobley, who was the friend of Prince Hoare and Kelly. He was fond of reading, accustomed to the best society, had passed his early life in Italy and acquired a taste for art, but with all these accomplishments and advantages was so habitually indolent that when he came to see my mother on a six weeks' visit he never had energy to remove, got imbedded in the family, stayed thirty years and died. Prince Hoare told me that he was the "pleasantest idle man he had ever known."

His mother left him an estate in Devonshire, which he sold to Sir Lawrence Palk, but he was so hideously indifferent to the future, that instead of investing what would have been an independence for life, he kept the money in his portmanteau for many years, taking it out, guinea by guinea, until it was all gone.

In this condition he came to us on a visit, and, finding every comfort, remained until he became a partner and died in possession

sion of the business. Cobley had lived to see the folly of passing a youth at whist and watering-places, associating with actors and actresses, selling a maternal estate, and living on the money till it was spent. As he had suffered by his extreme folly in doing nothing but enîoy himself when he was young, he thought the soundest morality to preach was the danger of young people enjoying themselves at all. He was always talking of economy and expense, whilst economy and expense did not interfere with his enjoyments; and after expatiating on the prudence of eating cold meat the second day would pretend an engagement and dine at an inn, forgetting that his dinner and the cold meat both came from the profits of the business.

As a boy I soon saw through this, and gave him hints to that effect, which, of course, he did not relish.

My father had rapidly regained his lost credit, and was getting on well, when my determination to be a painter threw the whole family into confusion and anxiety. Cobley saw a continuance of expenditure on me, when it was hoped I should have been a help. My sister's education was not over, and I was still to be supplied. Remonstrances, quarrels, scoldings took place without end; till at last, seeing all was useless and cursing my firmness, they agreed to let me go and gave me twenty pounds to start upon.

Profound indeed were the predictions that I would be glad to return to papa and mamma before a month was over.

My poor father worn down with long sickness, the sad effect of trying to drown remembrance in wine, tottered about me. I collected my books and colours—packed my things—and on the 13th of May, 1804, took my place in the mail for the next day. The evening was passed in silent musing. Affection for home was smothered, not extinguished, in me: I thought only of London—Sir Joshua—Drawing—Dissection—and High Art.

The next day I ate little, spoke less, and kissed my mother many times. When all my things were corded and packed ready for the mail, I hung about my mother with a fluttering at my heart, in which duty, affection and ambition were struggling for the mastery.

As evening approached I missed my mother. At last the guard's horn announced the coming mail; I rushed upstairs, called her dear name, and was answered only by violent sobbings from my own bedroom. She could not speak—she could not see me. "God bless you, my dear child," I could just make out in her sobbings. The guard became impatient; I returned slowly downstairs with my heart too full to speak, shook my father by the hand, got in, the trunks were soon on the top, the whip cracked, the horses pranced and started off—my career for life had begun!

CHAPTER II

By degrees my feelings softened down, and when we got to Ridgway I actually studied at the inn door the effect of sunset upon a man standing in its golden hue, and maturely thought how to paint it.

In the mail was a Plymouth man who persuaded me to go right on without sleeping at Exeter, and right on I went. We took up a lady at Exeter, who soon became interested in my eager inquiries and promised that when day broke she would give me the first intimation when we could see the dome of St Paul's. Long before daylight I was popping out my head to inquire of the guard if it could be seen: he only laughed and grumbled out something behind his thick wrapper. At last, somewhere between Maidenhead and the next stage, the lady said, "There it is!" I stretched my head and neck and eyes, saying, "Is it really!" though I never saw anything but some spots in the cool grey light of the breaking morning.

Day broke—the sun rose—the lark sung—the morning star sank fainter and fainter. Now came the delight of the last stage —the last stage to London!

My Plymouth friend was a man who knew the best inns, the best oyster shops, where was to be found the best porter and the best port. He began with an air of vast superiority to hold forth on the importance of such knowledge to a young man, and, above all things, he cautioned me to be careful, and then he winked, and glanced sideways at the dozing lady. I looked profound—he intensely prophetic. "Upon the whole," he said, "they get up their fish delightfully in town." He did not know if he did not relish a turbot better than at a seaport—why, he could not say—"but so it is," he added, "and so you'll find it."

By this time we had rattled through Kensington, passed the tollgate then standing at Hyde Park Corner, and in London I was pronounced to be. We drove up to the White Horse Cellar; but as lodgings had been taken for me at 342 Strand, I was advised to go on to Clement's Coffee House. There I got out, and in passing the new church in the Strand, I asked the guard what building that was. Mistaking me, he said, "Somerset House." "Ah!" thought I, "there's the Exhibition, where I'll be soon!"

Our churches in Devonshire are all Gothic, and the flimsy style of this building, with its gaudy exterior, made me naturally ask what it was. I soon found my lodgings, and when I had washed, dressed and breakfasted, I started off for the Exhibition, creeping along the Strand and feeling much shorter from the height of the houses. I found out the new church. Seeing a man in a cocked hat and laced cloak, I darted up the steps and offered him money to see the Exhibition! The beadle laughed, and pityingly told me where to go. Away I went once more for Somerset House, squeezed in, mounted the stairs to the great room, and looked about for historical pictures. Opie's Gil Blas was one centre, and a shipwrecked sailor-boy (Westall) was the wonder of the crowd. These two are all that I remember. I marched away, saying, " I don't fear you," inquired for a plaster shop, found one out in Drury Lane, bought the Laocoon's head, with some arms, hands and feet; darkened my window, unpacked my Albinus, and before nine the next morning was hard at work, drawing from the round, studying Albinus and breathing aspirations for " High Art " and defiance to all opposition.

For three months I saw nothing but my books, my casts and my drawings. My enthusiasm was immense, my devotion to study that of a martyr. I rose when I woke, at three, four, or five ; drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from my casts from nine to one and from half-past one until five—then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. I was once so long without speaking to a human creature that my gums became painfully sore from the clenched tightness of my teeth. I was resolved to be a great painter, to honour my country, to rescue the art from that stigma of incapacity which was impressed upon it. However visionary such aspirings may seem in a youth of eighteen, I never doubted my capacity to realise them. I had made up my mind what to do. I wanted no guide. To apply night and day, to seclude myself from society, to keep the Greeks and the great Italians in view, and to endeavour to unite form, colour, light, shadow, and expression was my constant determination.

At Cawthorne's in the Strand I met with John Bell's work on the bones, joints and muscles. Its admirable perspicuity cleared my understanding at once. I saw its beauty and admired its sense in reducing all muscular action to flexion and extension. I took the book home, hugging it, and it has ever since been the textbook of my school.

The Sunday after my arrival I went to the new church and in humbleness begged for the protection of the Great Spirit, to guide, assist and bless my endeavours, to open my mind and enlighten

enlighten my understanding. I prayed for health of body and mind, and on rising from my knees felt a breathing assurance of spiritual aid which nothing can describe. I was calm, cool, illuminated as if crystal circulated through my veins. I returned home and spent the day in mute seclusion.

After months of intense study I began to think of Prince Hoare and my uncle's letter to him. I delivered it. He had been absent at Bath and received me most affectionately. He was a delicate, feeble-looking man, with a timid expression of face, and when he laughed heartily he almost seemed to be crying. His father was a bad painter at Bath, who, having a high notion of Prince's genius, sent him with a valet to Italy, to get what nature had denied him in the Capella Sistina. He went through the whole routine of labouring for natural talents, by copying Michel Angelo, copying Raffaele, copying Titian—came home to be the rival of Reynolds, found his own talents for Art were of the feeblest order, and being well educated took refuge in writing farces and adaptations of Spanish and French pieces, which his friends Storace and Kelly fitted with music. He was an amiable but disappointed man, the companion of the democrats Godwin and Holcroft, though an intimate friend of Sir Vicary Gibbs.

Prince Hoare called on me—I explained to him my principles and showed him my drawings. He was much interested in my ardour; told me I was right, and urged me not to be dissuaded from my plan. I flushed at the thought of dissuasion.

He gave me letters to Northcote and to Opie; Northcote being a Plymouth man, I felt a strong desire to see him first.

I went. He lived at 39 Argyle Street. I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then upstairs into a dirtier painting-room, and there, under a high window with the light shining full on his bald grey head, stood a diminutive wizened figure in an old blue-striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and with the broadest Devon dialect said: "Zo, you mayne tu bee a peinter doo-ee? what zort of peinter?" "Historical painter, sir." "Heestoricaul peinter! why yee'll starve with a bundle of straw under yeer head!"

He then put his spectacles down and read the note again; put them up, looked maliciously at me, and said: "I remember yeer vather, and yeer grandvather tu; he used tu peint." "So I have heard, sir." "Ees; he peinted an elephant once for a tiger, and he asked my vather what colour the indzide of's ears was, and my vather told-un reddish, and your grandvather went home and peinted un a vine vermilion." He then chuckled inwardly, enjoying my confusion at this incomprehensible anecdote.

"I zee,"

" I zee," he added, " Mr Hoare zays you're studying anatomy; that's no use—Sir Joshua didn't know it; why should you want to know what he didn't?" " But Michel Angelo did, sir."

" Michel Angelo! What's he tu du here? you must peint pertraits here!" This roused me, and I said, clinching my mouth, " But I won't." " Won't?" screamed the little man; " but you *must*! your vather isn't a monied man, is he?" " No, sir; but he has a good income, and will maintain me for three years." " Will he? hee'd better make'ee mentein yeezelf." A beautiful specimen of a brother artist, thought I. " Shall I bring you my drawings, sir?" " Ees, you may," said he, and I took my leave.

I was not disconcerted. He looked too much at my head, I thought, to be indifferent. " I'll let him see if he shall stop me," and off I walked to Opie, who lived in Berners Street. I was shown into a clean gallery of masculine and broadly painted pictures. After a minute down came a coarse-looking intellectual man. He read my letter, eyed me quietly, and said: " You are studying anatomy—master it—were I your age, I would do the same." My heart bounded at this; I said: " I have just come from Mr Northcote, and he says I am wrong, sir." " Never mind what *he* says," said Opie; " he doesn't know it himself, and would be very glad to keep you as ignorant." I could have hugged Opie.

" My father, sir, wishes me to ask you if you think I ought to be a pupil to any particular man." I saw a different thought cross his mind directly, as, with an eagerness I did not like, he replied, " Certainly; it will shorten your road. It is the only way." After this I took my leave and mused the whole day on what Northcote said of anatomy, and Opie of being a pupil, and decided in my mind that on these points both were wrong. The next day I took my drawings to Northcote, who, as he looked at them, laughed like an imp, and as soon as he recovered, said: " Yee'll make a good engraver indeed."

I saw through his motive, and as I closed my book said: " Do you think, sir, that I ought to be a pupil to anybody?" " No," said Northcote, " who is to teach'ee here? It'll be throwing your vather's money away." " Mr Opie, sir, says I ought to be." " Hee zays zo, does he? ha, ha, ha, he wants your vather's money!"

I came to the conclusion that what Opie said of Northcote's anatomy and Northcote of Opie's avarice was equally just and true; so took my leave, making up my mind to go on as I had begun, in spite of Northcote, and not to be a pupil, in spite of Opie; and so I wrote home.

I liked

I liked Northcote, and used to call frequently; he was very entertaining, and one day, in a good humour at my asking to see some of his studies in the Vatican, he gave me a letter to Smirke, Sir Robert Smirke's father. Smirke received me most tenderly —he felt interested at my enthusiasm, applauded my plans, lent me drawings, and was really a father to me in the Art.

When I recounted my plans to him, he used to laugh at my evident sincerity. He was a fine, handsome, portly man, and gave me much good advice ; but it was curious the power I had of sifting all advice, and discarding everything which interfered with my own decisions. Many miserable moments did Northcote inflict upon me, which Smirke used to laugh at so excessively that my mind was always relieved. I always went in better spirits from Smirke—better informed from Opie—and exasperated from little Aqua-Fortis.

At this period a very beautiful woman was accidentally introduced to me, and away went all my ambition. Her grace and beauty nearly drove me insane, till my idleness appeared to me in such vivid colours, that I felt disgusted with my want of firmness, set to work again, drew from four in the morning till night, with only an interval for a hasty meal, and again until two the next morning. After this, I felt exhausted beyond measure, my eyes gave in, and I was laid up for several weeks.

Smirke had been elected Keeper of the Academy, but George III., being told that he was a democrat, refused to sanction or sign his appointment. Fuseli was then chosen. Prince Hoare told me that he had seen Fuseli, who wished me to call on him with my drawings.

Fuseli had a great reputation for the terrible. His sublime conception of Uriel and Satan had impressed me when a boy. I had a mysterious awe of him. Prince Hoare's apprehensions lest he might injure my taste or hurt my morals, excited in my mind a notion that he was a sort of gifted wild beast.

My father had the same feeling, and a letter I received from him, just before my calling, concluded with these words: " God speed you with the terrible Fuseli."

This sort of preparation made everything worse, and I was quite nervous when the day arrived. I walked away with my drawings up Wardour Street. I remembered that Berners Street had a golden lion on the right corner house and blundered on, till without knowing how or remembering why, I found myself at Fuseli's door! I deliberated a minute or two, and at last making up my mind to see the enchanter, I jerked up the knocker so nervously that it stuck in the air. I looked at it, as much as to say: " Is this fair? " and then drove it down with such

such a devil of a blow that the door rang again. The maid came rushing up in astonishment. I followed her into a gallery or showroom, enough to frighten anybody at twilight. Galvanised devils—malicious witches brewing their incantations—Satan bridging Chaos, and springing upwards like a pyramid of fire —Lady Macbeth—Paolo and Francesca—Falstaff and Mrs Quickly—humour, pathos, terror, blood, and murder, met one at every look! I expected the floor to give way—I fancied Fuseli himself to be a giant. I heard his footsteps and saw a little bony hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed lion-faced man in an old flannel dressing-gown tied round his waist with a piece of rope and upon his head the bottom of Mrs Fuseli's work-basket.

" Well, well," thought I, " I am a match for you at any rate, if bewitching is tried "; but all apprehension vanished on his saying in the mildest and kindest way: " Well, Mr Haydon, I have heard a great deal of you from Mr Hoare. Where are your drawings? " In a fright I gave him the wrong book, with a sketch of some men pushing a cask into a grocer's shop; Fuseli smiled and said: " By Gode, de fellow does his business at least with eneargy." I was gratified at his being pleased in spite of my mistake.

" You are studying anatomy—you are right. Show me some drawings. I am Keeper of de Academy, and hope to see you dere de first nights." I went away, feeling happy that my bones were whole and my breathing uninterrupted.

Fuseli took his place as Keeper in 1805, after the Christmas vacation, and I well remember on my first night of attendance he came up to me, to the astonishment of the students, and pointing his finger at me, said in a voice of thunder: " I know enough of you." The students took it oddly, and said: " Why, what does he know of you? " Half in a fright, I began to ask myself if I had unconsciously been guilty of murder. On this eventful night I found out to my misery that at a distance I could not *see*. It was all very well in a small room, but at fifteen feet I could not distinguish a feature. This defect I afterwards remedied by spectacles.

Fuseli made us a speech before he went away, and thus began my academical career.

The next day at eleven, I went to the Academy, and saw a little good-natured looking man in black with his hair powdered, whom I took for a clergyman. In the course of the morning we talked. He made a shrewd remark or two, and when we left we walked home together, as he lodged in the Strand not far from me. I showed him what I was trying: he said to me, " Sir George Beaumont

Beaumont says you should always *paint* your studies." "Do you know Sir George, Sir Joshua's friend?" "To be sure I do." I was delighted. "What is your name?" "Jackson." "And where do you come from?" "Yorkshire." "And how do you know such a man?" "Know him," Jackson answered, bursting into a laugh. "Why Lord Mulgrave is my patron, and Sir George is his friend."

Jackson was a most amiable, sincere, unaffected creature, and had a fine eye for colour. I soon perceived that he drew with a want of firmness, but with a great feeling for effect, and we became exceedingly intimate.

Jackson was the son of a respectable tradesman at Whitby, where he was apprenticed to a tailor. Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont were once at the castle, when Atkinson the architect, who was visiting there, showed them two or three pencil sketches of Jackson's. Lord Mulgrave said to Atkinson, "Let us have him up," and Jackson was ordered to the room, where by his simplicity of manner and easy explanation of his sketches, he delighted them all. Sir George (as he told me), asked him if he had ever painted, and on his saying he had not, advised him to copy a George Colman by Sir Joshua, at the castle. They had no colour but white lead, and no brushes but house-painters'; however, with Sir George's advice and assistance, he set to work. A Vandyke brown he obtained from the woods; a fine Indian red from the alum works by burning; yellow ochre in the grounds, and a blue black, either from burnt vine stalks, or soot, I forget which; and with these materials he set to work and made a really wonderful copy.

The besetting sin of poor Jackson was indolence, and this soon became apparent. Lord Mulgrave once told us, that when Jackson had finished a picture of Lady Mulgrave and her sister, he was begged to have it packed up immediately and sent off to the Exhibition, as the least delay would render it too late. The next day Lord Mulgrave, finding that the picture had not been sent, went into Jackson's room and scolded him well, insisting on his immediately seeing the picture packed up and sent off. Jackson left the room, apologising and promising immediate attention to his Lordship's desires. As soon as Lord Mulgrave had reached his own room, he bethought himself, "By Gad, I had better perhaps look after that fellow," and out went my Lord to see. On going downstairs, the first thing his Lordship *did* see, was Master Jackson out in the courtyard playing battledore and shuttlecock with his Lordship's aide-de-camp.

Lord Mulgrave used to tell the story with exquisite humour, giving Jackson's attitude and expression, when, as he was just hitting

hitting the shuttlecock, his Lordship's face first broke upon him. Lord Mulgrave went out to give the aide-de-camp a good rowing for taking Jackson away from his duty. "My Lord, I am not to blame," said the aide-de-camp, "for he came and asked me to play." Lord Mulgrave said that he really could not resist this, and burst out into a hearty laugh. This anecdote is an epitome of Jackson's whole life.

We told each other our plans of study, and drew always together in the evenings after the Academy was over. One night as I saw that a coalheaver, who was bringing some coals into the house, had a fine muscular arm, we got him to sit to us and so made our first drawings from life.

Another student at the same time was L——, the historical painter, a pompous little fellow who was always saying, "God bless my soul." He was patronised by Lord D——e, looked down on me for not drawing with spirit—thought lightly of Jackson because he studied effect—and meant himself to be a grand painter, because—he had a noble patron! He had an awful feeling for the grand style—Oh, the grand style!—and marched about us like a tutor. L—— had a good worthy heart, and all the affectations of talent without any of the reality. He never drew what he saw, and nearly persuaded me that he was right, but Jackson saved me. As I replied one day to some objection of his with "L—— does not do so-and-so." "L——!" said Jackson, "you draw fifty times better than he does." "No, no." "But you do!" and this shook my belief in L——'s invincibility. Jackson, in his truthfulness and relish for nature, felt and knew this: I was uncertain.

This is the sort of instruction students give to each other, and there is no mode of instruction so effectual. Jackson was of the greatest use to me in pointing out vice in style, and I was of the same use to him in anatomy. Fuseli soon distinguished Jackson, L——, and myself. I do not remember to have seen during this quarter of 1805 either Mulready, Collins or Hilton—Etty I never saw, and Wilkie had not yet come up.

"Beware of Fuseli" was in everybody's mouth; but having higher authorities in the great Greeks and Italians I was fearless. I adored Fuseli's inventive imagination and saw his mannered style. In conveying his conception he had all the ethereal part of a genius, but not enough of the earthly to express his ideas in a natural way. We are made up of body and mind, and one of the greatest proofs of a complete genius is the evidence it gives of this union. A man has no more right to dislocate an arm and call it the "GRAND STYLE," than he has to put in six toes and call it "Nature as she ought to be." We have no business to make nature

nature as she never was: all we have to do is to restore her to what she is according to the definite principles of her first creation; farther we have no right to go, and if this be not done with truth, mankind will turn away, let the conceptions conveyed be ever so sublime or beautiful.

My incessant application was soon perceived by Fuseli, who, coming in one day, when I was at work and all the other students were away, walked up to me and said in the mildest voice: "Why, when de devil *do* you dine?" and invited me to go back with him to dinner. Here I saw his sketches, the sublimity of which I deny. Evil was in him; he knew full well that he was wrong as to truth of imitation, and he kept palliating it under the excuse of "the Grand Style." He said a subject should interest, astonish, or move; if it did none of these it was worth "noding, by Gode." He had a strong Swiss accent and a guttural energetic diction. This was not affectation in him. He swore roundly, a habit which he told me he had contracted from Dr Armstrong. He was about five feet five inches high, had a compact little form, stood firmly at his easel, painted with his left hand, never held his palette upon his thumb but kept it upon his stone, and being very near-sighted, and too vain to wear glasses, used to dab his beastly brush into the oil, and sweeping round the palette in the dark take up a great lump of white, red, or blue, as it might be, and plaster it over a shoulder or face. Sometimes in his blindness he would put a hideous smear of Prussian blue in his flesh, and then, perhaps, discovering his mistake, take a bit of red to deaden it, and then prying close in, turn round to me and say: "By Gode, dat's a fine purple! it's vary like Corregio, by Gode!" and then, all of a sudden, he would burst out with a quotation from Homer, Tasso, Dante, Ovid, Virgil, or perhaps the *Niebelungen*, and thunder round to me with "Paint dat!" I found him the most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity, and kindness. He put me in mind of Archimago in Spencer. Weak minds he destroyed. They mistook his wit for reason, his indelicacy for breeding, his swearing for manliness, and his infidelity for strength of mind; but he was accomplished in elegant literature, and had the art of inspiring young minds with high and grand views. I told him, that I would never paint portrait—but devote myself to High Art. "Keep to dat!" said Fuseli, looking fiercely at me: "I will, sir." We were more intimate from that hour. He should have checked me, and pointed out that portrait was useful as practice, if kept subordinate, but that I was not to allow myself to be seduced by the money that it brought in from making High Art my predominant object. This would have been more sensible.

The

The drawing for our tickets was from the figure of the Discobolos: Jackson, I and L—— were admitted at the same time. I remember West praising my drawing very much and telling Fuseli that it had the exact leap and action of the figure. I proceeded with this figure as with a picture. I drew the extremities large first, sketched parts in shadow in a small book by holding a candle to enlighten them; and so when drawing the figure, helped by my sketches, I made out the parts, and yet preserved a good general effect by constantly keeping the actual figure before me.

Jackson (I think) had at this time painted a picture of Lady Mulgrave and Mrs Phipps for the Exhibition, as well as the head of an old beggar who used to stand at the corner of the alley which leads to St Martin's Lane. Poor old fellow, he was taken up afterwards for being, as he told Jackson, an "*expositor*." We all got our tickets, and with March, 1805, ended the first term. Jackson and I planned hard work for the summer, and I, being in earnest, put my theory in practice immediately; but I soon found my worthy friend doing everything but hard work,—going to sales to see fine pictures,—walking into the country to study clouds and landscape, so very useful for backgrounds,—and so forth; in fact, his amiability was such that he never resisted an inclination of his own or of any other person; and I perceived that it required unusual vigour to withstand his seducing ways.

However, I never lost a day, but worked out my twelve or fourteen hours as I felt inclined, when, just as I was in the midst of it, came a letter from home saying that my father was dying. I packed up on the spot, called on Fuseli on my way to the coach and talked to him so energetically that he said: "By Gode you talk well; wryite me." In two days I reached Plymouth and found my father recovered but much exhausted. My poor mother pressed me to her heart and cried hysterically. She looked at my spectacles and shook her head. "Don't leave us again—don't leave us again," she kept sobbing out; and first laughing, then crying, then putting me at arm's length, then clasping me close, she would still mutter to herself, "Don't leave me, don't leave me." It was dreadfully affecting, but I had determined to command myself, and I succeeded.

The next day I got bones and muscles from the surgeon of the hospital, and was hard at work that very night. Then began the most miserable part of my life. It was a torture. Aunts and cousins, friends and uncles, all in succession scolding, advising, reproaching or appealing, the whole day through. In this state of mind, and with these interruptions, I got through that book of anatomical studies which all in my school have copied, from Charles

Charles Eastlake to Lance. But still my life was wretched. My mother watched me day and night, and often creeping into my room at midnight would find me undressed but finishing a drawing before getting into bed. Though I had been a year studying, I had nothing attractive to flatter the vanity of my parents—no patron—no my Lord or Sir George had yet come forward;—all I had to show were correct drawings of dry bones and drier muscles. "What is Benjamin about?" said my father to an uncle who had come down from London: "Oh, he is mad," replied my uncle; "I called and found him with Albinus on the floor, stretched out on his belly, studying; he's mad certainly."

One day I rose with the sun and crossed over to Mount Edgcumbe, and as I roamed through its beautiful fields in the fresh morning air, I brought my struggles to a conclusion and made up my mind. When I returned, I told my father that if he wished it I would stay, but only on a principle of duty; as I should certainly leave him in the end. He was very much affected, and replied that he had also made up his mind—to gratify my invincible passion; that I should be tormented no longer; that he could not well afford to support me, but that he would do so until I could support myself. I was deeply touched. I wrote to Jackson and Fuseli, and I doubt not that I spun out my letters with all sorts of fine sentiments.

About a fortnight after came Fuseli's reply, short, characteristic, strong, and with a gentle reproof at the end for boring him with a fine long youthful epistle.

No date (it was June, 1805).

"My dear Sir,

"I might plead the privilege of a sick man for not answering your first letter, but in the state of reconvalescence in which I am at present, I should be inexcusable were I not to answer the second, which is a pure effusion of humanity. The lucky escape I have had from an accident,[1] which threatened death, or worse, is more endeared to me by the prospect of being suffered a little longer to be useful to such characters as yours: of which I hope to convince you at your return to London, where I shall be in a few days, ready to receive you and to attend your progress in and out of the Academy.

"To be long and at the same time entertaining is given to few; permit me therefore to subscribe myself at present,

"Your warm and sincere friend,

"Henry Fuseli."

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[1] He had been run over.

"To

"To be long and at the same time entertaining,"—of course I took the hint, and never bored him again with four sides of sentiment and profundity, such as young men write to each other, or when they are in love. Jackson wrote to me on his return to the Academy, and I well remember his saying, "There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie."

"Hang the fellow," I thought; "I hope with his 'something' he is not going to be a historical painter"; and arranging with my dear family for good, my father having quite recovered, though still weak, I started this time with the blessings and prayers of all for my prosperity and success.

Hurrah for dear old London—hurrah!

CHAPTER III

I REACHED town safely and found Jackson and L—— glad to see me. They both said that I might rely upon it this Wilkie was a clever fellow. Jackson said he drew too square to please him, but yet he had great truth. L—— said that his style was vulgar. "But what does Fuseli say?" said I. "Oh," said Jackson, "he thinks dere's someting in de fellow!" I was made uneasy all night, for Jackson finished by telling me that Wilkie had painted a picture at Edinburgh, from Macbeth, which we all agreed must have been a historical one.

The next day I went to draw, but Wilkie was not there. An hour after in he came. He was tall, pale, quiet, with a fine eye, short nose, vulgar humorous mouth, but great energy of expression.

After drawing a little he rose up, looked over me, and sat down. I rose up, looked over him, and sat down. Nothing further passed this day, our first together. Wilkie was very talkative to those near him, but in a whisper. The next day I brought the book of anatomical studies, which I had done in Devonshire. The students crowded round me, but Wilkie was not there. The next day, however, he came, asked me a question which I answered, and then we began to talk, to argue, to disagree, and went away and dined together. We used to dine at an ordinary in Poland Street, in a house on the right. You passed through the passage and came to the dining-room with a skylight in it. Many French came there; and here it was that Wilkie got that old fellow in the Village Politicians reading the paper with his glasses on. Sometimes we used to dine at a chop-house at the back of Slaughter's Coffee House, in St Martin's Court; and very often at John O'Groat's in Rupert Street.

I now remember poor Hilton, so pale and cadaverous, that we used to call him "The Anatomical Figure." Mulready and Collins were also up this term. Jackson, I and Wilkie became excessively intimate. L—— thought himself a cut above us, because Lord de D—— maintained him. My great increase of knowledge during the vacation made many of the students wonder. They had been dancing about; I had been hard at work, and had got, by my application, a start that I maintained. Northcote said that my anatomical studies would make me a good surgeon,

but

but that they were no use for a painter. Opie said they were capital. Fuseli swore that he learnt by looking at them. Smirke was delighted with my rapid progress, and so was Prince Hoare. I now moved more to the West End, as better for health, and took lodgings at 3 Broad Street, Carnaby Market. Wilkie lived at 8 Norton Street, in a front parlour, and Jackson still kept to the Strand.

Such was Jackson's perfect freedom from all feeling of envy, that he talked to Lord Mulgrave of both Wilkie and myself. His Lordship asked what my intentions were. Jackson explained them fully, and he answered, that if such were my objects, he would give me a commission to set me going, as soon as I begun to paint.

On my return to town I had set vigorously to work, and the autumn beginning, I got nearly a whole subject to myself at a surgeon's in Hatton Garden. The sight of a real body laid open exposed the secrets of all the markings so wonderfully that my mind got a new and confirmed spring. The distinction between muscle, tendon, and bone was so palpable now that there could be no mistake again for ever. The utility of this process was wonderful. No principles without this previous information could have availed. I came to the conclusion (which a subsequent research has confirmed) that the Greeks must have pursued the same course, however imperfectly.

I had now nearly done preparation. No student but Jackson came here; and he came only twice a week, and drew so indolently that it hardly deserved the name of drawing.

The news of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson arrived, I remember, in October, and caused a deep sensation. Napoleon had said just before at Ulm, that it was ships, colonies and commerce he wanted, and this defeat was ably turned against him.

I remember, that after the battle of the Nile, when quite a child, I was walking with a schoolfellow, near Stonehouse, when a little diminutive man, with a green shade over his eye, a shabby well-worn cocked hat, and buttoned-up undress coat, approached us. He was leaning on the arm of a taller man in a black coat and round hat (I should think this must have been poor Scott); as he came up, my companion said, "There's NELSON!" "Let us take off our hats," said I. We did so, and held them out so far that he could not avoid seeing us, and as he passed he touched his own hat, and smiled. We boasted of this for months.

Just before he embarked the last time, I saw him again with the same man passing by Northumberland House. He had been to Dollond's to buy a night-glass, for as I casually called there

there, I saw his address, written by his own hand, and his glass on the counter.

I have a much higher idea of Nelson's reach of mind than most men are inclined to have. His correspondence in Clarke's life is masterly. His perfect self-sacrifice, his pure unadulterated patriotism, his intense estimate of the character of the French, and his never being imposed on by their beggarly and bloody philosophy, his invariably seeing through their shuffling pretences and never believing that their word was worth more than their morals, his inspired conviction, that England in peace or war was and would always be the object of their innate hatred, showed a vigour and perspicuity proof against all imposition, and the French in their dread and hatred of him tacitly admitted the truth of his instincts.

Hail to his great, his glorious and noble soul! may his example never be lost in the British navy or among the British people.

His death affected me for days. But all fears of invasion were now over, and we looked forward to our pursuits with a degree of confidence which those only can estimate who passed their early days among the excitement of perpetual war.

I saw his funeral, which, as a clever foreigner well said, showed the nation's generosity and its utter want of taste. Instead of employing the first artist of the day, I believe Ackerman in the Strand designed the whole thing.

At the conclusion of the funeral service in the Cathedral, the old flag of the *Victory* was torn into a thousand shreds, each of which was carefully preserved by its fortunate owner as a relic of the hero. Lascelles Hoppner brought me home a fragment, which I religiously kept until it was irretrievably lost in the confusion of my ruin.

When the Academy closed in August, Wilkie followed me to the door and invited me to breakfast, saying, in a broad Scotch accent: "Whare dy'e stay?" I went to his room rather earlier than the hour named, and to my utter astonishment found Wilkie sitting stark-naked on the side of his bed, drawing himself by help of the looking-glass! "My God, Wilkie," said I, "where are we to breakfast?" Without any apology or attention to my important question, he replied: "It's jest copital practice!"

I left him, and strolled for an hour over the fields where is now the Regent's Park. When I returned I rallied him on his "copital practice," and I shall certainly never forget his red hair, his long lanky figure reflected in the glass, and Wilkie, with port-crayon and paper, making a beautiful study. He showed me his wonderful picture of the Fair, painted at nineteen, before

before he had ever seen a Teniers. The colour was bad, but the grouping beautiful, and the figures full of expression. But at that time I was too big with "High Art" to feel its perfections, and perhaps had a feeling akin to contempt for a young man with any talent who stooped to such things.

It was about this time that, glad of any employment, Wilkie entered into an engagement with an engraver to copy Barry's pictures at the Adelphi. In connection with poor Barry I remember an absurd anecdote. Wilkie had got tickets to see him lie in state, and had asked me to go with him. Now, a black coat at a funeral ceremonial is a *sine qua non*, and Wilkie, not having one in his possession, begged me, if I could, to accommodate him, which, of course, I readily did, especially as I had two. Neither of us, however, had reflected on our different figures, he long and bony, I short and slight. I got first to the Academy whence we were all to go to the Adelphi, and after waiting some time, at the eleventh hour Wilkie made his appearance in my coat, the sleeves half-way up his arms, his long bony wrists painfully protruding, his broad shoulders stretching the seams until they cracked again, while the waist buttons appeared anywhere but where their maker originally intended them to be. He caught my eye, and significantly held up his finger as if to entreat me to be quiet, but with an expression so ridiculously conscious of his unhappy situation that I thought I should have died with laughing on the spot.

We soon set off for the Adelphi, and there we saw poor Barry as he lay amidst his great works—a pall worthy of the corpse!

Many and many a time have Wilkie and I laughed over the short sleeves and still shorter waist, and it was only the other day (May, 1840), after the lapse of five-and-thirty years, that we remembered it again, and laughed our laugh as of old, though I fear *Sir* David did not relish the recollection so much as formerly.

Though Wilkie drew at the Academy with spirit, it was in a style of smartness, so full of what are called spirited touches that it could not be recommended for imitation to students. This style belonged to him and originated with him. It was like the painting of Teniers. Wilkie had brought to town a letter to Mr Greville (who lived in Paddington), a relative of Lord Mansfield, and Lord Mansfield in consequence of Greville's introduction gave Wilkie a commission for the Village Politicians.

After Christmas we crowded away again to the Academy where the report of Wilkie's commission soon got wind. At this time, a Scotchman, Charles Bell, came to town, and Wilkie, taking considerable interest in his success, asked me if I would attend

attend a class, were one to be got up, for a course of lectures on anatomy. I was delighted; we beat up sixteen pupils at two guineas each, and here I concluded my anatomical studies.

Bell had great delight in the subject and was as eager as ourselves. Poor and anxious for reputation, he was industrious and did his best. He had studied and fully understood the application of anatomy to the purposes we wanted. His lectures were, in fact, his subsequent book, the *Anatomy of Expression*, for which Wilkie made several of the drawings. A miniature painter, Saunders, drew the laughing head. Wilkie's best was, I think, Terror with the hands up.

In the Academy I do not think I had much repute. Perhaps I was not ambitious of a "medal" reputation. I was occasionally pelted with clay for poring over my Gladiator; but every figure I drew I mastered, and traced causes and effects until I could tell the reason of the markings, and could distinguish the difference of style between the Gladiator and Torso, and explain the why and wherefore.

I was perhaps too solitary and peculiar; I passed days and nights in the deepest study and reflection. Wilkie and Jackson were my only associates, and even they perhaps were not sufficiently with me. Jackson's eye for colour was exquisite. He took me once to see the Venus and Adonis of Titian, belonging to West, which I have heard Angerstein gave him, after he bought the one now in the National Gallery. At that time I had never seen a Titian, and my rapture was unbounded. Here I found, what I had actually before this discovered for myself, GLAZING. Few will believe that I had done so; but it is true. In copying a head, which I could never successfully imitate in colour, it appeared to me on close examination that it was painted lighter at first than at the finish. I tried it, hit it, and told Jackson, as a *great secret*, how I thought Titian worked in this picture. He burst out into a roar of laughter, and said: "Why, everyone knows how to glaze!" but, nevertheless, I *was* a discoverer. Jackson made interest with some of the principal attendants at Lord Carlisle's and Lord Stafford's and took me to see their galleries. To this dear old friend I owe my first sound principles in colour. I never could bear a modern work afterwards, and made up my mind that in future, for colour, execution and tone, I would look back upon the departed great.

It was impossible not to like Jackson. His very indolent and lazy habits engaged one. His eternal desire to gossip was wonderful. Sooner than not gossip, he would sit down and talk to servants and valets, drink brandy and water with them, and perhaps sing a song. He would stand for hours together with

one hand in his trousers' pocket, chatting about Sir Joshua and Vandyke, then tell a story in his Yorkshire way, full of nature and tact, racy and beautiful, and then start off anywhere, to Vauxhall or Covent Garden, "to study expression and effect." After some time, Lord Mulgrave thought he had discovered that Jackson was beginning to be idle, which his Lordship helped to make him by sending him constantly to sales. At last his carelessness became so apparent that Lord Mulgrave, in a passion, cut off his income and threw him on his own resources. This brought Jackson to his senses. He exerted himself; and he told me that it had saved him. I certainly date his independence of character from that moment. Nor was he so weak but that when he found himself deserted he dared all sorts of things for an honest subsistence, and found himself happier as his own master. I thank God I never had a patron, as he had, and I would have showed the door to any man who had offered such patronage.

By the end of March or so, Wilkie had finished Lord Mansfield's commission, and Jackson told me it was quite equal to Teniers in handling, and superior in the telling of the story. I was surprised, and owned that I could not feel its worth, my object was so different. By degrees, as I watched its progress, I began to perceive the excellence of its expression, but I disliked its insignificant size and perhaps altogether I did not think highly of it. It was not like Titian; had no *impasto*, and was so thinly painted; yet everybody seemed so struck with Wilkie's genius that I imagined I must be wrong.

Jackson told Lord Mulgrave and Sir George of this production of the young student, and they sent him away to bring it down to Harley Street. Wilkie was out, and so Lord Mulgrave and Sir George called the next day, saw the picture, and were so electrified with it that they each gave him a commission, one for the Blind Fiddler, the other for the Rent Day. Wilkie was now up in high life, and if a young man wanted to be puffed at dinners until Academicians became black in the face Lord Mulgrave and Sir George were the men.

All this delighted and stimulated both Jackson and me. Wilkie had got the start of us, but he had been studying for five years at Edinburgh. My ambition was so excited that I determined to begin painting at once.

The Exhibition time of 1806 approached, and Wilkie began to make a great noise. Sir George described him as "a young man who came to London, saw a picture of Teniers, went home and at once painted the Village Politicians." That was the wonder! "at once!"

"At once! my dear Lady Mulgrave, at once!" and off all crowded

crowded to the little parlour of No. 8 Norton Street, to see the picture painted by the young Scotchman, who never painted a picture or saw one until the morning when he saw the Teniers, and then rushed home and produced the Politicians!

Personal appearance is everything in high life. A good air and confident modesty make a great impression. Wilkie was a pale, retiring, awkward, hard-working and not overfed student. The women did not report well to each other of the artist, but his picture was wonderful!

The last day for sending in the pictures arrived, and Jackson told me that he remained late at night endeavouring to persuade Wilkie to send his picture in; but such was his timidity and modesty that he really did not seem to believe in its merit, nor had he fully consented when Jackson took his leave. However, to the Academy it went, and there I will leave it for the present.

During the progress of the picture his employer called, and said, towards its conclusion, "What am I to pay you for this picture, Mr Wilkie?" Wilkie, timid and trembling, said: "I hope your Lordship will not think fifteen guineas too much." "Fifteen guineas!" replied his Lordship, "why, that is rather too much; you had better consult your friends, Mr Wilkie."

"Fifteen guineas!" I said when I heard of it, "a hundred and fifty guineas is not too much. Don't you let him have it, my dear Wilkie." Everybody was of the same opinion. In the meantime his Lordship had heard the picture talked about. Suddenly in he popped upon Wilkie, looked, admired, and said: "I believe Mr Wilkie that I owe you fifteen guineas: I will give you a cheque." "No," replied Wilkie, "your Lordship told me to consult my friends, as you thought it too much; I have done so, and they agree that is too little." "Oh, but I considered it a bargain," said Lord Mansfield rising and leaving the room. On the hanging day the Academicians were so delighted that they hung it on the chimney, the best place for a fine picture. On the private day there was a crowd about it, and at the dinner Angerstein took the Prince up to see it.

On the Sunday (the next day) I read in the *News*, "*A young man by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work.*" I was in the clouds, hurried over my breakfast, rushed away, met Jackson who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out: "Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!" "Is it rea-al-ly," said David. I read the puff —we huzzaed, and taking hands all three danced round the table until we were tired!

By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's "rea-al-ly," this will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie:

Wilkie: "Do you not know that everyone complains of your continual 'rea-al-ly'?" Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out: "Do they rea-al-ly?" "You must leave it off." "I will rea-al-ly." "For Heaven's sake don't keep repeating it," said Calcott; "it annoys me." Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, "Rea-al-ly!"

Jackson, he, and I made an appointment to go together to the Exhibition the next day: Wilkie was to call on me at 49 Carey Street.

Ah! these unalloyed moments never come twice; our joy was the joy of three friends, pure from all base passions; one of whom had proved a great genius, and we felt as if it reflected honour on our choice of each other.

Wilkie called accordingly, looking bewildered with his success. Seguier and Jackson met us at Somerset House, and paying our money we mounted the steps, Wilkie and I arm in arm, Seguier and Jackson following us. I walked straight to the picture, but there was no getting in sideways or edgeways. Wilkie, pale as death, kept saying, "Dear, dear, it's jest wonderful!"

After enjoying the triumph, which was complete, we left the Academy and went to dine—Seguier saying to me, "I suppose *you'll* astonish us next!"

We dined at John O'Groat's, Rupert Street, and going home with Wilkie found his table covered with cards of people of fashion, people of no fashion, and people of every fashion.

The rush was tremendous—Wilkie became drunk with success and very idle. Several friends interfered with Lord Mansfield, and Wilkie was advised to call. He did. His Lordship said: "he considered it a bargain." "Did you on your honour, my Lord?" asked Wilkie. "I did upon my honour," replied Lord Mansfield. "Then," said Wilkie, "the picture is your Lordship's for fifteen guineas." "Now," said Lord Mansfield, "I hope you will accept a cheque for thirty guineas." This I had from Wilkie's own mouth and his veracity is unquestionable.

Thus, then, one of the trio—Wilkie, Jackson and Haydon—was fairly launched on the world. Wilkie soon became a constant guest at Lord Mulgrave's, and as I was frequently talked about I was not long behind my sincere friends.

Wilkie's reputation disturbed my peace. I could not sleep an hour at a time without restlessness and dreaming. I got Jackson's old "expositor," and immediately set to work from him and painted a head and hands. As we used generally to breakfast together on Sunday mornings at one another's rooms or at Seguier's (who had come into our circle), the head and hands the

the next Sunday were brought to the ordeal. They were considered promising: the hands they said were capital, and I was greatly encouraged.

With the weakness of our poor nature Wilkie became visibly affected by his fame,—talked very grandly,—bought new coats, —dressed like a dandy, but in vain tried to look one. While we were at Bell's his pale, anxious look, his evident poverty and struggle, his broad Scotch accent, had all excited the humour of those students who were better off, and to quiz Wilkie was the joke. I remember he came one day with some very fine yellow drawing-paper, and we all said: "Why, Wilkie! where the deuce did you get this? bring us a quire to-morrow!" He promised he would. The next day, and the day after, no drawing-paper. At last we became enraged, and begged him, as he seemed so unwilling to bring us any, to give us the man's address. "Weel, weel," said Wilkie, "jest give me the money *first* and ye'll be sure to have the paper!" There was such an evident want of youthful heart and trust in this, that we all roared at him.

"Ah! Davie, Davie," said one, "ye come frae Fife,"—"And that's just the Scotch part of Scotland," said another,—and so on for the rest of the day. His peculiar genius showed itself one day when I was eagerly drawing the skeleton. The oddity of the skeleton with its eyeless holes and bare bones, and my earnest expression, formed such a contrast, that Wilkie, instead of making his study at the same time, struck with the humour of my position and look, sketched it into his anatomical book, and laughed long and loudly over his successful caricature.

We had a second course with Bell, and whenWilkie came among the students again his Scotch friends commenced their old jokes; but, alas! Wilkie had proved his great genius before the world and their jokes fell dead.

Some looked at him with mysterious curiosity, others were silent, and Wilkie drew on quiet and self-possessed, without appearing to notice their failure. He had, and he deserved to have, a complete triumph. *We* were all chap-fallen, and deserved to be so. Let students be cautious how they quiz external peculiarities until they are certain what they conceal.

Now that he was richer than he had been for some time his first thoughts were turned towards his mother and sister. Something of vast importance was brewing, we could not imagine what; I feared a large picture, before I was ready; but at last I, as his particular friend, received an invitation to tea, and after one of our usual discussions on art, he took me into another room, and there—spread out in glittering triumph—were two new bonnets, two new shawls, ribbons and satins, and Heaven knows what,

what, to astonish the natives of Cults, and to enable Wilkie's venerable father, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to preach a sermon on the vanity of women, whilst his wife and daughter were shining in the splendour of fashion from the dressmakers at the west end of London!

I never saw such amiable simplicity of rustic triumph as glittered in Wilkie's expressive face. I felt my attachment increased. I saw through his selfish exterior, that there was a heart, certainly, underneath—but I am not quite certain after thirty-six years! Then came the packing; then the dangers by sea, and the dangers by land; then the landlady and her daughter, and all her friends, were in consultation deep, and profound were the discussions how to secure "those sweet bonnets from being crushed" and "those charming ribbons from sea-water." "There was nothing like it," as Burke said to Boswell on Johnson's dining with Wilkes, "in the whole circle of diplomacy." All the time Wilkie stood by, eager and interested beyond belief, till his conscience began to prick him, and he said to me: "I have jest been very idle," and so for a couple of days he set to, heart and soul, at the Blind Fiddler for Sir George.

The progress of this perfect production I watched with delight; I conceived the world must be right, and if I could not see his superiority that I must be wrong. I therefore studied his proceeding as he went on and gained from him great and useful knowledge.

"What is this, and that, and that for?" brought out answers which I stored up. His knowledge in composition was exquisite. The remarks he made to me relative to his own works I looked into Raffaele for and found them applied there, and then it was evident to me that Wilkie's peasant-pictures concealed deep principles of the "ponere totum" which I did not know. It was through ignorance and not superior knowledge that at first I could not perceive his excellence.

This was a great and useful discovery: I found this thin, tall, bony fellow, as Jackson called him, a great master at twenty!

But his eye for colour was really horrid. He put a beastly yellow in his flesh; he had no feeling for pearly tints or *impasto*. His flesh was meagre, thin, dirty mud. We used to argue about glazing and pure preparation of tint without yellow. I painted an old gamekeeper (the model of the old grandfather by the fire in the Blind Fiddler), and then glazed it. Wilkie was so delighted he borrowed my study and tried the fiddler's right hand *without* yellow, toned it, and really it was the only bit of pure colour in the work. He was candid enough to say that I had greatly assisted him in that point; and told a friend that my study

study of the head had been of great service, which I believe, for I have always had an eye for colour (first taught by Jackson), which Wilkie never had.

The season had now ended, and among the other fashionable departures, Wilkie and Jackson went to Mulgrave Castle to meet Sir George and a party, to paint and spend their time delightfully.

I went to —— and got furiously in love; forgot blind fiddlers for blind cupids; never drew, nor painted: to ride about the delicious neighbourhood, to read Milton and Tasso and Shakespeare in grassy nooks by the rippling sea, to unbind her hair, and watch her fastening it back with her ivory arms bent back over her head, to hear her thrilling laugh at my passionate oaths of fidelity—all these were my studies for the vacation, studies perhaps not so entirely useless.

In the heat of this delirium came a letter from Wilkie. My position, so dangerous but so little considered, now looked me sternly in the face: I started, like the infatuated knight in the Bower of Bliss, and retiring to my room read in his letter:

(dated Mulgrave Castle, Sept. 9, 1806.)

"It will perhaps give you some pleasure to hear, that you are not unfrequently the subject of conversation. It seems Mr Jackson has spoken very highly of you, several times, to Lord Mulgrave, and I have told them of the picture you are at present engaged on, which has raised their curiosity and expectations: at the same time, Sir George has expressed a desire to call upon you, when he returns to London, and Lord Mulgrave has desired me to transcribe a few lines from a subject which he seems to wish to have painted, as he admires it for its grandeur. He wishes also to know, if you think it would suit your ideas, although he would not wish to put any restraint upon your inclinations. The subject has seldom or never been painted, which his Lordship thinks an advantage to it.

"I have enclosed the lines in this letter,[1] so that you may take your own time to think of it; but I will see you myself before it will be necessary for you to give any opinion.

"Sir George Beaumont is to allow me 50 guineas for my picture,[2] if I am satisfied with it.

"He says he never intended to fix it at 25 guineas, but only mentioned that, at the time, to Mr Jackson, as being the lowest that he would give. I think that this offer is very liberal, and I think you will be of the same opinion.

"We are all astonished that Mr Jackson has not yet arrived, as we hear that he was to leave London more than a week ago, but he is not one of those who are scrupulously punctual to their

[1] This was an extract from Hook's *Roman History*, relating to Dentatus, the subject I afterwards painted.

[2] The Blind Fiddler.

word,

word, else we might be very uneasy about him. I find that Lord Mulgrave is as well acquainted with his feelings as we are. He laughs at his unsteadiness, is amused at his simplicity, admires his talents, but grieves at his want of industry, and moreover observes, that Jackson is a person he could never be angry with."

This roused my spirits. I had got my first commission for a grand historical picture, "to set me going," as Lord Mulgrave had promised. It was a triumph for me, a reward for what I had suffered, and I imagined now that all trouble was at an end. I wrote home. Cobley was silenced and began to cry; Plymouth was quite pleased; I was really a public character, and all my aunts and uncles, cousins and friends, came and congratulated my dear parents, declared they always said it would be so, and only thought a little wholesome opposition a very necessary thing. Cobley always talked of me; my father swore Lord Mulgrave was of the right sort, as he was an upright and downright out-and-out Tory, for no Democrats or Whigs ever would have thought of such a thing, and then he drank his health in a bumper. Dr Bidlake prided himself on having taught me; my schoolmates foresaw it; in fact, opposition was over, and they swore that my fortune was made.

How often has my fortune been made in the opinion of friends!

I had now to part from my ladye-love, and I shall say nothing on the subject beyond confessing that on the road to London I cried for the first twenty miles as if my heart was quite broken. However, about the thirtieth mile, I caught myself laughing at a charming little creature at an inn where we changed horses. I dozed and dreamed of her pretty dimpled face until I scented the London smoke, when all these rustic whims and fancies gave way to deep reflection on High Art and a fearless confidence in my own ambition.

So far from the smoke of London being offensive to me, it has always been to my imagination the sublime canopy that shrouds the City of the World. Drifted by the wind or hanging in gloomy grandeur over the vastness of our Babylon, the sight of it always filled my mind with feelings of energy such as no other spectacle could inspire.

"Be Gode," said Fuseli to me one day, "it's like de smoke of de Israelites making bricks." "It is grander," said I, "for it is the smoke of a people who would have made the Egyptians make bricks for them." "Well done, John Bull," replied Fuseli.

Often have I studied its peculiarities from the hills near London, whence in the midst of its drifted clouds you catch a glimpse of the great dome of St Paul's, announcing at once civilisation and power.

I got

I got home before Wilkie, ordered the canvas for my first picture (six feet by four) of Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt; and on October 1st, 1806, setting my palette and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting. I poured forth my gratitude for His kind protection during my preparatory studies and for early directing me in the right way, and implored Him in His mercy to continue that protection which had hitherto been granted me. I arose with that peculiar calm which in me always accompanies such expressions of deep gratitude, and looking fearlessly at my unblemished canvas, in a species of spasmodic fury I dashed down the first touch. I stopped, and said: "Now I have begun; never can that last moment be recalled." Another touch—and another—and before noon I had rubbed in the whole picture, when in came Wilkie. "That's jest too dark for rubbing in." "Why?" "Because what can ye do darker? Ye must jest never lose your ground at first." I scraped away until he was satisfied that I had restored the ground sufficiently and got all in like a wash in water-colour.

He was delighted that I had fairly commenced, and when he left me I thought "Now here is a lesson." This is the blessing of beginning; every day is a lesson and every day an advance.

This period in my life was a very happy one. I look back upon it, indeed, as perhaps the happiest of all my student career.

The basis of my character was earnestness of feeling. I took up everything as if my life depended upon it, and not feeling sufficient gratification in simply doing all that I could, my imagination was never satisfied if I did not call on the aid and blessing of God to correct and fortify my resolves. I never rose without prayer, and never retired without it; and occasionally in the day, in the fervour of conception, I inwardly asked a blessing on my designs. I was fervently alive to the beauty of woman; and though never vicious was always falling in love. No doubt an Etonian, a Winchester or Rugby boy, or a London dandy, will laugh incredulously at this; but with me, it was a fact. At twenty I had a high and noble object, which sustained me far above the contaminations of a "town life," and carried me at once into virtuous society, without passing through that ordeal of vice which young men think so necessary to clear away schoolboy shyness and fit them for the world. Wilkie, I have every reason to believe, was equally virtuous. We both considered our calling a high duty, and we both were anxious to do our best.

CHAPTER IV

The difficulties of a first attempt were enormous. I wanted to make Joseph's head looking down so as to leave the eyes out of sight, and I did it so badly that people said: "Why, he's asleep!" So out came that head several times, but at last I hit the look from the model after a long, long morning's trial of some eight hours. Oh, the ecstacy with which I then rushed to dinner, and the appetite with which I ate!

By this time people began to come to town, and about November, I think, Sir G. Beaumont returned and intimated through Wilkie a desire to call. Wilkie informed me in due time, and a day was fixed for the awful visitation. A thundering knock and trampling horses, a rattling down of steps and flinging open of doors, announced consequence and fashion. The picture was set in a good light, the room neat, the chairs old, the carpet worn. In came David Wilkie introducing Lady and Sir George Beaumont, the friends of Garrick and Sir Joshua.

Lady Beaumont was a graceful woman, looking young for her age; Sir George a tall, well-bred, handsome man with a highly intellectual air. They both eyed me well and were delighted with the picture. "Well," said Sir George, "very poetical, and quite large enough for anything." I bowed, but differed; explained that my object was Grand Art, and that this was my first attempt. After the usual questions and replies, Sir George asked me to dine in a few days and they then took their leave.

This first visit from a man of rank and repute elevated me a good deal; Wilkie and I dined together the same evening, and he told me that Lady Beaumont said: "I like him very much; for he has an antique head." This was a great compliment!

I immediately filled four sides (as I was not writing to Fuseli) to my dear parents, with every incident of the visit—how Lady Beaumont looked—what *she* had on—how tall Sir George was—how he looked—what *he* had on—what Lady Beaumnot said—what Sir George said—what David Wilkie did *not* say, and what he ought to have said. Again my fortune was made, again my Plymotheans were in raptures. I myself was in raptures too—thought Sir George and Lady Beaumont models of all the virtues upon earth, and praised them to Wilkie accordingly.

Wilkie always looked as if he saw farther into time, but he thought it right not to disturb my enthusiasm.

The awful day came, when a youth from the country, who had never in his life dined at any table higher than a country parson's, was to make his debut at a party in high life. "God only knows how I shall go into the room," thought I: "I will keep behind Wilkie; at any rate I am a match for him, and I will *not* drink Lady Beaumont's health in porter."

Wilkie called—I had been shaving until my chin was half skinned—washing until I was quite in a heat—and dressing and redressing until my back ached again—brushing my hair—looking behind me in the glass—putting the glass on the floor and then opening the door—bowing and talking to myself and wishing that my mother could see me! I was ready and away we drove, I in a cold perspiration. We reached the house, the door opened, and we marched through a line of servants who bawled out our names from the entrance. In went Wilkie and in went I, and in five minutes was much more at ease than I ever had been in my life, sitting on an ottoman talking to Lady Beaumont. Mr Davy was announced, and a little slender youth came in, his hair combed over his forehead, speaking very dandily and drawlingly. Dance the architect and several others followed, and after some little chatting in the gallery dinner was served. Davy took Lady Beaumont, the rest followed as they pleased, and I was placed within one of her Ladyship. The dinner went off well with me, for I felt quite at ease; everyone seemed so kind. At dessert Lady Beaumont, leaning forward, said: "When do you begin Lord Mulgrave's picture, Mr Haydon?" Immediately all eyes were fixed upon Mr Haydon who was going to paint a picture for Lord Mulgrave. I was the new man of the night! "Who is he?" was asked. Nobody knew, and that was more delightful still. Davy was very entertaining, and I well remember a remark he made which turned out a singularly successful prophecy: he said: "Napoleon will certainly come in contact with Russia by pressing forward in Poland, and *there* probably will begin his destruction." This I heard myself five years before it happened. We soon rose for coffee. I found her Ladyship anxious to discuss the subject of Lord Mulgrave's picture, and as I imagined that it would be peculiarly interesting to detail how I meant to paint it, and found that I was really listened to, I became quite entertaining, whilst Wilkie, full of modesty, hung back and seemed frightened to tread within the circle. However, carriages were soon announced, and Wilkie and I took our leaves and walked home. This visit was not satisfactory; I was paid attention to over-eagerly for a novelty, before I had done anything to deserve it.

it. I distrusted the sincerity of those who could give me so much importance on such slight grounds.

In a short time I was cautioned to be wary of Sir George; I was told that he regularly had at his table a succession of geniuses who were puffed as great men, whose hopes he constantly excited and as constantly depressed without any reason at all; in fact that I must take care not to lose my time, but at once be cautious of either offending or relying upon him.

I believed this to be calumny, but it had an effect. In a day or two he called, sat whilst I painted, and then took me away in his carriage to show me Lord Ashburnham's pictures at Ashburnham House, and set me down at my own door. He told me Sir Joshua used white of egg, and advised me to do the same, with half a dozen other things, to all of which I paid no attention.

I complained to Wilkie that my colours dried too quickly. "What dy'e paint in?" "Drying oil and varnish." "Use raw oil!" "What is raw oil?" said I. "Why, oil not boiled." I did not know this, and delighted with the information ground up with raw oil and have done so ever since. Such was at that time my ignorance of vehicle.

The subject I had chosen was a pretty one if poetically treated, and I had so treated it. In the centre was Joseph holding the child asleep; the ass on the other side; above were two angels regarding the group, and in the extreme distance the Pyramids at the break of day. The whole was silently tender. The scenery divided interest with the actors. The colour was toned and harmonious—the drawing correct. I had tried to unite nature and the antique. I never painted without nature and never settled my forms without the antique. I proceeded with the utmost circumspection, and I believe that it was rather an extraordinary work for a *first* picture. It was an attempt to unite all parts of the art as means of conveying thought, in due subordination. It had colour, light and shadow, impasto, handling, drawing, form and expression. It took me six months to paint, and when I saw it twenty-five years after I was astonished. It was bought by Mr Thomas Hope the year after and is now at Deepdene.

By perpetual studying at Lord Stafford's gallery, to which by Sir George's kindness Wilkie, Jackson and I were admitted, I had made up my mind as to my practice. I used to mix up tints and carry them down on a bit of pasteboard to the Titians and compare them every Wednesday. By these means it will be seen that I had not neglected the study of the brush, and thus, when I commenced painting I was not ignorant of the theory of practice.

Wilkie's success gave me unalloyed pleasure. I was very much attached

attached to him and he seemed to be so to me; but as this picture drew to its conclusion, he did not give me that encouragement which under similar circumstances, in the warmth of my heart, I should have offered to him. He feared this, and he feared that, and when Sir George Beaumont (although admitting it was a wonderful first picture) advised me by no means to exhibit it, Wilkie, instead of backing me up, turned right round from his former opinion and thought that I ought not as it was my first picture! Now began the anxieties of the art. What was I to do? To fly in the face of Sir George would offend him; to obey him would keep me from the world another year. But why I ought not to show it because it was my first, when they both admitted it was by no means like the work of youth, I really could not understand.

Many evenings was all this discussed. Jackson said I ought to exhibit; Wilkie said I ought not, and our mutual friend Seguier said, if he was in my place, he would. This decided me. "Wilkie," said Seguier, "does not wish to differ from Sir George."

There was something so cold in Wilkie's thus withdrawing his support from a devoted friend, that I really date my loss of confidence from the hour he thus refused me his countenance and denied his first opinions because the man of rank thought otherwise. As the Exhibition time approached, I felt all those cursed torturing anxieties that are the bane of this mode of making your name known to your countrymen—a mode the most absurd, unjust, despotic, and ridiculous that was ever invented by the most malignant in art. I dreamed that the Exhibition was open, and that I hurried into the rooms and could not find my picture; that I ran about raving for the porter, and at last found myself in the Academy kitchen, and there, under the table and covered over with the servants' tablecloth, found my picture dirty and torn. I became furious, awoke, and found myself sitting bolt upright in my bed; but for some time I could not rid myself of the delusion.

For days I wandered about in hopeless misery; I could not eat or drink; I lost my relish for everything; I could not sleep; I could not paint; called on one friend after another affecting gaiety; bored Fuseli, who, being Keeper, saw what was daily doing by the Committee; until, at last, one morning, when after a timid knock I opened the door at the usual "Come in," Fuseli turned suddenly round with his lion head, the white hair glistening as the light quivered down upon it from the top of his high window, and roared out: "Wale, is it you? for your comfort den, you are hung be Gode, and d——d well too, though not in chains yet." "Where, sir, for God's sake?" "Ah! dat is a sacrate, but

but you are in the great room. Dey were all pleased. Northcote tried to hurt you, but dey would not listene; he said: 'Fye, zure I see Wilkie's hand dere.' 'Come, come,' said Westall, 'dat's too bad even for you!'" "Wilkie's hand," replied I, "good heavens, what malice! I would as soon let Wilkie feed me with a papspoon as touch a picture of mine. But what petty malignity!" "Wale, wale," said Fuseli, "I told him (Northcote), 'you are his townsman, hang him wale.' When I came back whayre de deyvil do you tink he was hanging you? Be Gode, above de whole lengts and small figures about eight inches. 'Why,' said I, 'you are sending him to heaven before his time. Take him down, take him down; dat is shameful!'" [1]

And so down I was taken and hung on the right of the entrance door in the old Great Room at Somerset House, which for a first picture by a young student was a very good situation and obtained me great honour. The Blind Fiddler was, of course, the great source of attraction, and well it might be. Wilkie rose higher than ever. On the day the Exhibition opened we all dined with Hoppner, who hated Northcote, who in his turn hated Hoppner. Hoppner was a man of fine mind, great nobleness of heart, and an exquisite taste for music, but he had not strength for originality. He imitated Gainsborough for landscape and Reynolds for portrait. We talked of art, and after dinner Hoppner said: "I can fancy a man fond of his art who painted like Reynolds; but how a man can be fond of art who paints like that fellow Northcote, heaven only knows." "As to that poor man-milliner of a painter, Hoppner," Northcote used to say to me, "I hate him, sir, I ha-a-a-te him!"

Hoppner was bilious from hard work at portraits and harass of high life. He was portrait painter to the Prince; and one day M'Mahon having ordered the porter at Carlton House to get the rails repainted, and to send for the Prince's painter, the man in his ignorance went over to Hoppner.

When the Prince visited Hoppner one day, he popped suddenly into his gallery where was his fine portrait of Pitt. "Ah! ah!" said the Prince, "there he is with his d——d obstinate face." I had this from Lascelles Hoppner who heard him from an inside room.

I must go back a little in order to recall a very interesting letter which I received from Sir George Beaumont while painting my

[1] In Northcote's *Conversations* he attempts to clear himself of this, by saying that he was not hanger the year (1807) my picture came in. Now, on the Official List of Councils of the Academy, Northcote for that year is entered as "*hanger*," being on the Council. Peace to him!—B. R. H.

picture,

picture, and in the midst of all the difficulties I experienced in bringing it to a close. This letter showed his real heart when in the country, free from the agitation and excitement of London life. He had a family house at Dunmow, Essex, where his venerable mother lived in seclusion, and where Sir George generally visited her between Christmas and spring. Lord Mulgrave used to quiz him about never allowing any of his friends to come to Dunmow, declaring that Sir George had something snug there which he did not wish to be seen or known.

He wrote me:

(Dunmow, Feb. 28, 1807.)

"I am not surprised, and indeed very little sorry, to hear of your difficulties, for you must remember the more elevated your goal the greater must be the exertion of every nerve and sinew to reach it; had you been easily satisfied, I should have formed no interesting hopes of your progress. I myself have merely played with the art, yet I have had experience enough to convince me that the man who fancies attainment easy, has a circumscribed mind, ill calculated to reach any point approaching to excellence. He may perhaps acquire some dexterity of hand, and make a tolerable figure on a tea-board, but he will never obtain that *something*, which cannot be described, though it reaches the recesses of the heart, without any of the parade of execution. . . .

"It, at first thought, seems rather hard, that such a Birmingham gentleman[1] should, in the multitude of his converts, proceed without difficulty and with great exaltation, whilst you meet with struggles and with disappointments; yet when you recollect the object of his vanity—that it has little to do with the mind,—that it will never be approved of by an opinion worthy the consideration of a man of sense,—and that it is scarcely more valuable than the applause a rope-dancer receives for his monkey tricks—he certainly ceases to be an object of envy, whilst you have the satisfaction of reflecting upon the value of the object you have in view, and that although the present pains and troubles are distressing, yet, when once achieved, not only will your reward be the approbation of every man of real taste, but a proper application of the power acquired will impart useful pleasure, and ultimately promote the causes of religion and virtue.

"I should add that at the time I am undervaluing mere flippancy of pencil, where pencilling, exclusive of expression, is the object of the artist (which by the way is no bad receipt to make a French painter), yet I by no means approve of that blundering, ignorant, clumsy execution which some have indulged themselves in. The touch, to my feeling, should be firm, intelligent, and decisive, and evince a full knowledge of the object. This will never be attained but by profound knowledge of drawing, which,

[1] I am convinced Sir George alluded to Lawrence.—B. R. H.

I am

I am sorry to say, has been much neglected. Superadded to the great pleasure I expect from the works of yourself and Wilkie, I hope your steady application to drawing will be an example of incalculable advantage to the students of the present day.

"I contemplate the friendship which subsists between yourself and Wilkie with peculiar pleasure. Long may it last, uninterrupted by misunderstanding of any sort! I am confident it will not only render your studies pleasing, but your honest criticisms of each other cannot fail of producing mutual advantage. You cannot impress your mind with too exalted an idea of your high calling!"

I now recommenced my Greek, to which I had never paid much attention since I left school, and found that I could scarcely read it with any ease. But I soon discovered that the accurate study of a language employs more time than can be spared from any other leading pursuit. I wrote to Sir George about it, and in a few days heard again from Dunmow. Among other things he wrote:

(March 23, 1807.)

"If you determine to master the languages, it will cost you much time and much labour, and for the life of me I cannot conceive how it will advance your great object. If you saved your eyes or strengthened your constitution by air and exercise in the process, I should certainly recommend the undertaking, but on the contrary, it will consume the little time you have to spare for the care of your health—which, whatever a youthful desire of triumph may at present suggest, is as necessary as any other qualification for an artist, and will, without due attention, before you are aware of it, stand a chance of being irretrievably lost. If you think it necessary to paint from Homer, the subject and costume may certainly be as well known from translations and English comments as from the original.

"But for my own part, I have always doubted the prudence of painting from poets; for if they are excellent, you have always the disadvantage of having an admirable picture to contend with already formed in the minds of the circle—nay, different pictures in different minds of your spectators—and there is a chance, if yours does not happen to coincide (which is impossible in all cases) that justice will not be done you.

"This remark is particularly applicable in painting from Shakespeare, when you not only have the powerful productions of his mind's pencil to contend with, but also the perverted representations of the theatres, which have made such impressions on most people in early life, that I, for my part, feel it more difficult to form a picture in my mind from any scene of his that I have seen frequently represented, than from the works of any other poet.

"Now if you choose judiciously a subject from history you avoid these disadvantages, and the business will be to make the poetry

poetry yourself, and he who cannot perform this will in vain attempt to echo the poetry of another. You have asked my opinion and I have freely given it, but many will undoubtedly differ from me. I only speak my genuine feelings."

These letters during February and March prepared the way for my first picture, and Wilkie's immortal one, the Blind Fiddler. No one can read of Sir George's regard for us (hardly twenty-one any of the three) without acknowledging the kindness of his disposition.

The season soon began. Lord Mulgrave came to town and Jackson brought me an invitation to dine. On introduction, Lord Mulgrave said: "I hope I shall know more of you." Lady Mulgrave, the Hon. Augustus Phipps, Lord Normanby, then a boy, the rest of the family, Jackson, Wilkie and I, formed the party at Lord Mulgrave's house in Harley Street.

At table, during dessert, we got on poetry. Lord Mulgrave said he did not admire Milton; that Pitt had often tried to convince him of Milton's genius, but that he could not see it. I defended him—Lord Mulgrave drew up and looked solemn; Wilkie pale; Jackson as usual utterly good-natured; Sir George and Lady Beaumont quiet and surprised. Lord Mulgrave said he agreed with the Scotchman, who, after reading Milton through, said "he thought there was just faults on both sides." This produced a hearty laugh, in which I joined; but it was evident that my ardour for Milton was a little out of place at my Lord's table, the first time of dining. Lord Mulgrave was a fine character, and as he now produced the laugh and not I, he closed the argument in apparent triumph.

I dined there again very soon, and at last Wilkie and I dined there so often and became so much in fashion that we started *chapeaux bras*. To please Lord Mulgrave, Jackson used to powder his head, and once Lord Mulgrave induced Wilkie to do the same, but Whitbread quizzed poor David so unmercifully that he never repeated it. Lord Mulgrave was a high Tory and a complete John Bull. He gloried in Nelson and (I thought) seemed to have an immortal hatred of Napoleon. The name of Napoleon seemed to exasperate his nature beyond everything. About this time the Whigs were turned out, and the Duke of Portland forming an Administration gave Lord Mulgrave the Admiralty. To the Admiralty then we used to go: there we dined often and often, and always with pleasure. There we started our *chapeaux bras*, did the dandy and the buck, saw our names in the *Morning Post* as guests of the First Lord, met ministers and ladies, generals and lord chamberlains, men of

genius and men of no genius, and rose rapidly and daily in hope and promise. Lord Mulgrave (Tory as he was), when dinner was announced, as soon as all of superior rank had gone off used to say with an air: "Historical Painters first—Haydon take so and so."

Once or twice I dined with him alone. He talked on matters of history and politics, and from my general reading and education, he found I relished this conversation more than any upon art. He would even talk of Napoleon and of his campaigns, and finding me intelligent and eager to listen he seemed to take pleasure in informing me in a general way. It is so delightful to hear men who have acted talk—they give you no trash, but positive information.

The Exhibition of 1807 brought me before the world: my picture was considered a wonderful work for a student, and Sir George and my Lady saw that it was fortunate I had not taken their advice. I sent the Catalogue to my dear mother; she read my name in it, printed for the first time. She read the criticisms; she kept them all.

Before the Academy closed a little matter occurred quite characteristic of English students. Two or three of the body who wished to ingratiate themselves with the Keeper (Fuseli) proposed to present him with a vase. A subscription was opened, and a committee without either plan or principle formed itself, of which Wilkie and I were members. We were all perfectly ignorant of such matters, and after a great deal of discussion we laid a plan before the students after hours. It was received with shouts of laughter and derision! Up jumped a little fellow and made a speech, a capital one, in which he tore our proposition to pieces and called the whole thing an absurdity. Everything was going against us; none would speak in our favour, when at last I screwed myself up, rose, and made my debut by begging them not to attribute our proceedings to disrespect but to simplicity and inexperience in business; entreating them to be unanimous one way or the other; enlarging greatly upon the estimable qualities of our Keeper, and finally proposing that the self-elected committee should at once be dissolved, and the whole thing refounded according to the popular principles of the British Constitution. Disapprobation and groans gradually sank into silence, which speedily turned into various "hear, hears," and when at last I said: "Gentlemen, the eyes of England, and not only of England, but I may say of the whole British Empire, are upon you," the "hear, hears," gave way to rapturous applause and my proposition was carried *nem. con.* Wilkie immediately seconded me, proposed a room should be hired and the committee chosen

chosen at once out of the body of students. This was loudly cheered. Wilkie, I and Denman, a pupil of Flaxman, were chosen, and we immediately secured a room at the " Garrick's Head " (opposite Covent Garden Theatre) for the future meetings. Wilkie was voted to the chair; a committee formed in the regular way; a Scotchman, a friend of his, made secretary, I treasurer, and after proposals, cheers and votes of thanks, we broke up all in capital humour with each other.

We raised fifty guineas at 10s. 6d. each. I had never had so much money in all my life, and I well recollect every night first putting the money under my pillow and then drawing a long French cavalry sabre (which had come out of an old prize at Plymouth) and laying it down within easy reach before going to sleep.

At last I thought of a bank, and remembering that Coutt's were Fuseli's bankers, I called and asked the late Sir Edward Antrobus if he would allow me to pay the money in on account of the committee, explaining the object we had in view. He replied in the driest way: " Why, sir, we don't usually open an account with so small a sum! " " Small," thought I, " why, there's no end to it! " However, he promised to take care of it for me and did so. Wilkie, Flaxman and I were now deputed to arrange with a silversmith, and Rundell and Bridges agreed to execute a vase for fifty guineas which should be worthy Fuseli's acceptance.

The committee was composed of a great many students, and while regulating the business we met at each other's rooms, had oysters for supper, sang songs, laughed and joked, and found the thing so very pleasant that we all agreed in hoping that it would not be a rapid performance on the part of Rundell and Bridges. Wilkie at that time was a capital fellow: he had a little kit on which he played Scotch airs with a gusto that a Scotchman only is capable of.

We got so fond of these committees that Fuseli grew fidgety and at last roared out: " Be Gode, ye are like de Spaniards; all ceremony and noting done! " I reported the Keeper was getting sore, so we agreed to settle at the next committee what the inscription should be. At the next committee the oysters predominated a little, so we deferred the ultimate consideration to another meeting. It happened that among the students we had a Scotch ornamental painter, called Callender, very like Wilkie in face and figure. Who he was nobody knew, but being an Edinburgh man—where they never snuff the candles at a meeting without addressing the chair and appointing a sub-committee to take the propriety of the act into consideration—he was thoroughly versed

versed in all the duties of chairman, deputy, secretary and vice, and really was a treasure from his knowledge. The students swore that he was Wilkie's brother, he was so like him. He made his first appearance during this business, disappeared as soon as it was over, and never was seen or heard of afterwards.

We soon settled the inscription; the vase came home, and the day approached upon which it was to be presented. Wilkie, however, was obliged to go to Scotland and I was elected to present it in his place. Here, then, to our infinite sorrow, ended the labours of the committee; but whether we regretted the oysters or the duties, only gentlemen in the habit of belonging to committees can decide.

The day came; the night before I rehearsed to myself the speech—action and expression. I imagined I was in Fuseli's presence. I took up a Latin dictionary for the cup and concluded my speech exactly as I placed the supposed cup upon the table before Fuseli. I fancied the speech was good, but the question was how did I look—how ought I to look? The glass only could decide, and so, taking the half-rubbed, broken-down looking-glass of a lodging-house second-floor bedroom, with only one pivot-pin left, and that excessively loose, I planted it so as to see myself, with a candle over my head; repeated my speech; acted; finished; glimpsed at my features, and felt satisfied that there was no grimace. When I do anything I never consult friends, and never did from a boy. My speech was concise and to the point, and so all the advice about "Don't make it too long," and "let us see," and "what are you going to say?" was lost upon me. "If I fail," said I, with vast importance, and conscious of the awful responsibility I had undertaken, "the disgrace is mine. If I succeed, yours will be the credit, for the sagacity of your choice."

The committee met in Fuseli's middle chamber and then repaired to his gallery with me at their head. Fuseli came out, bowed, and looked agitated. The vase was on the table in front: I advanced to the table and said, "Mr Fuseli—sir," in such a tremendously loud and decided tone that they all started, but I quickly modulated my voice, and as I concluded I placed the vase before him. Fuseli made a very neat reply, and Flaxman a long speech which bored everyone. We then all retired to a cold collation, drank Fuseli's health with three times three, and separated, the committee privately inquiring of each other whether all the business was concluded, or rather, if no possible affair could be invented for another committee supper. Flaxman said, as we came down to lunch, "The students hit upon the right man in young Haydon," and afterwards complimented me on my able speech.

speech. Really I have often thought that this little affair, of which I was the head and front, first sowed the seeds of enmity against me in the minds of many of the Academicians.

Hoppner was in a fury and, on the first opportunity, gave Wilkie a tremendous rowing, called the students a set of impudent puppies, and declared that had he been in the Council he would have turned us all into the streets! When we were discussing the thing in its early stages, the Council used to listen at the door and say: "Now they are talking about it, shall we do anything?" Northcote was on the Council and confessed this to me.

Within a very short time, so jealous were the Council and the general meeting of this deserved honour to Fuseli that they actually passed a law forbidding the students ever again to exercise their judgment in such matters, as it belonged to the Academicians, and to the Academicians alone, to decide on the merits of their officers. As if, in such a case, the students, the people really benefited by the Keeper, were not the best judges whether they were benefited or not! The malignant feeling that this simple mark of respect roused among Fuseli's brother R.A.'s excited everyone's contempt. They never forgave me, and I never respected them afterwards.

Just before Wilkie went to Scotland poor Opie died, and we both went to his funeral. Opie died a disappointed man. He had been brought up to London as the wonderful Cornish boy—the gifted genius—and he was almost obliged, as he expressively said to Northcote, to plant cannon at his door to keep the nobility away.

He had not foundation enough in his art to fall back upon when the novelty was over; his employment fell off and he sank in repute and excellence.

At one time, Hoppner informed me, there was an amazing force and power in his execution; but he carried the surface of Reynolds to such excess, that (as Wilkie told me) he used tallow (in his David Rizzio) to increase the effect of body in his colour—an insane practice which must end in the ruin of the picture. Opie was a man of strong natural understanding, honest, manly and straightforward. His last marriage (with Miss Alderson of Norwich) softened his asperities of manner and greatly ameliorated the coarseness of his female portraits, but still there was always a heavy look in his works, which is apparent when they are placed by the side of Reynolds or Titian.

His lectures are admirable. Of the three, Fuseli, Opie and Reynolds, Opie came nearest to the Greek principles of form, led by his natural sagacity and shrewdness. He was a loss, though not an irreparable one, and left a gap in the art.

His celebrated wife was a delightful creature. When at Norwich

Norwich in 1824 I breakfasted with her. In talking of Byron, she said: "His voice was such a voice as the devil tempted Eve with; you feared its fascination the moment you heard it." The last time she saw him was at a soirée where a man took out a glass flute to play on: Byron looked at her and said, "That fellow is going to let us *see* his notes as well as *hear* them."

Before leaving this part of my recollections I may as well introduce some little anecdotes, domestic in their kind, about Wilkie's picture of the Blind Fiddler, which I remember with pleasure. The mother was painted from a singular girl who lodged in Rathbone Place above some friends of ours. She was a young woman of masculine understanding, not regularly beautiful, but approaching it, full of heart and hatred of worldly feeling, capable of any sacrifices for the man she should love, and with a high standard of manly character and form. The first time I ever saw her was with Wilkie, when he called to ask her to sit to him, and on my inquiring who she was he said he did not know beyond finding her making tea generally for his Scotch friends—he supposed that she was "part of the concern."

These friends of Wilkie's were young men who had come from Scotland to work their way to fame and fortune in our great city —one of them, Du Fresne, of French family, was a most delightful fellow and he and I soon became very intimate.

An attractive girl on the second floor of a house full of young men is in rather a dangerous position, and what with Du Fresne's fascinating conversation, Will Allan's anecdote, Dr Millingen's furious admiration of Charles Fox, George Callender's sound sense and quiet humour, Wilkie's genius, and B. R. Haydon's high views and energy of argument, poor Lizzy was so fascinated that she positively forswore her sex and became as much a young man in mind as if she too were going to be a student in art, divinity, or medicine.

She attached herself to the party, made tea for them, marketed for them, carved for them, went to the play with them, read Shakespeare with them, and on one occasion I found her studying, with an expression of profound bewilderment, *Reid on the Human Mind*. To men of fashion there will be no doubt as to what her position must have been with these young men; but they are wrong in this case. Suspicion followed suspicion, but she cared not. She had more pleasure in listening to a dispute on art between Wilkie and me, or a political battle between M'Claggan and Callender, or an account of the beheading of Marie Antoinette from Du Fresne (who used to declare that he saw it and flung his red cap in the air), than in making love or having love made to her. Her position was anomalous, but I fully believe it was innocent.

cent. She was a girl with a man's mind, one of those women we sometimes meet who destroy their fair fame by placing themselves in masculine society with what is perfect innocence in them but could not be innocence in any woman brought up to nurse those delicacies of feeling which are among the most delightful attributes of the sex.

Liz was as interesting a girl as you would wish to see, and very likely to make a strong impression on anyone that knew her; however, I kept clear, and she ultimately married the Frenchman.

He was violent in temper and she had great spirit: they quarrelled as they went to church and quarrelled when they returned. The marriage was a wretched one. They separated. She went to Paris, and he became a surgeon on a slave estate in the West Indies and died from yellow fever. What has become of her I never heard, but have always felt a deep interest in her fate. To her I read my first attack on the Academy and she gloried in my defiance. She sat in my first picture and watched the daily progress of Dentatus, saying, when I finished it, " Now who would have thought of little Haydon painting such a work! "

Perhaps some of the pleasantest evenings Wilkie and I ever spent together were those when she and Du Fresne and the whole " concern " of Rathbone Place drank tea with us at the rooms of one or the other. We used to talk over our pictures and their progress; there have I heard the Village Politicians, the Blind Fiddler, Solomon, Dentatus, Joseph and Mary, and many others discussed, praised and objected to as we sat by a winter fire, with our pictures glimmering behind us in dimness and distance, each defect and each beauty analysed and investigated.

Happy period!—painting and living in one room—as independent as the wind—no servants—no responsibilities—reputation in the bud—hopes endless—ambition beginning—friends untried, believed to be as ardent and as sincere as ourselves—dwelling on the empty chairs after breaking up, as if the strings of one's affections were torn out, and such meetings would be no more.

There never was a group of young men so various and characteristic, with Lizzy the only woman among us giving a zest and intensity to our thoughts and our arguments.

First was David Wilkie—Scotch, argumentative, unclassical, prudent, poor and simple, but kindled by a steady flame of genius. Then Du Fresne—thoughtless, gay, highly educated, speaking French and Italian with the most perfect accent, reading Virgil and Horace, quoting Shakespeare or Milton, believing in high art, glorying in the antique, hating modern academies, and relishing music like a Mozart. In perfect contrast came George Callender —timid

—timid, quiet, unobtrusive, but withal well read. Then Dr Millingen—a Whig devotee, mad at a Westminster election, raving out a speech of Fox's, adoring Sheridan and hating Pitt. Last of all, though not least in our dear love, came B. R. Haydon —energetic, fiercely ambitious, full of grand ideas and romantic hopes, believing the world too little for his art, trusting all, fearing none, and pouring forth his thoughts in vigorous language, while Liz—making tea at the table—completed the group.

My tea was so good and my cups so large that they always used to say: " We'll have tea at Haydon's in the grand style."

The secret, I believe, of my own and Wilkie's enjoying this circle was that its members always looked up to us as authorities in art. When Wilkie was disposed to talk we all listened, laughed or admired. His conversation was so full of good sense, reason and caution, that he was an admirable check and damper to the fury, flash and reckless energy of my aspirations. Callender, with tame rationality, backed him—Liz and Du Fresne backed me, and sometimes differences almost rising to irritation arose, but we were always brought round by some witty remark or sparkling quotation from Du Fresne.

Certainly I never enjoyed any man's company so much as Du Fresne's. He died regretted sincerely, though his latter conduct had estranged one or two friends whom he might have used better. He was a man of nice susceptibility to the genius of others without any originality. How many of this species do we not meet in the world, pluming themselves upon their taste and feeling, on the whole having an idea of what is perfect, yet looking with contempt on all human effort in any art, because it does not come up to their unpractical and impossible notions of beauty, forgetting that if men despaired because imagination is superior to reality, the world would be full of idle dreamers without busy actors, and would remain stationary in art and science!

Peace to all these friends! M'Claggan is settled in Edinburgh —Allan is the celebrated painter—Du Fresne and Callender dead —and interesting little Liz has disappeared, Heavens knows where! If this Life should ever reach her, she will remember that I used to say of her, as Mahomet said of Fatima, " She believed in me, when none else would."

The success of Wilkie roused their jealousy, and when our dining at Lord Mulgrave's was announced in the paper they could hardly conceal it. Remembering us poor and struggling, they found us patronised and popular, yet retaining our friendships as before. One of the most difficult things in this world is the management of the temper of friends when you first burst into public repute and leave them in the rear.

CHAPTER V

My first picture being considered very promising, I had now begun Lord Mulgrave's Dentatus, but, as I have said before, I found the difficulties so enormous that by Wilkie's advice I resolved to go into Devonshire and practise portraits.

Just as I was thinking over my plans came a letter from home saying that my father was again seriously ill and begging me to return at once. This decided me, and I determined, at the risk of privateers and Verdun, to go by sea. I started for Portsmouth, cleared the Needles, had a tremendous gale for three days, and lay to off Portland Head for several hours, but at last Start Point came in sight and then the Sound. Up we sailed right through Hamoaze and landed at North Corner dock, where I had often been as a boy to watch Jack with his pig-tail and dashing girl, lounging along with a long pipe, and in the hoarse, manly voice of a foretopman cracking his jokes on everything that came in his way—man, woman or French prisoner. As it was early in the morning I got a porter to carry my trunks and started for the house: of course the servants would not hear my knocks, but my dear mother opened her window and, seeing me, rushed down stairs and clasped me to her heart. I found my father very ill, but the crisis was over, and we all hoped for his recovery which gradually took place with care and change of scene and life.

Here I resolved, as soon as settled, to paint my friends at fifteen guineas a head, a good price, at which I soon got full employment. Execrable as my portraits were (I sincerely trust that not many survive), I rapidly accumulated money, not, probably, because my efforts were thought successful, even by my sitters, but more because my friends wished to give me a lift and thought that so much enthusiasm deserved encouragement.

How few beyond one's kind friends think thus!

During my stay I called on the late Lord Morley, then Lord Boringdon (at Saltram), and was received very kindly. I was amazingly struck with Lady Boringdon (afterwards Lady Arthur Paget). She was a very beautiful woman, with the largest dark blue eye I had ever seen. Both my Lord and Lady seemed disposed to patronise me, but, as usual, I did not succeed in portraits of everyday people, and Lord Boringdon, calling one day when

I was

I was out, was, naturally enough, not over-well pleased with some of the worst of my bad efforts, which happened, unfortunately for my reputation, to be on the easel, and I never heard of him more.

However, my general success was great, and I improved so much by my short practice that people began to come in from the country to sit; but as I had my commission in London and had obtained a fair facility in painting heads, I resolved to bring my provincial labours to a close.

But, alas! my dear mother now began to droop.

Incessant anxiety and trouble, and her only son's bursting away from her at a time when she had hoped for his consolations in her old age, gradually generated that dreadful disease angina pectoris. The least excitement brought on an agonising struggle of blood through the great vessel of the heart, and nothing could procrastinate her fate but entire rest of mind and body. Her doom was sealed, and death held her as his own whenever it should please him to claim her.

Her fine heroic face began to wither and grow pale; loss of exercise brought on weakness and derangement. She imagined that the advice of an eminent surgeon in London might save her, and though I and everybody else knew that nothing could be done we acceded to her wish immediately.

I painted her portrait, and as she sat I saw a tear now and then fill her eye and slowly trickle down her cheek, and then she would look almost indignant at her own weakness.

"I should have wished," she said at last, "to have seen your sister settled before I died, if it had pleased God," and there she stopped. I tried to cheer her against my own conviction; but there was such an evident want of sincerity in my expressions of comfort and hope that they only convinced her I thought as she did.

In solitude I started at the thought of losing a mother! There is no feeling so acute as the first dawn of this thought on a young mind.

One evening, as we sat round the fire, she wept at the idea of never coming back again. We were all much affected; my poor father cried like an infant and tried to cheer her against such gloomy anticipations, but the impression in her mind was ungovernable and awful. It is my decided conviction that there exists in persons about to die an instinct of their fate. The brain, I believe, is affected by the tendency of the vital parts to death, and generates presentiments and fears.

My dear mother felt her approaching end so clearly that she made every arrangement with reference to her death.

I went to Exeter to get her apartments ready at the hotel, the day

day before she left home. She had passed a great part of her life with a brother (a prebend of Wells), who took care of a Mr Cross, a dumb miniature painter. Cross (who in early life had made a fortune by his miniatures) loved my mother and proposed to her, but she being at that time engaged to my father refused him and they had never seen each other since. He retired from society, deeply affected at his disappointment. The day after leaving Exeter we stopped at Wells as my mother wished to see my uncle once more.

This meeting was very touching. As I left the room and crossed the hall I met a tall, handsome old man; his eyes seemed to look me through; muttering hasty unintelligible sounds he opened the door, saw my mother, and rushed over to her as if inspired of a sudden with youthful vigour. Then, pressing her to his heart, he wept, uttering sounds of joy not human! This was Cross. They had not met for thirty years. We came so suddenly to my uncle's, they had never thought of getting him out of the way. It seemed as if the great sympathising Spirit once again brought them together before their souls took flight.

He was in an agony of joy and pain, smoothing her hair and pointing first to her cheek and then to his own, as if to say, "How altered!" The moment he darted his eyes upon my sister and me, he looked as if he *felt* we were her children, but did not much notice us beyond this.

My sister, hanging over my poor mother, wept painfully. She, Cross, my uncle and aunt, were all sobbing and much touched; for my part, my chest hove up and down as I struggled with emotions at this singular and afflicting meeting. What a combination of human feelings and sufferings!

Disappointment in love, where the character is amiable, gives a pathetic interest to woman or man. But how much more than ordinary sympathies must he excite, who, dumb by nature, can only express his feelings by the lightnings of his eye; who, wondering at the convulsions of his own heart when the beloved approaches him, can but mutter unintelligible sounds in the struggle to convey his unaccountable emotions? In proportion to the inability he feels to express all the deep refinements of thought for which words only can avail, must suppression add to the intensity of passion; and when at last his beloved disappears to marry another, no kind or delicate explanation can be given to one to whom speech is unintelligible. Thus had this man been left for thirty years brooding over affections wounded as for the mere pleasure of torture. For many months after my mother married he was frantic and ungovernable at her continued absence and then sank into sullen sorrow. His relations and friends

friends endeavoured to explain to him the cause of her going away, but he was never satisfied and never believed them. Now, when the recollection of her, young and beautiful, might occasionally have soothed his imagination like a melancholy dream, she suddenly bursts on him with two children, the offspring of her marriage with his rival—and that so altered, bowed, and weakened, as to root out the association of her youthful beauty with the days of his happy thoughts.

There are great moments of suffering or joy when all thought of human frailties is swept away in the gush of sympathy.

Such a moment was this. His anger, his frantic indignation, and his sullen silence at her long absence, all passed away before her worn and sickly face. He saw her before him, broken and dying; he felt all his affection return, and flinging himself forward on the table he burst into a paroxysm of tears as if his very heartstrings would crack. By degrees we calmed him, for nature had been relieved by this agonising grief, and they parted in a few moments for the last time.

During the whole of the next day my poor mother was silent. Now and then she would repeat, half to herself—" I have seen them once again—I have seen them once again." The agitation of this meeting brought on several attacks in the heart and she appeared depressed and melancholy. During the journey four magpies rose, chattered and flew away. The singular superstitions about this bird were remembered by us all. I repeated to myself the old saw: " one for sorrow, two for mirth, three for a wedding, and four for death." I tried to deceive my dear mother by declaring that two were for death and four for mirth, but she persisted that four announced death in Devonshire, and, absurd as we felt it to be, we could not shake off the superstition.

The influence of early Devonshire stories and the idle rhymes of nurses and nursery maids held fast in my mind, and I felt such an unaccountable belief that death was near that I almost feared to look my mother in the face.

Finding that the fatigue of sleeping on the road and the bustle of every departure harassed the invalid, we pushed on towards London as fast as possible and stopped for the night at Salt Hill.

The very mention of that place convulses my heart again after thirty-four years!

I yet see my dear, dear mother, leaning on us as she mounted to her room step by step, trying to jest and relieve our anxiety, while her pale face and wan cheek showed the hollowness of her gaiety.

The servants went before with candles; a clock upon the landing seemed to tick with a solemn loudness that made my heart sink!

Seeing

Seeing my mother easy in her chair, I went to my own room, and had begun undressing when my sister came to my door to say that my mother wished me to sit in her room for the night, and that as soon as day broke we would push on for town. I immediately went in, bringing my fire to theirs, hoping that it would last until the day. We all fell asleep in our chairs after a short time. About half-past two I awoke from mere anxiety and found that the fire had sunk and was only kept alive by two or three masses which rested against the back and front of the grate. The heated and silent sparkle of the coals had something about it peculiarly startling. Without moving, I looked up at my dear mother. She was awake and looking into the fire intently as if she read her destiny in its singular shapes. Her fine features were lighted by the dim reflection from the glimmering embers. Her nose was sharp—her cheek fallen,—she looked as if she saw the grave and pondered on its wonders!

And this was the last time I was ever to see her alive! My sister moved in her chair and my dear mother starting up covered her with a shawl. This exertion of maternal care brought on the most dreadful attack I had ever seen. Her lips became livid, cold drops stood upon her forehead, and conscious of her pangs she groaned out: "My dear children, *I am dying*; thank God! you are with me."

My sister began to cry: I immediately put hot water to my mother's feet. "Lay me on the bed," she said. I took her in my arms and propping her with pillows gently placed her in a reclining position. I then rang the bell and alarmed the house, sending off an express for a surgeon. After great agony she became quiet, but said: "My dear children, I have lost my sight; where are you?" Thinking the surgeon was a long time, I ran down into the stable and taking a horse with only a halter on galloped off, by the direction of the ostler, to the surgeon's house. When I reached it, I found him—although a human creature was on the point of death—using lighted paper to warm his boots with!

Hurrying him off I followed him, ran up to my mother's room, found my sister in the hands of strange people, and her—for whom my heart yearned—*dead*.

She had asked for me, my sister said, and when told that I had gone for a surgeon, moaned out, "It's no use," and died.

I made the surgeon open a vein, but without effect. I put my sister into another room, sent them all away, and locked myself in. Like Lear, I placed a glass before her lips, but there was no stain; and then first I gave way to my violent and unutterable emotions.

The day, as it broke, seemed steeped in lurid horror. I did not,

not, could not believe she was dead—I listened if she breathed —I kissed her pale cheeks again and again—I rubbed her hands and arms, and looked into her sightless eyes. I felt hope useless —I knelt and prayed.

In the morning I despatched a messenger to my uncle, who came up immediately and comforted us with his simple and heart-touching piety.

He had all the virtues of a country clergyman and all the simplicity; he called the waiters " Sir," and walked about in the morning without his coat with his grey hairs streaming back from his forehead. He came out into the world as one bewildered at everything.

He tried to calm the agony of my poor sister, but that " first dark day of nothingness " is dreadful—with its consciousness of having lost the dear being, whose voice in sickness or sorrow, like a guardian angel's, has been heard with gladness, from birth to manhood—dead—gone—passed away, and whither? Oh, the acuteness of that first pang of separation from a MOTHER! It is as if a string of one's nature had been drawn out and cracked in the drawing, leaving the one half of it shrunk back to torture you with the consciousness of having lost the rest. That which as children we hardly conceived possible had happened—a parent dead!

What disgust did I not feel at eating!—and yet I was hungry —and yet I was ashamed to eat. All the uses of this world how wearing! Then came the coffin and the struggling steps carrying it upstairs—and the undertaker, with his calm settled features— and the brutal, hard-faced nurse who claimed the clothes for her perquisite. In a fury I sent the wretch from my presence. I saw my dear mother laid in her coffin, and taking a last long look left the room—her features stamped upon my mind for ever. The next morning I was up and saw the coffin placed in the hearse, listened as the wheels rolled off along the sandy road and imagined that I still heard them for hours after.

Wishing to avoid the funeral we breakfasted late; while yet at breakfast a rattling noise made us all look up and the hearse passed us on its return at a quick trot. My sister burst into tears, for this gave us a fresh shock.

My dear mother had expressed a wish to be buried by her father's side, and my success at Plymouth enabled me to fulfil her wishes. I had her conveyed to Ide where my grandfather possessed property. There, following the funeral at a distance, I saw her carried to her vault by four old villagers, one of whom remembered Miss Cobley a healthy rosy child of ten years old.

During the dinner I stole from the mourners and, bribing the sexton,

sexton, descended into the vault, and stretching myself upon the coffin for the last time lay long and late, musing on every action of her hard devoted life: on my knees, by her side, I prayed God for His blessing on all my actions, and rose prepared for the battle of life! With a last lingering look I left the vault and returned to our broken home. The next night I left for London to begin my picture, pursued by the influence of my mother whose memory I have cherished and shall cherish for ever.

CHAPTER VI

I RETURNED to London, dear old London, and was welcomed with great affection by Lord Mulgrave and Sir George, Wilkie and all my other friends. Strolling out one evening with Fuseli, and explaining to him my commissions and prospects, he said: "I think you may *vainture* now upon a first floor"; so to look after a first floor I went, and found one with every accommodation at 41 Great Marlborough Street. Here I removed and began to make preparations for Dentatus. My painting large heads in Devonshire had greatly advanced me, and I set to work without fearing a head as I did at first.

This practice I would always advise a young historical painter to pursue: after having gone through his preparatory studies let him paint portraits diligently—he will find it of the very first importance. This was Wilkie's advice to me, and I followed it to my advantage.

I now recommenced Dentatus in good earnest. I reflected deeply upon the nature of the subject. I felt that the figure of Dentatus must be heroic and the finest specimen of the species I could invent. But *how* could I produce a figure that should be the finest of its species?

From Fuseli I got nothing but generalisation without basis to generalise on. He could not explain to me a single principle. I had nature, of course, but if I copied her my work was mean, and if I left her it was mannered. What was I to do? How was I to build an heroic form, like life, yet above life? How I puzzled, painted, rubbed out, and began again! Wilkie knew nothing of the heroic. In the antique I found something of what I wished, but I desired more of nature than I could find in any of the antique figures. I became wretched. At last, after I had painted Dentatus looking fiercely, and a frightened man opposite to him holding up his hand, a painter who called said: "Where did you copy that?" "Copy!" replied I; "I imagined it with nature before me." This startled him, and I felt certain that I had not missed my aim when another was so moved. But my incapacity to make a figure in the true heroic mould still tormented me.

In my model I saw the back vary according to the action of the

arms

arms. In the antique these variations were not so apparent. Was nature or the antique wrong? Why did not the difference of shape from difference of action appear so palpably in the antique as in nature? This puzzled me to death. If I copied what I saw in life, Fuseli said: "This is too much like life." If I copied the marble, Wilkie said: "That looks as if you had painted from stone." In my first picture I had used the antique based on nature, but the marked parts were few; now, when I had a back, limbs, and arms to deal with, the knowledge required was greater and the style the highest.

Just in this critical agony of anxiety how to do what I felt I wanted, and when I had been rubbing out and painting in again all the morning, Wilkie called. My hero was done, though anything but well done, and Wilkie proposed that we should go and see the Elgin Marbles as he had an order. I agreed, dressed, and away we went to Park Lane. I had no more notion of what I was to see than of anything I had never heard of, and walked in with the utmost nonchalance.

This period of our lives was one of great happiness. Painting all day; then dining at the Old Slaughter Chop House; then going to the Academy until eight to fill up the evening; then going home to tea—that blessing of a studious man—talking over our respective exploits, what he had been doing, and what I had done, and then, frequently, to relieve our minds fatigued by their eight and twelve hours' work, giving vent to the most extraordinary absurdities. Often have we made rhymes on odd names, and shouted with laughter at each new line that was added. Sometimes, lazily inclined after a good dinner, we have lounged about near Drury Lane or Covent Garden, hesitating whether to go in, and often have I (knowing first that there was nothing I wished to see) assumed a virtue I did not possess, and pretending moral superiority, preached to Wilkie on the weakness of not resisting such temptations for the sake of our art and our duty, and marched him off to his studies when he was longing to see *Mother Goose*.

One night when *I* was dying to go in, he dragged *me* away to the Academy and insisted on my working, to which I agreed on the promise of a stroll afterwards. As soon as we had finished, out we went, and in passing a penny show in the piazza, we fired up and determined to go in. We entered and slunk away in a corner; while waiting for the commencement of the show, in came all our student friends, one after the other. We shouted out at each one as he arrived, and then popped our heads down in our corner again, much to the indignation of the chimney-sweeps and vegetable boys who composed the audience, but at last

last we were discovered, and then we all joined in applauding the entertainment of *Pull Devil, Pull Baker*, and at the end raised such a storm of applause, clapping our hands, stamping our feet, and shouting with all the power of a dozen pair of lungs, that to save our heads from the fury of the sweeps we had to run downstairs as if the devil indeed was trying to catch us. After this boisterous amusement, we retired to my rooms and drank tea, talking away on art, starting principles, arguing long and fiercely, and at midnight separating, to rest, rise and work again until the hour of dinner brought us once more together, again to draw, argue or laugh.

Young, strong and enthusiastic, with no sickness, no debilities, full of hope, believing all the world as honourable as ourselves, wishing harm to no one, and incredulous of any wishing harm to us, we streamed on in a perpetual round of innocent enjoyment, and I look back on these hours as the most uninterrupted by envy, the least harassed by anxiety, and the fullest of unalloyed pleasure, of all that have crossed the path of my life.

Such being the condition of our minds, no opportunity for improvement was ever granted to the one which he did not directly share with the other; and naturally when Wilkie got this order for the marbles his first thought was that I would like to go.

To Park Lane then we went, and after passing through the hall and thence into an open yard, entered a damp, dirty pent-house where lay the marbles ranged within sight and reach. The first thing I fixed my eyes on was the wrist of a figure in one of the female groups, in which were visible, though in a feminine form, the radius and ulna. I was astonished, for I had never seen them hinted at in any female wrist in the antique. I darted my eye to the elbow, and saw the outer condyle visibly affecting the shape as in nature. I saw that the arm was in repose and the soft parts in relaxation. That combination of nature and idea which I had felt was so much wanting for high art was here displayed to midday conviction. My heart beat! If I had seen nothing else I had beheld sufficient to keep me to nature for the rest of my life. But when I turned to the Theseus and saw that every form was altered by action or repose,—when I saw that the two sides of his back varied, one side stretched from the shoulder-blade being pulled forward, and the other side compressed from the shoulder-blade being pushed close to the spine as he rested on his elbow, with the belly flat because the bowels fell into the pelvis as he sat,—and when, turning to the Ilissus, I saw the belly protruded, from the figure lying on its side,—and again, when in the figure of the fighting metope I saw the muscle shown under

under the one arm-pit in that instantaneous action of darting out, and left out in the other arm-pits because not wanted—when I saw, in fact, the most heroic style of art combined with all the essential detail of actual life, the thing was done at once and for ever.

Here were principles which the common sense of the English people would understand; here were principles which I had struggled for in my first picture with timidity and apprehension; here were the principles which the great Greeks in their finest time established, and here was I, the most prominent historical student, perfectly qualified to appreciate all this by my own determined mode of study under the influence of my old friend the watchmaker [1]—perfectly comprehending the hint at the skin by knowing well what was underneath it!

Oh, how I inwardly thanked God that I was prepared to understand all this! Now I was rewarded for all the petty harassings I had suffered. Now was I mad for buying Albinus without a penny to pay for it? Now was I mad for lying on the floor hours together, copying its figures? I felt the future, I foretold that they would prove themselves the finest things on earth, that they would overturn the false beau-ideal, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau-idea!, of which nature alone is the basis.

I shall never forget the horses' heads—the feet in the metopes! I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind and I knew that they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness.

I do not say this *now*, when all the world acknowledges it, but I said it then, *when no one would believe me*. I went home in perfect excitement, Wilkie trying to moderate my enthusiasm with his national caution.

Utterly disgusted at my wretched attempt at the heroic in the form and action of my Dentatus, I dashed out the abominable mass and breathed as if relieved of a nuisance. I passed the evening in a mixture of torture and hope; all night I dozed and dreamed of the marbles. I rose at five in a fever of excitement, tried to sketch the Theseus from memory, did so, and saw that I comprehended it. I worked that day and another and another, fearing that I was deluded. At last I got an order for myself; I rushed away to Park Lane; the impression was more vivid than before. I drove off to Fuseli, and fired him to such a degree that he ran upstairs, put on his coat and away we sallied. I remember that first a coal-cart with eight horses stopped us as it struggled up one of the lanes of the Strand; then a flock of sheep

[1] Reynolds, of Plymouth.

blocked

blocked us up; Fuseli, in a fury of haste and rage, burst into the middle of them, and they got between his little legs and jostled him so much that I screamed with laughter in spite of my excitement. He swore all along the Strand like a little fury. At last we came to Park Lane. Never shall I forget his uncompromising enthusiasm. He strode about saying, "De Greeks were godes! de Greeks were godes!" We went back to his house, where I dined with him, and we passed the evening in looking over Quintilian and Pliny. Immortal period of my sanguine life! To look back on those hours has been my solace in the bitterest afflictions. Had Fuseli always acted about the marbles as honestly as he did then, it would have been well for his reputation; but when he was left to his own reflections he remembered what he had always said of things on very different principles, and when I called again he began to back out, so I left him after recalling what he had felt before he had time to be cautious. He did not behave with the same grandeur of soul that West did. He, too, was in the decline of life; he, too, used to talk of art above nature, and of the beau-ideal; but he nobly acknowledged that he knew nothing until he saw the marbles, and bowed his venerable head before them as if in reverence of their majesty.

Peace and honour to his memory! There was more true feeling in his submission to their principles than in all Fuseli's boastful sneers.

It is curious that the godlike length of limb in the Greek productions put me in mind of Fuseli's general notions of the heroic, and there is justice in the idea. But as he had not nature for his guide his indefinite impressions ended in manner and bombast. The finest ideas of form in imitative art must be based on a knowledge of the component parts of that form, or an artist is, as Petrarch says: "In alto mar senza governo."

I expressed myself warmly to Lord Mulgrave and asked him if he thought he could get me leave to draw from the marbles. He spoke to Lord Elgin, and on the condition that my drawings were not to be engraved permission was granted to me. Conscious I had the power, like a puppy I did not go for some days, and when I went was told that Lord Elgin had changed his mind. The pain I felt at the loss of such an opportunity taught me a lesson for life; for never again did I lose one moment in seeking the attainment of an object when an opportunity offered. However, I applied again to Lord Mulgrave and he in time induced Lord Elgin to admit me. For three months I drew until I had mastered the forms of these divine works and brought my hand and mind into subjection.

I saw that the essential was selected in them and the superfluous

fluous rejected; that first, all the causes of action were known and then all of those causes wanted for any particular action were selected; that then skin covered the whole and the effect of the action, relaxation, purpose or gravitation was shown on the skin. This appeared, as far as I could see *then*, to be the principle. For Dentatus I selected all the muscles requisite for human action, no more nor less, and then the members wanted for *his* action, and no more nor less.

I put a figure in the corner of a lower character, that is, more complicated in its forms, having parts not essential, and this showed the difference between the form of a hero and common man. The wiseacres of the time quizzed me, of course, for placing a naked soldier in a Roman army, a thing never done by any artist. Raffaele did so in Constantine's battle, but they had nothing to do with Raffaele and perhaps never heard of Raffaele's battle.

I drew at the marbles ten, fourteen, and fifteen hours at a time; staying often till twelve at night, holding a candle and my board in one hand and drawing with the other; and so I should have stayed till morning had not the sleepy porter come yawning in to tell me it was twelve o'clock, and then often have I gone home, cold, benumbed and damp, my clothes steaming up as I dried them; and so, spreading my drawings on the floor and putting a candle on the ground, I have drank my tea at one in the morning with ecstacy as its warmth trickled through my frame, and looked at my picture and dwelt on my drawings, and pondered on the change of empires and thought that I had been contemplating what Socrates looked at and Plato saw,—and then, lifted up with my own high urgings of soul, I have prayed God to enlighten my mind to discover the principles of those divine things,—and then I have had inward assurances of future glory, and almost fancying divine influence in my room have lingered to my mattress bed and soon dozed into a rich, balmy slumber. Oh, those were days of luxury and rapture and uncontaminated purity of mind! No sickness, no debility, no fatal, fatal weakness of sight. I arose with the sun and opened my eyes to its light only to be conscious of my high pursuit; I sprang from my bed, dressed as if possessed, and passed the day, the noon, and the night in the same dream of abstracted enthusiasm; secluded from the world, regardless of its feelings, unimpregnable to disease, insensible to contempt, a being of elevated passions, a spirit that

> "Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'erinformed its tenement of clay."

While I was drawing there, West came in and, seeing me, said with

with surprise: "Hah, hah, Mr Haydon, *you* are admitted, are you? I hope you and I can keep a secret." The very day after he came down with large canvases, and without at all entering into the principles of these divine things hastily made compositions from Greek history, putting in the Theseus, the Ilissus, and others of the figures, and restoring defective parts; that is, he did that which he could do easily and which he did not require to learn how to do, and avoided doing that which he could only do with difficulty and which he was in great need of learning how to do.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to the student to follow the progress of my studies from my Journal of this date.

Wednesday, 7th September, 1808.—Rose at ½ past 6, made sketches from a scull of a horse, the anatomy of which I learnt. Drew at Lord Elgin's from 10 to 2, and 3 to 6. Walked, came home, had tea and read Boswell's *Johnson*. This is lazy of me; I must study my art even of a night.

8th.—Drew at Lord Elgin's from 10 till ½ past 2, and from 3 to 5.45; walked about and studied these matchless productions. I consider truly that it is the greatest blessing that ever happened to this country, their being brought here. The principles they are executed on I am truly ignorant of yet. I begin to relish them with a right feeling. God grant I may be able to do something before I die, that may stand in competition with them and do honour to my dear country

9th.—Awoke at 6, with my night-cap off, put it on, resolving to get up, but alas! during that moment, fell asleep and never woke until 8. Drew at Lord Elgin's from 10 till 2, and 3 till ¼ past 6, and finished the best drawing I have done yet. Marble fell down and cut my leg; went to bed at 12. Am much improved this week in the knowledge of horses. How the Greeks attended to every variety in the body produced by the slightest movement! The more I study them the more I feel my own insignificance.

May I improve in virtue, purity and industry; let me admit no degrees of excellence, nothing but indisputable greatness on solid scientific principles—the house built upon the rock.

Read Boswell's *Johnson*. There is really no resisting this book.

10th.—Awoke at 7, did not begin drawing until ½ past 10, drew on with some interruption to 5. Dined, came home and read Boswell. What has affected me to-day I do not know, but I have drawn with evident weakness, and on looking at my yesterday's drawing I was truly astonished to see such vigour and

and spirit; I cannot tell what has ailed me. I have been disturbed in my thoughts, and, I suppose, not able to apply myself so acutely.

. . . . . .

I find that if I lie awake in the morning, I feel weak and relaxed, shattered for the day. The true way to preserve my health is to lie on a hard mattress, sleep six or seven hours, jump out at first waking, wash instantly in a cold bath, study for eight hours, drink nothing but weak tea and water, eat the most simple food, no suppers, no hashes, or fricassees. When I do this I feel braced for the day and ready for any exertion, mental or corporeal. If, however, I transgress in the slightest degree I am sure to suffer, am incapable of energy, and the day is resigned without a struggle. To bed at 10. Substracting every time that I have got up, fidgeted about and idled (for I have contracted a habit of instinctively reproaching myself whenever I do it), I have worked to-day only 5½ hours.

11*th.*—Arose at ½ past 7; breakfasted out; came home and passed the whole day in calmness, prayer and reading.

12*th.*—Passed the day reading and writing; not able to walk, my leg being very painful.

13*th.*—My leg still painful; read Boswell; was excessively affected at the account of Johnson's death. When Boswell says: "In the morning he asked the hour? and they told him six; he answered, that all went on regularly, and he felt that he had but a few hours to live," everything rushed into my mind—all the accompaniments, the expiring rushlight, day just beginning to break, the attendants gently stepping towards the window, whispering to each other, and holding back the curtain to see how day was breaking, the stars twinkling in the clear blue sky before the blaze of sunlight drowned their splendour, and now and then Johnson's awful voice asking pardon of his Creator. It brought many, many things crowding on my mind.

14*th.*—Read Homer in English to stir up my fancy, that I might conceive and execute my hero's head with vigour and energy.

15*th.*—Read eight hours.

16*th.*—Read nine hours.

17*th.*—Read Virgil; can make it out very well, but his idea of the bird, etc., not so beautiful and true as Homer's, who makes the feathers fly out and quiver in the air. Quite in the feeling of Latin and Greek. Thirteen hours' reading, right eye rather strained.

18*th.*—Read Homer; any fine passage I go to the Greek for and make it out, but with great bungling.

20*th.*

20*th*.—Began my picture again. Wilkie breakfasted with me, on his return from Lord Lansdowne's, a portrait of whose lady he has brought home which is truly exquisite; I had no idea of his being capable of so much: it gives me real pleasure. God bless our exertions and let death only end our improvement. We dined at Lord Mulgrave's in private; no restraint; his young family all playing about us. He talked about the late treaty at Lisbon.

On Monday following, I spent the evening with Fuseli, who in the course of his conversation said that a subject should always astonish or surprise; if it did neither, it was faulty. A long argument on Christianity: both agreed that its beautiful morality proved its divinity.

All industrious days, until the Saturday week following. Wilkie breakfasted with me, and away we went to Sir W. Beechey, to endeavour to get his vote for Charles Bell as Professor of Anatomy. Sir William made Wilkie sit for his head: while this was performing, I went to call on Smirke, and left Wilkie to break the matter to Sir William; came back and found it as hopeless with him as with Smirke. In the evening I felt idly inclined, and communicating my wish to go to the play, Wilkie (who felt equally lazy, only was cunning enough to wait for my proposal) immediately agreed, and away we went.

Oct. 8*th*.—Let me reflect how sillily I have passed this precious day; no reading the Bible, no Latin or Greek until the evening, and then I fell asleep until 1.

9*th*.—In the evening I wanted to go and see *Macbeth*; Wilkie, who has no taste for anything tragic, said I wanted firmness; but I know that if it had been *Mother Goose* or any absurd comicality he would have had as little firmness. I went, but whether it was that their performing at the Opera House gave the figures less effect, I fancied that Mrs Siddons acted with very little spirit in the scene where she comes out (when Macbeth is in Duncan's chamber), and says: "That which has made them drunk, has made *me* bold." She ought to have been in a blaze.

I, who had been accustomed to read *Macbeth* at the dead of night, when everything was so silent that my hair stood on end, could not, at this moment when I almost fancied Duncan groaning, put up with such a laceration of feeling as the slamming loudly of a box door and the rustling of women taking their seats. I jumped up in a fury and left the house.

I will not go again to see any of Shakespeare's plays: you always associate the actors with the characters. No Academy. A negative day.

10*th*.—Determined to obliterate my principal figure, as by doing

doing the parts separately they do not hang well together; what time one loses from inexperience! I made up my mind and did it, and now am happy that it's over.

11*th*.—Had Sam;[1] he sat and I sketched in the whole of my figure much better. I hope in God I shall do it at last. At the Academy Wilkie and I had some words; he said I spoke hastily to him, that I was insensible, and so on. Soon made it up. Greek an hour.

12*th*.—Breakfasted with Wilkie to please him, against my own inclination, for I hate to go out of a morning; it disturbs me. Improved my figure; too large, I fear. At the Academy. Greek for an hour.

13*th*.—Put in the head of my hero, not at all satisfied; not half so well as the sketch. There is always something in a sketch that you can never after get when your feelings are quiescent. I look forward to that time, the result of many years' incessant study, when I shall be able to paint a picture warm from my brain with fire, certainty and correctness. I must acquire thorough scientific principles first, for facility without science is only a knack. At the Academy. Greek for an hour.

14*th*.—Wilkie breakfasted with me; neither was he pleased with my head; after he had gone I went to Lord Elgin's to stimulate my conception, and saw some casts from moulds which he had brought with him; what productions! I made drawings of several limbs and draperies and came home with my eye more correct and determined to obliterate everything in my picture that would not bear comparison. I found enough and dashed out my head without a moment's hesitation.

I am again clear, and hope God will be pleased to bless my exertions for excellence in my next attempt. At the Academy. Greek an hour.

15*th*.—Wilkie and I breakfasted with Wilson; our church is under repair, and *of course* we could not go to another; dined early and went to drink tea with one of the porters, a model, formerly in the Life Guards; he is a very industrious, honest, prudent man; he is the Academy model, and has sat to me without pay for many days because I had nothing to pay him with. This tea I shall never forget. All his little family were dressed out in their best, and a fire in the parlour, but Sam and his wife had not returned from church. We were shown in by the eldest girl, all smiles and curtesies, evidently the result of instructions should we arrive before the parents returned. At last a rap was heard and away squeezed all the children to let in father; Sam shook hands with us and welcomed us to his castle, which was a perfect

[1] One of the Academy porters.

model

model of neatness and order; his wife seemed a bustling woman, and soon had tea ready, and Sam amused us all the evening with capital stories about the old days of the Academy.[1]

I don't know when I have spent a more innocent amusing evening than this: everybody seemed to anticipate our wishes, and of course we could not go without tasting their home-brewed beer.

As far as I have gone in this world, I have certainly observed that in most cases, prudence and piety are rewarded by tranquillity and independence, and vice and dissoluteness by misery and want—of course I mean in a certain class; and there cannot be a stronger instance in my favour than the cases of the two porters at the Academy. They have both the same wages and advantages, and on the one hand one sees how much £50 a year can do when managed with care, and on the other how little it can do when wasted in debauchery. The one porter has a comfortable little house, an active affectionate wife, and a family of dear virtuous children, all of whom he keeps respectably and happily by his diligence and sobriety. The other squanders his money in an ale-house, leaving his wife and family in want and misery, without a rag to their backs, without a house, and sometimes without a bed to lie upon. Will not vice bring its own punishment? This man, in all probability, will soon lose his place and die in a jail or upon a dunghill, without a being to lament or a wife to attend him. Surely sometimes the punishment of vice is as certain as the reward of virtue, and who can tell that he is not to be the example? Came home, read my Bible, and studied Greek.

16*th*.—Painted the chest of my dying figure, not at all well. Heard from my father.

17*th*.—Drew at Lord Elgin's; made a good study from one of the figures grappling the Centaurs. At the Academy gained much on my own picture, which looked very, very inferior when I came home.

18*th*.—The chest of my dying figure looked so miserable that I rubbed it out.

19*th*.—Drew at Lord Elgin's all day. At the Academy.

The same for the rest of the week.

23*rd*.—At Lord Elgin's from ½ past 9 until 5, without intermission; lost 10 or 15 minutes by getting up; dined. At the Academy as usual from 6 to 8; 9½ hours' absolute drawing. Not at all fatigued and not at all sore, but rather damp and cold.

. . . . . .

[1] Poor Sam never forgot this immortal visit: he boasted of it to his death, and indeed it was no small honour on David Wilkie's part after he had painted the Blind Fiddler.—B. R. H.

What

What discrimination and judgment the ancient sculptors had! I sketched to-day the back of a Centaur, which has all that heavy, vulgar, porter-like form which you see in men used to carry burdens, and which agrees with the character of the Centaurs, who certainly were not very intellectual.

November 1st.—I have begun this new month by rising early, praying sincerely and studying industriously: let this be the character of the remainder of this year and the rest of my life. Drew at Lord Elgin's from ¾ past 9 until 4, and at the Academy from 6 to 8.

In the early part of the morning my mind was distracted by so many exquisite things before my eyes; I had made sketches, but when I saw the originals I felt a pain at the comparison, mine being so very inferior.

I first of all thought of beginning new ones, and then I thought I should be losing time, for I had got the composition and that was the essential point; and so I determined to relieve my mind from this painful apprehension, and began carefully a fine trunk and limbs which soon quieted me, and I went on correctly for the rest of the day.

It has been the fault of the artists to put the markings of the antique into their figures, without considering their own attitudes, and making the same marking serve for all; for instance, I have seen that marking in the doubled side of the Torso put into upright figures exactly as it is in the back side of the Torso, without reflecting that the moment the figure arose that marking would unfold itself and scarcely become perceptible; I should have marked it so, had I not seen these exquisite things at Lord Elgin's, where it is shown in every attitude with all the variety of nature.[1]

3rd.—Drew at Lord Elgin's from 11 to 5: then Wilkie and I went to see *Henry VIII.*, which I do not regret, for I gained many ideas. What absurd ambition that is, aiming at a greatness which the frown of a capricious prince can destroy.

4th.—Drew at Lord Elgin's 7½ hours. Went then to see the *Mourning Bride*: what wretched declamation and rant after Shakespeare!

5th.—Drew at Lord Elgin's for 7 hours; my taste improved wonderfully.

7th and 8th.—Put in the head of my old hero. God grant I may make it a fine one! Dined in the evening at Lord Mulgrave's, it being Mr Augustus Phipps's birthday, and a very delightful evening I passed. Missed the Academy. Wilkie also.

[1] When I explained this in my lectures, thirty-two years after observing it, I was loudly cheered. Why? Because it at once touches common sense!—B. R. H.

9th.

9*th*.—Painted the arm, shoulder, and also the head; you cannot be too long about a picture, provided you are applying your faculties to the difficulties of the art during the whole time; if you suspend your exertions, merely because you are not quite certain about the costume—perhaps because you are not quite certain whether the people you are representing wore a sandal with a heel or a sandal without one—then, I say, you are idle under the mask of industry.

If you are slow because you are unequal to execute your conceptions, if you are staggered at the difficulties of arrangement and checked by unexpected obstacles, and desist until you are better qualified by deeper meditation, depend on it, how slow soever you may be, every step you make will be a firm one, and you will ultimately execute with facility, the result of science, instead of haste.

A great painter should make everything bend to his art. If by deviating from rule or from costume he can improve his work or produce finer feelings in those who see it, let him do it and bid defiance to all adversaries or connoisseurs. He does not paint for them, but to affect the human heart through human feeling.

17*th*.—Passed this day industriously as well as Friday and Saturday. I cannot perhaps say that of the last two months I have passed, in all, more than four or five weeks properly, that is, in devotion without intermission to study; among them perhaps, on consideration, I may include this last, for though I have not studied equally, I have regularly, and have fagged hard and made great progress.[1] My hero's head is finished, but yet I see that it is not what I had determined on, and so out it comes to-morrow. I have made up my mind that it shall be such as the greatest painter that ever lived would have made it.

21*st*.—Painted about three hours this day; expected a model who never came, keeping me in a disturbed state; however, I began the drapery again and improved it. Got a West Indian I had picked up in the streets, a fine head. Took out my hero. Let my life be but an era in the art of my dear country, or let me but add a mite to the cause of human improvement, and I shall indeed die a happy man!

28*th*.—Arose at 7, prayed, walked, set my palette and break-

[1] In the original Journal is inserted here this characteristic prayer: "O God Almighty! grant me strength of mind next week, not to presume on the industry of this last week, to be idle, but calmly to consider where I have failed in my duty, and to pray to Thee for additional caution and vigour to avoid those defects, so that at the end of this week I may have less to repent of in Thy sight, through the merits of my Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

fasted

fasted. As I had promised a very modest unassuming young artist at the Academy to call yesterday and give my opinion (as far as I am capable) of a picture, and did not go, I went to-day for fear he might be hurt, to Finsbury Square where he lived, and saw a picture which I fear gives but little hope of future excellence, weak in the extreme, dry, tame, hard and gaudy.

I'll go no more to any young man, as I always come back with a higher opinion of myself.

Drew at the Academy for an hour and a half, and idled the day in other respects. Wilkie changed his lodgings, and Jackson and I went to tea with him, it being always customary for us to do this with each other on such an occasion. I dare say the dog will grow insolent in his new rooms; let me but catch the scamp at such a thing, and I'll pull him down, on the slightest variation to us.

29*th*.—Sat to-day to Jackson for a portrait for Lord Mulgrave.

30*th*.—Here ends the month; I have not been wholly idle, my picture is advanced, and my mind improved and experienced. I dare not pray to God for any blessings, but I humbly hope for everything virtuous, pure and energetic. Amen!

And thus I will conclude my extracts from my Journal for the present.

I acquired in early life a great love of the journals of others, and Johnson's recommendation to keep them honestly I always bore in mind.

I have kept one now for thirty-four years. It is the history, in fact, of my mind, and in all my lectures I had only to refer to my journals for such and such opinions, to look when such and such thoughts had occurred, and I found them an absolute capital to draw upon. I hope that my journals, if ever they are thought worthy of publication, may give as much pleasure to others as other journals have given delight to me. The state of a young mind progressing in the art, the sanguine nature of its temperament, the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the agitations which beset a youth on entering life, especially in a refined art, by a path pronounced by all to lead to certain ruin, cannot but be interesting, at least to others making the same steps with equal ardour and more talent, but not more sincerity, than I possessed then, for there I will defy any man, let him be Raffaele himself, to beat me.

CHAPTER VII

My object in thus detailing the secret history of my mind in the progress of the Dentatus, is to be useful to students in every way, to show them that before they can obtain the power of sketching instantaneously, which people applaud in me now at fifty-five, and which all young men are so ambitious of gaining, they must again and again begin, obliterate and recommence; they must go to nature, and study the antique, making separate studies of each part; they must fail, not be discouraged, but at it again.

The subsequent story of this picture—which built as it was on everlasting principles, and meriting as it did the greatest praise and encouragement, was reviled and ridiculed, notwithstanding all the anxiety and labour recorded here, and notwithstanding that it could be defended heroically and successfully —of its progress, its conclusion, its original fate, and its ultimate triumph, contains a moral lesson of infinite value to the enthusiastic and unadulterated heart, and, therefore, I will proceed to the final history of a work which the French said established my fame, although many others (nearer home) declared that it had no merit at all. The extracts from my Journal concluded with November. The head of my hero was at last done, but the figure only just got in—I could not accomplish it. Again and again I attacked the back, but I could not hit it. The model soon got so livid he was of little use. I could not attain that breadth of form and style so essential to the heroic; so passing the back by for the present, I worked at the flying drapery, upon which I had failed as often as on any other part. One day Fuseli called, and finding my flying drapery just finished said that it wanted a prop, and deliberately taking a bit of chalk drew a prop such as they put against a tumbling house, for fear it should break Dentatus's leg in its fall. The moment he was gone I dashed the whole of it out, groaning within myself at the inextricable bewilderment I was in. But I never desponded; I persevered and flew at a difficulty until I surmounted it and saw my way beyond.

This was the state of the picture at the beginning of the winter of 1808, when Sir George calling (before going to Dunmow to see his mother), was very much pleased, and so was Lord Mulgrave. I dined frequently at the Admiralty and spent many very

 pleasant

pleasant evenings, but yet this took me away from my studies, which I felt. The conversation was interesting though sometimes weak. Still it pleased my noble employer after the fatigues of office. In fact, he had no greater delight than to talk over a winter fire of pictures and policy; and Sir George, Jackson, Wilkie and myself were always invited together in order to keep up the argument.

Lord Mulgrave frequently made lucky hits at sales, and of an evening over his wine he would revel in his acquisitions with a gusto and glee that showed he really relished art.

George Colman, the younger (whose father Lord Mulgrave particularly liked), sometimes made one of the circle, and one night, just before joining the ladies, we were loitering about the picture of Lord Mulgrave's brother blocked up in the ice, in the Arctic expedition in which Nelson sailed as a middy. Lord Mulgrave, holding the lamp, said: "What is that my brother has got hold of? Is it a boat-hook?" "No, my Lord!" said Colman, in his half-throttled, witty voice; "it's the North Pole!"

Lord Mulgrave was a fine character, manly, perfectly bred, and as noble an example of his order as I ever knew. He had high notions of art, a great respect for talent, and believed Englishmen as capable of becoming great artists as any people that had ever existed. His treatment of me was nobly generous. As soon as he heard that I was a student with high views he said to Jackson, "I will set him going."

While Dentatus was in progress he continually said to me: "I hope it will obtain a good place, but I much fear those Academicians will put it in a dark hole if they can—don't depend upon them." I did not depend upon them and worked away; Sir George left town and I will now return to my Journal.

December 1st.—A student who draws outlines only by parts from an idea of being correct deprives his mind of its only chance; get the whole together and then be as correct as you please.

2nd and 3rd.—Painted and advanced my picture. I improved the head and arm of my hero but took it out again. God grant I may do it right at last. Miss Phipps, Lord Mulgrave's eldest daughter, very ill—called to hear how she was—in a dangerous state. Got the whole of my picture more together; walked at night, and called at eleven on Wilkie. Up till two, writing and reading Homer.

4th.—Breakfasted with Wilkie; went to church; Sydney Smith preached: he took his stand for Christianity on the conversion of St Paul. If his vision and conversion were the effect of a heated brain or fanaticism, it was the first time (he said) that madness gave a new direction to a man's feelings. Fanaticism he described as a want of perception of the different feelings and habits of mankind.

I never

I never heard a more eloquent man.

Spent the evening in writing my ideas on art for Mr Hoare, who is contributing to the *Encyclopædia*.

5*th*.—Sat to Jackson from ten to one; called at Lord Mulgrave's; Miss Phipps still very ill; obliged to go into the city, because the armour that I borrowed from the Tower is getting rusty, and I wanted to see the armourer. As I walked along Fleet Street, I felt very hungry and went into Peele's Coffee House for some soup; it was such an idle thing to do in the middle of the day that I shrank back blushing, for fear of meeting Michel Angelo's spectre, crying: "Haydon! Haydon! you idle rascal! is this the way to eminence?" In spite of this, though, I went in. Appointed to go with Wilkie to a friend of his against my will; but he had bothered him, and so I consented. I was to call for him at the Academy, but he had gone when I arrived there, and, glad of any excuse, I returned home, quite delighted at having escaped the distraction of mind I should have experienced among a parcel of argumentative Scotchmen.

6*th*.—Finished my flying drapery, thank God! at last, and I think it is not badly arranged. Enlarged the shield which gives a more irresistible weight to the figure—a more thundering air; got in the head. I wish to express a lofty contempt among his other characteristics: how happy shall I be if I can but finish the head this week as it ought to be. Went off to the Academy; came away early, my mind was so uneasy about my picture; after a long struggle as to whether this was idleness, I concluded that it was not; came home direct, took out my picture, put my candle upon the floor, and began to think. Truth must not always be regarded, for the object in painting is to abstract the mind from sensual appetites; therefore, the means of abstraction must be considered. On this principle I have acted in not making the assassins so assassin-like as perhaps they were. I have endeavoured to give them as much personal beauty as is not quite inconsistent with their work. If they had all possessed the expression of murderers it might have been more true, but who could have dwelt upon it with pleasure? It would have been avoided with disgust.

I observed yesterday at the Tower in a species of deer brought from the Cape the characteristics of extreme swiftness; the working of the leg was clear; the points of bone, the origin and insertions of the muscles could easily be traced; everything clear and braced. It is a good plan thus to survey nature and mingle the characteristics of one animal with another to express any particular excellence in a stronger degree.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, 7th.[1]—People say to me: "You can't be expected in your second picture to paint like Titian and draw like Michel Angelo"; but I will try; and if I take liberties with nature and make her bend to my purposes, what then? "Oh yes, but you ought not to do what Michel Angelo alone might try." Yes, but I will venture—I will dare anything to accomplish my purpose. If it is only impudent presumption without ability I shall soon find my level in the opinion of the world; but if it be the just confidence of genius I shall soon find my reward. I have heard that Nelson used to say: "Never mind the justice or the impudence, only let me succeed." This is what no man, of the common timid feelings of mankind, would have dared to say or feel, and what is the world's opinion of Nelson?

The danger is, if you put these feelings off until you are older or more capable, that you will put them off until death interrupts the possibility of accomplishment. It is very easy to say, "Stop till I am thirty"; but thirty so gradually approaches, that your excuses will become habitual, and every year, every hour, you will be the more incapable of a beginning. Therefore, whatever you feel, do; don't attend to the advice of those indolent people who live only to amuse themselves, little above animals whose chief occupation of time is to eat and live.

If I had the power I would spit fire at such insignificant wretches! I have not language to express my indignation at them. What Homer dared, I'll dare; if I have not ability and energy sufficient to ensure a sound foundation for my daring, I shall soon sink to my proper level; if I have, I can only prove it by the trial. Genius is sent into the world not to obey laws but to give them! Nature to the artist is the field that he must work in. God grant that this be not presumption! but the firm conviction of experience.

Would to heaven I could exist without sleep! I would get my figure right this night; but as this is one of the conditions of my existence, I must be content. If I did not fear my eyes being injured I would work at it until I had settled it; but I will be up at the break of day.

[1] In the original Journal the entry for this day commences thus: "I knelt down before my picture last night, and prayed God to give me strength of mind and vigour of body to go through the work with a firm spirit, not to be daunted by any difficulties however great, not to suffer my youth to be an excuse for inadequacy, not to think of that for a moment, but to consider how soon I may die, and if unexpectedly, that I may be taken doing all a human being can do to advance the art and raise the reputation of my dear country; but that if it pleased Him to prolong my life, that it would also please Him to bless with success all my efforts, through Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen."

8*th*.—After a night of continual restlessness and reflections literally excruciating—for my mind is quite on the rack about my hero—I rose in a fever of anxiety and set to work. I hope I have it all right to go upon, but cannot tell until to-morrow.

God grant I may be in the right path. Sat up till one writing for Mr Hoare. It is not my business to write on Art: old men should write and give the world the result of their experience.

9*th*.—Met a capital model; put in my head once again.

10*th*.—Went on with my head and improved it; 'tis not what it ought to be yet, though. There must be no delicacy of feeling or refined sentiment in the head of a man brought up in a camp with the stern heroic feelings of a Roman.

Arranged the rocks rightly.

On the helmet of one of my figures I have put some light airy ostrich feathers which give a more ponderous look to my hero.

11*th*.—Missed my church on purpose to meet a gentleman whom I had promised to take to see Wilkie's Cut Finger. He did not come at the time; and as I never wait for anybody I made calls and idled the day. No church. No religious meditation. Very bad.

12*th*.—Went to Mr Henry Hope's to meet Seguier, who was to take me to Lord Grosvenor's; he never came, so I called on Fuseli and stopped there for three hours, talking on Art, Italy, Michel Angelo, Homer, Horace, Virgil—enough to make a man distracted. When Fuseli dies, where shall we meet his like again? I know no one for whom I feel a greater reverence. From my first entrance into the Academy he noticed me in a marked manner and behaved to me like a father. Went to Lord Grosvenor's; saw his pictures; idled and chatted the whole day; tied up some specimens of lake for Du Fresne, who goes to India, and has promised to bring me some home when he returns.

14*th*.—Began my head again from my new model and improved it much. Got in the neck and shoulders.

15*th*.—Seguier called and liked it very much; he thinks it will do and so do I, in some measure, with a few alterations.

I improved the position of the dying figure.

What are those painters doing, who neglecting Nature degenerate into manner and then say that "Nature puts them out," still imitating her to the best of their recollections? Why does she put them out? Because they find that she is a perpetual check to indolence, by requiring skill and energy to select her beauties and reject her defects. A man of real genius will not suffer Nature to put him out. He will make Nature bend to him; he will make his own use of Nature; he will force her into his service. Consult Nature for everything, for though she may

may not at all times equal your desires, she will often surpass them; and while there is this chance she is certainly worth the trial. Young students on their first acquaintance with her, not finding her yield assistance in their present particular want, reject her, not considering that she can never be a substitute but an assistant, and therefore is not to be discarded but managed.

16*th*.—Went down among the ruins of Athens to consult about legs and feet; came home; it was so cold that I became benumbed, in spite of my abstraction. I could stay eight or ten hours in damp weather without inconvenience, but cold works upon you insensibly. Drew in the leg and foot of Dentatus, took it out again. I observed in the feet of the Elgin Marbles the most exquisite system; the ends of the toes are the parts which are pressed down, the upper joints not so, consequently the flesh must rise up all about the nail and the top and the upper joint still keep its form.

This is a system of reason; this is a system of sense; this gives motion, probability and truth. Can this be done in all the varieties that the human body is capable of in each part without a continual, unremitting study of Nature? Can this be done by system without Nature? Can this be done by recollection? Will Nature ever put a man out who is on the watch for such niceties as these? It makes one melancholy to see that men are satisfied with this excuse for their indolence, yet believe or are willing to believe that they alone are in the sure road to eminence and every one else in the world wrong.

Made studies from the feet of a little Hercules in Fuseli's room. In a fine figure there is always a slip of the pectoral coming down upon the ribs. It depends upon the action to show it; I first observed it in the lying figure (the Ilissus) at Lord Elgin's; for this alone I am eternally indebted to Lord Mulgrave.

Poor dear little Miss Phipps is dead, the sweetest, most acute little thing I ever met with; she always used to ask me how I got on with my battle picture, dear little soul. I have not been so much affected for many months.

God be thanked for having so long protected, guided, and befriended me: I fear to dwell upon my happiness. May I deserve a continuance of it by my virtue and piety, my industry and energy.

17*th*.—Did little. I am everlastingly grateful to Lord Elgin and Lord Mulgrave; I feel daily what immense knowledge I have gained from these glorious ruins of Athens.

18*th*.—At church, Wilkie and I breakfasting first with Seguier. Walked in the park. Read Homer.

19*th*.—Glazed the drapery; made a sketch of an idea that struck

struck me while at Dover of a colossal statue of Britannia and her Lion on Shakespeare's Cliff right opposite the coast of France.

20*th*.—Altered the leg and thigh of Dentatus. After every victory of Buonaparte the people of this country console themselves with finding fresh difficulties for him that *must* be insurmountable. What man of such genius thinks of difficulties? To the indolent they may be difficulties, but to Buonaparte they are only stimulants. Nothing is difficult. It is we who are indolent.

When you find people inclined to treat you with respect never check it from modesty, but rather increase it by a quiet unassuming air of conscious worth.

21*st*.—A man does not perceive his own improvement or the difficulties that he has conquered until some young beginner brings his first efforts, asking for advice. You find then that you must carry your conversation back ten years to bring it to the level of his comprehension.[1]

22*nd*.—Began again my shield; put it into all positions, but the first was the best.

23*rd*.—Always appear thankful for just praise, for though it is no more than you may deserve, is there no merit due to those who acknowledge your desert? How many get their deserts?

Thus end my extracts from my Journal for 1808, a remarkable year in my life, a year in which I first saw those works of art which the Greeks always estimated as their best and greatest productions. My early attempt to unite nature with the ideal form of the antique was now proved correct by the perfection of that union in these faultless productions. The advantage to me was immense. No other artist drew there at all for some months, and then only West came, but he did not draw the marbles and study their hidden beauties. He merely made a set of rattling compositions, taking the attitudes as models for his own inventions. This was not doing what I had done, investigating their principles deeply and studiously. West derived little benefit from this method, while in every figure I drew the principle was imbibed and inhaled for ever.

I owed this enormous advantage to my connection with Lord Mulgrave. He saw my efforts to give him a fine work, and he urged and encouraged me in the struggle. He felt the propriety of painting everything from nature; he got me permission to draw from the marbles, and by his influence sent me armour from the Tower; he invited me with the familiarity of a friend to his table, introduced me to high connections, Lord Darnley, Lord Ashburnham, Lord Farnborough, Lord Dartmouth, Canning,

[1] In allusion to Eastlake's bringing me his first hand.—B. R. H.

and

and others—in fact brought me fairly into the most distinguished society, and gave me an influence and an introduction, the effect of which I have never lost, under any circumstances, up to this present hour.

Let every student thus see the consequences of a fixed resolution, where conviction of right is rooted. Had I timidly yielded on the first persecutions of my family, no such advance in life could have happened to me. It was only by incessant industry, by a masculine command over myself in avoiding all the seductions and allurements of pleasure, by observing prudent and economical habits, never spending much except on my professional wants and necessities, by virtuous conduct, a never-failing trust in God, and a constant morning and evening appeal to Him, that I first attracted the interest of my fellow-students, then the attention of my superiors in art, and lastly the kind consideration of great patrons, who from one quarter and the other heard of the repute of a young determined student, who had high objects in view for the honour of his country's Art, and who certainly had some talent for the trial: and before I had begun to paint, when I hardly knew one colour from another, or the meaning of the word "vehicle," I received a commission for a historical subject.

True, perhaps, that I had the advantage of the friendship of the greatest genius in his path—Wilkie—and also of another man of great talent—Jackson; but let the student consider that when my first commission arrived, in 1807, I had only left my father's house for three short years, and now I was lifted, as it were, into the first society of England.

I was astonished. It was victory; it was success at the least, and principally to Jackson's kind and affectionate regard for me in reporting my indefatigable efforts was I indebted for this extraordinary advance. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the manners of high life began to fascinate me, and the women of rank with their sweetness, grace and beauty to incline my head to be a little *montée*. Though I was never turned aside from my plans by this, yet there was soon a visible alteration in my manners.

I dare say I talked rather more grandly to the artists; I suspect I looked down upon poverty; I did not relish the society of the middle classes; I thought their manners gross and their breeding hideous; I dressed better than usual; after a splendid party of Stars and Garters at the Admiralty I thought an attempt in my own class a very dull affair. I dined with Lord Mulgrave, frequently three times a week, and it was delightful to be, as I have been, alone with his Lordship, and to listen to him talking on past policy. He was full of anecdote, and I remember once in talking about

about the Copenhagen expedition he said that he, Wellesley Pole (now Lord Maryborough) and a clerk in the Admiralty managed all the details, and that the clerk was threatened with nothing less than death if anything was divulged. Many years after this, I was relating it to an old friend Riley, of the Admiralty, and Riley immediately said that clerk was himself; he and Lord Mulgrave and Wellesley Pole copied out all the orders, sitting up for two or three nights alone.

Lord Mulgrave first raised my enthusiasm for the Duke of Wellington, by saying one day at table: "If you live to see it, he will be a second Marlborough." I never forgot this, for I believed Lord Mulgrave to be a sound judge.

I was often invited when Wilkie and Jackson were not, and it is not vain in me to say that I think it was because, as I have said before, Lord Mulgrave found me better informed on general topics, and perhaps with more interest in politics and the war.

My room now began to fill with people of rank and fashion, and very often I was unable to paint and did nothing but talk and explain. They all, however, left town at Christmas, and I worked away very hard and got on well, so that when they returned I was still the object of wonder, and they continually came to see "that extraordinary picture by a young man who had never had the advantages of foreign travel." Wilkie was for the time forgotten; at table I was looked at, talked to, selected for opinions, and alluded to constantly. "We look to *you*, Mr Haydon," said a lady of the highest rank once, "to revive the Art." I bowed my humble acknowledgments; then a discussion would take place upon the merit and fiery fury of Dentatus; then all agreed "it was so fine a subject"; then Lord Mulgrave would claim the praise for the selection; then people would whisper: "He himself has an antique head"; then they would look, and some would differ; then the noise the picture would make when it came out; then Sir George would say, that he had always said: "A great Historical Painter would at last arise, and I was he."

Believing all this to be gospel truth, and never doubting the sincerity with which it was said, I anticipated all sorts of glory, greatness and fame. I believed that the Academy would hail with open arms so extraordinary a student, brought up in their own schools, nursed by their own Keeper, quite a child of their own in fact, and one who had never intentionally offended a soul. I believed that they could not, would not, envy the reputation and advance of the very sort of talent they all agreed was wanted in the English School.

Alas! alas! how little did I know of human nature! I redoubled my efforts, and after another three months of incessant labour

labour finished my second work. It had taken me from April 1807 to March 1809, with the interruption of six months' portrait painting at Plymouth and three months at the Elgin Marbles, so that it had actually occupied about fifteen months.

The moment I had selected for my hero was when he was just rushing out to cut his way through his host of assailants. Right in front was a terrified soldier, who had lost his arms and was helplessly putting out his hand to defend himself from the terrible blow of the furious Dentatus—a natural instinct inducing all men to shelter their head, even though convinced that their arm must suffer: behind him was a hoary-headed villain watching his time for assassination; in the background rushing up a pass were the rest of the guard collected by the blast of the trumpeter, while right over the head of Dentatus was a soldier just lifting up a piece of rock of great size to dash it down upon his bald front.

The principles of my first picture were here carried much farther, because it was a second picture, and I of course had painted it under greater advantages—with increased experience and the Elgin Marbles. The production of this picture must and will be considered as an epoch in English Art. The drawing in it was correct and elevated, and the perfect forms and system of the antique were carried into painting, united with the fleshy look of everyday life. The colour, light and shadow, the composition and telling of the story were complete. It has, however, appeared to me since that the expression of contempt in Dentatus is overdone and borders on caricature, though his action is good.

The Academicians said I had attempted too much. But had I not succeeded? Leigh Hunt said that it was a bit of old embodied lightning. He was with me when I took it down to the Academy, and, full of his fun, kept torturing me the whole way, saying, "Wouldn't it be a delicious thing now for a lamplighter to come round the corner and put the two ends of his ladder right into Dentatus's eye? or suppose we meet a couple of drayhorses playing tricks with a barrel of beer, knocking your men down and trampling your poor Dentatus to a mummy!"

He made me so nervous with this villanous torture that in my anxiety to see all clear I tripped up a corner man and as near as possible sent Dentatus into the gutter.

However, it reached the Academy safely, and in a few days I heard from Fuseli that it had been hung where my first picture was and looked strong, but that while he was away from town for a day or two it had been taken down and put into the ante-room!

West met Lady Beaumont, and told her: "We have hung it in the best place in the Academy."

Sir George gave a dinner that day and Lord Mulgrave was there.

there. "Well," said he, "have you heard anything of Dentatus?" "Yes," replied Lady Beaumont, "they have hung it in the best place, West told me, in the whole Academy." "And where may that be?" inquired Lord Mulgrave. "In the centre, I think, of the ante-room, West said," replied Lady Beaumont. Lord Mulgrave looked blank and said: "Did West ever hang any of his own works there?" There was a dead silence, and then Lord Mulgrave explained where the ante-room was, that it had no window or decent light for any great work, and declared that it was a gross injustice.

Within a few days, his Lordship wrote me to ask what he should pay me. I replied, "that he must not at all consider the length of time it had occupied, because it was only a second picture, and ought not to be taken as the work of an established painter, who is supposed to have knowledge to do all that he is capable of in the time that his picture occupies: that this, on the contrary, was the picture of a young man, whose inexperience produced frequent loss of time, and that his Lordship must not think of remunerating me in any way for such a loss."

Lord Mulgrave immediately sent me 160 guineas, saying, that notwithstanding the injustice the picture had met with, his opinion was unaltered. He subsequently sent me 50 guineas more. And yet dear Lord Mulgrave, in spite of his belief that his sincere opinion was unaltered, began at last to fancy that Dentatus would not have been placed where it was, had it really deserved a better place. He did not possess knowledge sufficient to defend his opinions, and when he heard the picture abused by the Academicians in society he felt his faith in its merits waver.

Wilkie and I continued frequently to dine at his Lordship's table, but there was certainly a distant coolness to me as if he had been imposed upon. Wilkie's picture made as much noise as ever, and now he was the great object of attraction where before I had been the lion. The old story in high life! Before Dentatus made his debut at the Academy, I used to be listened to as if I was an oracle and poor Wilkie scarcely noticed. Now it was his turn, and I was almost forgotten. Now he was frequently invited without me; Jackson was not there at all, because Lord Mulgrave had parted from him in a pet. These are the caprices and anxieties inseparable from introduction to the company of a class who are ambitious of the éclat of discovering genius, but whose hearts are seldom truly engaged for it. They esteem it no longer when public caprice, or private malignity and professional envy, can excite a suspicion that my Lord has been hasty and made a mistake.

Being

Being of a sanguine temperament I felt all this neglect severely. I had believed everybody as sincere as myself: I had been honoured by Lord Mulgrave with more than usual intimacy, and therefore when I saw him so easily affected by the injustice of men whom I had first learnt to despise from his repeated expressions of contempt, I felt it beyond measure, because, of course, I fully trusted that he, at least, would stand by the youth he had so pushed forward.

I believe, from my heart, that he wished it, but his vanity was mortified at so little respect being shown to his rank, in the abuse and neglect of his especial protégé.

The extracts from my Journal will show, in a slight degree, how sincerely I had gone to work; how I had regarded no expenditure of time, provided that there was a chance, by any obliteration of what had taken weeks to complete, of improving the picture and rendering it more worthy of my noble employer; how I had left it in 1807 to get practice in heads and expression; how I had entirely rubbed the whole figure out two or three times, especially after seeing the Elgin Marbles—in short, how I had willingly sacrificed time, money, health and relaxation, that nothing might turn my mind from its great and overwhelming duty.

With all this industry, I felt that I deserved the praises of the great, and I gave them credit for meaning what they said.

I was so elevated at their praise, and at the visit of crowds of beauties putting up their pretty glasses and lisping admiration of my efforts, that I rose into the heaven of heavens, and believed my fortune made. I walked about my room, looked into the glass, anticipated what the foreign ambassadors would say, studied my French for a good accent, believed that all the sovereigns of Europe would hail an English youth with delight who could paint a heroic picture.

Exactly in proportion as I knew the soundness of the principles developed in Dentatus, I believed the praises I heard were evidence of the sagacity of the praisers, forgetting that the same terms would have been applied to the portrait of a racehorse or of a favourite pug, and that my flatterers knew no more of the principles I had discovered than I did before I began. How should they? They had cost me days and nights of meditation and deep thought, and how should volatile beauties of fashion and dandies of rank see by intuition that which is never seen except the mind be informed?

Sir George Beaumont behaved nobly. He redoubled his kind attentions, told me not to be discouraged, and said out boldly that not one of them in the Academy could produce such a work. But Wilkie, Wilkie whom I loved so dearly, the friend and companion

panion of all my early days and thoughts, he shrank from my defence! How my heart ached at his coldness!—but it was the timid man.

The Academicians felt ashamed, and Sir Francis Bourgeois meeting me at Lord Mulgrave's expressed the regret of the Academy that they could not place my picture where it deserved to be. This was cant and I received it in sullen silence.

The more I went into the affair the more detestable it proved. The Academicians were evidently annoyed at the eternal praises they had heard of my picture in society. They knew what the enthusiasms of high life were worth, and they determined to check me the moment I got into their power.

Great anxiety had been betrayed by Lord Mulgrave and Sir George for a good place for me, and they had called on Phillips who was a hanger for this year. It is natural to suspect that exactly in proportion as anxiety was betrayed about me was ill-feeling against me excited. It seemed as if I was being pushed into their faces and brought forward as a rival to their fame.

They played their game well. One, as soon as I was up, complained that I had not been done justice to. "Not done justice to," said the Council, "then do him justice by all means." The picture was immediately taken down by this man and put into the ante-room. This Fuseli told me on his oath. To a temperament like mine it was agonising! I feared that I had mistaken my talent. People of fashion were ashamed to acknowledge that they had ever seen either the picture or the painter. My painting-room was deserted. I felt like a marked man. How completely the Academicians knew that class whose professions of regard and interest I had credited like a child!

Here was a work the principles of which I could do nothing but develop for the remainder of my life—in which a visible and resolute attempt had been made to unite colour, expression, handling, light, shadow and heroic form, and to correct the habitual slovenliness of the English in drawing,—based upon an anatomical knowledge of the figure wanting till now in English Art, for West and Barry had but superficial knowledge,—the first picture which had appeared uniting the idea and the life, under the influence and guidance of the divine productions of Phidias seen for the first time in Europe and painted by the first artist ever permitted to draw from those remains,—and this picture was ruined in reputation through the pernicious power of professional men, embodied by royalty for the advancement of works of this very description. I, the sincere devoted artist, was treated like a culprit, deserted like a leper, abused like a felon and ridiculed as if my pretensions were the delusions of a madman. Yet these delusions

delusions were founded on common sense, on incessant industry, on anatomical investigation, and on a constant study of the finest works of the great masters of the world! This is and has been the curse of European Art for two hundred and fifty years, ever since the establishment of those associations of vanity, monopoly, intrigue and envy called Academies, and until they are reformed, and rendered powerless except as schools of study, they will be felt as an obstruction to the advancement of Art.

CHAPTER VIII

I BEGAN to think I was under a curse and doomed to be so. My brain was affected; the splendour and refinements of high life disgusted me. I felt its hollow glitter and became sullen, retired, and musingly thoughtful. Lord Mulgrave seemed to feel for me and thought that a visit to the country would do me good. So he offered me a letter to Sir Roger Curtis, the Port Admiral at Portsmouth, asking him as a favour to give me the benefit of a sea trip in a man-of-war bound to Plymouth. Wilkie agreed to go with me, and we prepared to start. My spirits began to revive at the prospect of seeing my friends again, but I felt the injustice of my treatment and the abuse of the ignorant press too keenly to relish anything very much. We left town for Portsmouth 22nd June, 1809, and were received very cordially by Sir Roger. He showed us over the dockyard and asked us to dinner, but explained to us that unfortunately the grand expedition [1] drew everything to Portsmouth, instead of sending anything to Plymouth, and that he should be obliged to put us on board a cutter, the only vessel that was going to Plymouth.

The next morning while we were at breakfast we heard a tremendous explosion; the alarm-bell rang, and we then saw people running in crowds to the beach; we put on our hats and sallied forth. The first thing I saw was a body lying across the roof of a cottage, as black as a cinder; the glass in all the little houses near the beach was shivered to atoms. Here lay some poor fellows blown to pieces: here an arm, there a mutilated trunk; here lay one man cut in two; there another dreadfully lacerated, with his jaw fixed, rolling on his back in excruciating agony. The crowd, thunderstruck at the horrors before them, were all inquiring, none replying. At last we found that it was occasioned by a woman striking her pipe against some of the soldiers' baggage, among which some powder had been carelessly spilt; the loose powder caught, ran along the beach and round the baggage, blew up the broken barrel, which in its turn blew up all the barrels on the beach (about a dozen), as well as the sergeant and his guard placed there to prevent any accident.

In the afternoon we went out to see the *Caledonia*, 120 guns,

[1] To Walcheren.—ED.

at

at Spithead. What a sublime and terrible simplicity there is in our Navy! Nothing is admitted but what is absolutely useful. The cannon, the decks, the sailors, all wore the appearance of stern vigour, as if constituted only to resist the elements. No beautiful forms in the gun-carriages, no taste or elegance in the cannon; the ports square and hard; the guns iron; the sailors muscular. Everything inspired one with awe.

What grandeur in the sight of three hundred and fifty sail of men-of-war and transports destined for a great enterprise! We rowed and sailed among them for the rest of the day and did not return until the evening to Portsmouth.

After waiting three days we became hopeless and called upon Sir Roger to take our leave as we had secured our places in the packet-boat. Just as we were upon the point of starting, in puffed old Sir Roger and said that he could manage to give us something, as he would recall a cutter that was under weigh and send her round to Plymouth with us. Up went the signals from the house and back came the cutter. We were introduced to the commander by Sir Roger, and in a short time were on board and under weigh at last.

The transports we convoyed shortly followed and we soon floated by the beautiful shores of the Isle of Wight.

As we passed though the Russian fleet the sailors stared at us —so unlike English sailors, their lips covered with dirty red mustachios, some in hairy caps, some in green jackets, and some in none. When they laughed they looked like animals. Their ships appeared to be strongly built.

The sun set in golden glory, spreading his fan-like shades and varied tints into an eternity of space. Evening approached, and the transparent moon unveiled her light which glittered on the sails of distant vessels. The sky was clear and beautifully blue, while now and then a light and fleecy vapour drifted slowly over the glistening stars. All seemed hushed except the rippling and bubbling of the waters as we cut through them darting the silvery spray on either side.

I could not help repeating:

> "Inspirant auræ nocti, nec candida cursus
> Luna negat; splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus."

In passing through the Needles every one came on deck, and as they faded from us I could perceive the star-like glimmer of the distant lighthouse. I now went below, and stretching myself on a locker wrapped in signal flags soon slumbered imperceptibly. Wilkie crept into one of their standing bed-places. Every four hours I heard the whistle for a fresh watch and the measured step of

of the officer in charge as he walked the deck over my head. Sometimes he would stop and mutter something to the men which the wind carried from me; and then again pace on in his occupation.

Notwithstanding the creaking of the ladders and beams and the gurgling of the water, as the vessel with a heavy thud jerked herself down, first at one end and then at the other, I managed to get some sleep. When I awoke I went on deck and, shivering, joined the master who in his turn was pacing away. The day was just breaking, the moon fading distantly into a heavy body of mist, while the morning star shone with lucid, liquid, trembling agitation. There was a dewy breeze, and as I looked towards the coast and saw the white cliffs of Portland standing as it were alone, a rampart against the foam-crested waves, everything that Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and Virgil had said of morning rushed into my mind.

In the extreme distance I perceived our companion vessel, bright streaks of light illuminating her white sails like a vision. During the day Wilkie became very ill and remained in bed. I felt some qualms, but remaining on deck in the air soon recovered. I found the master an intelligent fellow, and the commander a regular sailor. They had seen a ship in every position it was possible a ship could be in, and knew how to provide for every difficulty. What an advantage over the unexperienced French!

I relished their salt beef and biscuit, but poor Wilkie continued almost insensible. He lay in bed with his nose close to the deck, and the scrubbing, scraping and cleaning in the morning was enough to split the brain of even a healthy head. I felt for him. In the middle of the day, when we were regaling at lunch, who should heave up his awful figure, with head enveloped in red night-cap, but Wilkie, pale, hollow-cheeked, his quivering lips blue and parched, and his chin unshaven. We received him with a hearty shout, but the sight of the meat and porter and our jolly uproarious air so shook his nerves that he dropped down again in despair. At daybreak next morning we passed the Mew Stone, and by 3 p.m. were safe at anchor in the Sound. Wilkie quickly recovered his spirits and the next day we were invited to dine with a large party.

Under any other circumstances my return would have been a victory, for five years before I had left my native town unknown, now I returned in fair popularity, though perhaps injured in reputation by the treatment I had met with.

We visited Underwood, and Sir Joshua's birthplace, Plympton, and saw in his bedroom an early attempt at a portrait drawn with his finger dipped in ink. It had the air of his later works. We saw

saw his portrait in the Town Hall. One day we dined with Sir William Elford at Beckham, and he told us a pleasant anecdote of himself and Sir Joshua.

When Sir Joshua had finished his picture for Plympton, he wrote Sir William requesting him to get it hung in a good situation, which Sir William attended to by hanging it between two old pictures, and in his reply to Sir Joshua he said the bad pictures on each side acted as a foil, and set it off to great advantage. Sir Joshua was highly diverted, as these very pictures were two early ones of his own painting.

The people of Devonshire treated us very handsomely, and we had plenty of amusement. We bathed often, and I taught Wilkie to swim. How the people of London would have laughed to see the celebrated David Wilkie stretched on our drawing-room table learning to strike out in time against the next morning's trial. We used to bathe at Two-Coves, a bathing-place of my youth.

We left Plymouth after a stay of five weeks, and came to Exeter by the most delightful road in England. Wilkie was in ecstacies of observant study. After visiting Mrs Hunn (Mr Canning's mother) at Bath, we returned to London, and in a few days left town again for Coleorton, Sir George Beaumont's seat.

There had been a great deal of fun at Lord Mulgrave's about this visit. Sir George, like all men of fashion, had a way of saying pleasant things without the least meaning. He was always full of invitations to Coleorton, and when he disapproved of my rocks in Dentatus, he said: "There are some capital rocks at Coleorton which you and Wilkie must come down and study. I will write to you as soon as I get down." When on his return to town he again found fault with the rocks, Lord Mulgrave slily said: "Haydon, what a pity it was you did not see those unfortunate rocks at Coleorton," and when the picture was up and Sir George attempted to say anything in my defence, Lord Mulgrave would say: "Ah, Sir George, it is all owing to those cursed rocks."

Sir George at last, quite ashamed of his wilful forgetfulness, wrote us both a most kind invitation while we were in Devonshire; and so, the moment we returned to town, off we set for Coleorton. We got to Ashby-de-la-Zouch at night, slept there, and the next day posted on to Coleorton.

The house was a small seat, recently built by Dance in the Gothic style, very near a former house where Beaumont and Fletcher used to spend their summers. Sir George, I think, told us he was descended from the same family as the dramatist.

Both he and Lady Beaumont received us very kindly, but I could not help thinking that it was more to avoid Lord Mulgrave's future quizzing than from any real pleasure in our company.

As

As I was walking with him next day about the grounds, he said: "Now I hope you and Wilkie will stay a fortnight." "Oh!" said I, perceiving the motive, "a month, if you wish it, Sir George," and there was a dead silence between us for some moments. However, we passed a fortnight as delightfully as painters could. Sir George painted, and Lady Beaumont drew, and Wilkie and I made our respective studies for our own purposes. At lunch we assembled and chatted over what we had been doing, and at dinner we all brought down our respective sketches and cut up each other in great good humour.

We dined with the Claude and Rembrandt before us, breakfasted with the Rubens landscape,[1] and did nothing, morning, noon or night, but think of painting, talk of painting, dream of painting, and wake to paint again.

We lingered on the stairs in going up to bed and studied the effect of candle-light upon each other, wondering how the shadows could be best got as clear as they looked. Sometimes Sir George made Wilkie stand with the light in a proper direction, and he and I studied the colour; sometimes he held the candle himself and made Wilkie join me; at another time he would say: "Stop where you are. Come here, Wilkie. Asphaltum thinly glazed over on a cool preparation I *think* would do it." And David and I would suggest something else. We then unwillingly separated for the night, and rose with the lark to go at it again, all of us feeling as jealous as if we were artists struggling for fame. Wilkie and Sir George had the best of it, because after all rocks are inanimate; and seeing that I should be done up if I did not bring out something to sustain my dignity, I resolved on a study of a horse's head, and without saying a word by dinner next day I painted, full of life and fire, the head of a favourite horse of Sir George's, and bringing it in when the party assembled for dinner, I had the satisfaction of demolishing their little bits of study, for the size of life, effectually done, is sure to carry off the prize.

The next morning at breakfast I perceived that something was brewing in David's head, and I clearly saw that my championship would not be a sinecure. Away went David to his studies, I to my rocks, Sir George to his painting-room, and Lady Beaumont to her boudoir. Dinner was announced, and in stalked David Wilkie with an exquisite study of an old woman of the village, in his best style, so that the laurel was divided; but they all allowed that nothing could exceed the eye of my horse.

One evening I made Lady Beaumont's maid stand on the staircase with a light behind her, so as to cast a good shadow on the wall, and from her I painted an excellent study for Lady

[1] All now in the National Gallery.

Macbeth

PLATE II

A Sketch by Haydon of a Lapith from the Parthenon Frieze.

Inscr.: " 1809. *Sketched in Park Lane—In the Court Yard now built over (Duke of Gloucester's), then Lord Elgin's—who bought the house of Lord Cholmondely.*"

From the original drawing in the British Museum.

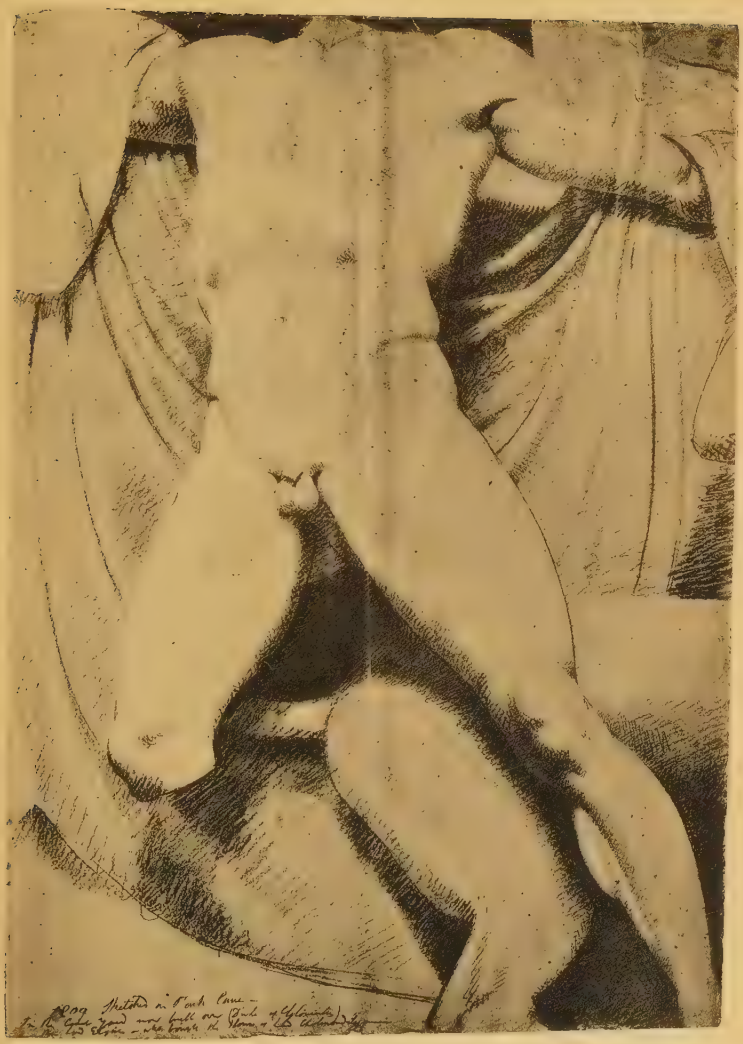

PLATE II.

[*From the original drawing in the British Museum.*]

Macbeth. Our fortnight was now fast drawing to a close, and Sir George began to lament that when we had left him he should be compelled to attend to his coal-mines.

In the gardens he had a bust of Wordsworth, and I think a memento of Wilson. Coleorton is a retired spot: I visited it in 1837, when at Leicester, and was touched to see it again after so many years. A group of sculpture had been added near the hall; my Macbeth (of which presently) was on the staircase. Jackson, Lord Mulgrave, Sir George and Lady Beaumont were all dead, and I walked through the house in a melancholy stupor, angry to see the rooms, where once hung the élite of our now national pictures, filled with modern works, and the two superb heads (by Sir Joshua) of Sir George and Lady Beaumont pushed high up to make way for some commonplace trash.

Sir George said to us one day at dinner: "Wordsworth may perhaps walk in; if he do, I caution you both against his terrific democratic notions." This was in 1809, and considering the violence of his subsequent Conservatism it is a curious fact to recall.

CHAPTER IX

As the whole history of my commission from Sir George is now to be told, I must state that, in 1807, Sir George had called and said, " he must have a sketch by me." A short time after he gave me a commission, to be commenced as soon as I had finished Dentatus. One day he came, I remember, and tried to persuade me to begin his picture before finishing Lord Mulgrave's. This appeared to me so odd a request that I declined to comply with it, and so completed Dentatus and then made his sketch of which the subject—Macbeth—was agreed upon. One day, while I was riding with him at Coleorton, he said to me: " What size do you intend to paint Macbeth? " I replied: " Any size you please, Sir George." He said: " Would a whole length be large enough?" " Certainly," I replied; " it is larger than I had contemplated, and I should be highly gratified at being allowed to paint the picture such a size."

I returned to town, ordered a whole length, rubbed in and prepared, and after many letters from Sir George, he at last arrived in town. He called; I had considerably advanced in the picture, but there was something in his manner which betokened constraint. The next day he called again with General Phipps, and said: " This is the full size of life? " " No, Sir George," replied I; " it is a little less." They then both found fault. After so many months' labour this was poor encouragement, but he had done the same to Wilkie on the Blind Fiddler. In my anxiety to get rid of these unfavourable impressions, I went to Northcote for advice. Northcote's eyes sparked with delight as he said: " He'll never have your picture at all, and he's now beginning to get off."

I went home in misery and could scarcely sleep. I was beginning now to encumber my father, and my situation was not pleasant; for on so important a work as this I had expected an advance to help me through the expenses of my models. While I was sitting in this state the next morning in walked Sir George, and began to abuse the picture, even to ridicule. Among other things, he said: " Figures less than life look dwarfish." His first impression had been that the figures were life-size if not larger.

He would listen to no argument and concluded by insisting upon having a smaller picture.

I ran away to Northcote for advice. He chuckled like an imp. "I told 'ee so," said he; "he hopes to disgust 'ee, and so you will give up the picture altogether." This was certainly Job's comfort.

Wilkie, Jackson, Seguier and I had a consultation on what was to be done. Wilkie advised submission and to begin the small picture. Jackson said: "You will be equally worretted, small or large." Seguier said: "It is no use to oppose him." The next day we all met at Lord Mulgrave's, and Lord Mulgrave in the kindest manner after dinner, said: "Haydon, if you consent to oblige Sir George, you will please us all." I looked at Sir George across the table, but his face expressed rigid indifference. Lady Beaumont chattered away to Lady Mulgrave. Wilkie and Jackson cast down their eyes and said nothing. Seguier looked arch as if he smoked us all. Had Sir George expressed the slightest wish, after such a pointed desire from Lord Mulgrave, had he looked towards me, I had been vanquished; but no, not a word, and not a word from me. Lord Mulgrave, apparently astonished at the whole affair, changed the conversation. At leaving, Lord Mulgrave shook me kindly by the hand and whispered, "Yield," looking more than he whispered. Away we all went together down Harley Street, talking of nothing else till we got to my door, 41 Great Marlborough Street, and here they all wished me good-night and begged me to consent.

Up I went to my solitary painting-room, and putting the candle on the ground dwelt on my picture in its advanced state. I mused on the grooms heavy in slumber; the king sleeping in innocence; Macbeth striding in terror; the vast shadow of the listening Lady Macbeth (for at that time I had the shadow alone); till, getting inspired as midnight approached, I marched about the room in agitation and swore I would not yield. Full of the glory of resistance to injustice I went to bed and fell asleep. In the night I awoke and found myself standing in my cast-room, where I must have been a long time, half dead with cold, bewildered and staring at the head of Niobe. The glitter of the moon awoke me. The clock struck three and I became conscious I had been walking in my sleep.

I shivered back to bed and lay in perfect anxiety till day broke; then I got up, prayed in distrust and set my palette. I could not paint; I felt sick; my model came; I kept him standing without speaking till he remarked my abstraction and asked me if he should go. I said "Yes," and he left me with an expression of surprise, as if he thought me mad or getting so. All day I stood staring at the picture, longing to proceed, but utterly nerveless, when Wilkie

Wilkie called. He advised me to oblige Sir George by doing a smaller work. After he went I walked away to Grosvenor Square, and found Sir George dressing for dinner, but I was admitted instantly. I said: "Sir George, I will paint the smaller picture, as you seem to wish it." He looked blank, as if he was rather disappointed than pleased, and replied: "Ah—yes, indeed—yes, indeed—yes, yes—I am happy—yes. I am going out instantly." So I withdrew. When I came into the street, I said to myself: "What the d——l does he mean? I'll go to Northcote." Northcote chuckled. "To be sure he looked blank; he disn't want'ee to paint large or small. You'll see no more of 'em."

Another evening—another night passed—another day of musing till my brain ached. I sat listening for every knock; but no Sir George—no Sir George the whole week. When Wilkie came, he said: "Has he called?" "No." "He has left town for Dunmow." "My God, Wilkie, what does he mean?" "I don't know," said he; "I was as anxious as you, for he behaved just as oddly when I was finishing the Blind Fiddler.

My indignation was roused, and I said: "I do not care what *he* means; I know what *I* mean, and so shall *he*." "Don't be violent," said Wilkie. "I don't care," said I. "Are you sure," said he, "you did not order a larger canvas than he mentioned?" "Quite sure. He said a whole length, and a whole length I ordered." Wilkie went, after begging me to be moderate. When he was gone, I sat down, relieved at having made up my mind, and wrote to Sir George asking him to withhold his decision until my picture should be completely finished, and then, if his objections should still exist, I would after I had executed Mr Hope's picture paint him any other subject on any scale he pleased. I then rose up, breathing like a young lion that had just burst the net which fettered him. I had regained my own esteem; defiance doubled my powers; I felt I would complete my work, come what might. Two days afterwards I received his reply, in which after some preliminary comment he agreed to withhold his decision as I requested.

It would now have been my best course, as he had agreed to my proposition, to have gone to work without another word; but I had always a tendency to fight it out, a tendency most prejudicial to an artist, because it calls off his mind from the main point of his being—perfection in his art. Why did I not yield? Because my mind wanted the discipline of early training. I trace all the misfortunes in my life to this early and irremediable want. My will had not been curbed, or my will was too stubborn to submit to curbing; Heaven knows. Perhaps mine is a character in which all parts would have harmonised if my will had been broken

broken early. The same power might have been put forth with more discretion, and I should have been less harassed by the world.

I answered his letter, defending the size I had selected by the practice of the old masters, and concluded by saying: "Thus, Sir George, I have stated my reasons for what I do, and I hope in doing it I have not exceeded the bounds of that respect to which your experience and rank entitle you. Such fame as Ananias gained for Raffaele, and the Capella Sistina for Michel Angelo, is, and ever shall be, my object; whether it be my fate or not to gain this, to this shall all my efforts be directed, and I hope God will bless my exertions."

Sir George answered me in a letter of counter-arguments. To this I rejoined by offering a picture, the size of life, of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth after the murder; he listening in horror on the top of the stairs; the grooms asleep by the door; Duncan's chamber seen, and part of his bed; the door open as if Macbeth had just left it, all buried in silence. On this offer he declined to decide, reiterating his objections to the large scale on which I insisted on working.

This for the present concluded the correspondence, and I went to work heartily, straining every nerve to do more than my best.

My ignorance was great. All the budding knowledge acquired in painting Dentatus was here to be brought into play, and as much again was wanted. I advanced and fell back and advanced again; Macbeth's head I painted and repainted, and it was at this period I confirmed by perpetual deductions the principles of a standard figure. Eastlake, my first pupil, had bent his mind to the same purpose, and as I daily detailed my discoveries or conclusions, he suggested, approved or confirmed the principles laid down. My want of money was now great. My expenses were dreadful. I moulded torsos for the chest of Macbeth. I moulded knees for the sleeping grooms. I made studies without end; hands over and over again—from nature, from the antique. Models sat till night. My lamp often burnt till deep into it. In fact, my love of art, my enthusiasm, my devotion were those of an inspired being self-sacrificed for a great principle.

I resolved, if Sir George had a spark of feeling, to vanquish him. At all this, Northcote sneered: "He'll never come near 'ee again; and you may work your vitals into your shoes."

My father's help had now continued near six years, and I was anxious to relieve him but could not, though I might have done so by painting paltry things; but I was iron-minded and I bent not. I still pressed him and he still helped me through 1810, though often irregularly.

About the middle of April Sir George came to town, and though I knew

I knew of his being in London, for six weeks I let him alone. At last, wearied out by his apparent want of interest I talked with great indignation, and talking having no effect, as he still kept from me, I resolved against all breeding and delicacy to show the correspondence. This soon got, as I intended, to the ears of Academicians, and then of Sir George, and to my utter astonishment, one day when I returned from a walk, I found Sir George had called and had been alone in my painting-room a long time. The next day came a card for a dinner. "Now," said I to Wilkie, "he has heard I have been showing his letters." "Dear, dear," said Wilkie, "he knows nothing about it." "We shall see," said I, "before dinner is over." We went to dinner; there was a brilliant party; nothing could exceed the attentions paid to me, whilst Wilkie was neglected. He sat pale and smiling at every word Sir George uttered. Sir George, in fact, had begun to hint about novelty going off: that the Blind Fiddler was slaty: that it was a pity that Wilkie had not the surface of Rembrandt, but he feared the feeling did not exist in him; not that he, Sir George, meant to say that he was not a most extraordinary young man, but—— In fact, Sir George was tired and wanted another extraordinary young man, for Wilkie was an old story and I was a nuisance.

Sir George was evidently uneasy. At last he asked me to take wine. As he pushed the bottle to me, and the company for a moment were silent, he seemed to think it a good opportunity. He talked of Sheridan and Pope, and said he thought Pope's letters were very delightful; "but on the whole they were affected; ha, ha, yes, they were affected." I felt at once something was coming and tried to catch Wilkie's eye who sat right opposite, but in vain, for he dropped them both on the tablecloth. "It is very strange," said Sir George, "but I have a great aversion to people showing letters; nothing, you know, is so indelicate." "Certainly," I replied; "but there are cases, you know, Sir George, which oblige a man to show letters in his own defence." "Certainly," said the company, without knowing one iota of the dispute. Wilkie grew paler than ever, paler than death. I chuckled and passed the claret, but could not catch his eye. Lady Beaumont began to stammer, a way she had when she wished to be peculiarly interesting, and the buzz of the party took another turn. We got again on Sheridan. "It is very strange," said Sir George, "what a knack he had of taking people in." "Yes, Sir George," said I, as the wine came to me again, "that's a knack many people have." There was a dead silence; nobody understood it. There was something peculiar in our manner to each other. The ladies shortly left us, and

and we all soon followed. In the drawing-room Lady Beaumont was enchanting. Patting my arm, with the engaging pressure which sets a man on the qui vive, she rallied me on the propriety of docility in early life. "Yes," I replied; "but is there not a docility amounting to servility?"

As I was looking towards David to catch his eye for going, he seized the offer of a friend to set him down and hurried away before me, well knowing what a worrying I would have given him in the street if I had been his only companion.

I was fearless, young, proud of a quarrel with a man of rank which would help to bring me into notice. This was foolish in the extreme, but it was natural. Full of high and virtuous principles, knowing I had all along meant to do what was right, I felt disgusted at injustice, and seized the first opportunity of showing that the artist was the man to be listened to and not the connoisseur, forgetting that the connoisseur was generally the man of rank and wealth, and the artist with no fortune

> "but his good spirits
> To feed and clothe him,"

and that though the world would enjoy the exposure of a man of rank in secret, it would take good care to shake its head in public at the presumption of the artist. In fact, victory is defeat in such cases, and the artist will always find it so.

The next day after dinner I was at work, when there came a thundering rap and up marched Sir George and my Lady. As I shut the door I thought "You don't leave this room without a settlement."

He looked towards Macbeth and said: "What, you have enlarged the canvas?" "Yes, sir," I replied, "you never came near me for six weeks, and I concluded you had given up the commission, and I added to the canvas to please myself. Am I to paint this picture for you, Sir George, or not?" Lady Beaumont said: "I can answer that. We have no room." "Yes, indeed," added he; "but I'll make a proposal. You shall go on with the picture for me—yes, indeed—for me, but if when it is done I do not like it, I shall not be obliged to take it, and then I shall be considered engaged for a smaller picture, the price to be settled by arbitration." "I agree, Sir George," said I, "provided you agree to my proposition." "What is it? What is it?" "Why," I replied with great coolness, "that neither you nor Lady Beaumont shall see it till done." This seemed to hurt him very much, which I did not mean it to do, but they both assented that the enlarged picture as it then was should be the one and that they would not see it till I invited them.

Just

Just as I was going to work a letter came explaining that Sir George wished the arrangement not to be mentioned. This nettled me, and I wrote to tell him that if there was anything at all unpleasant to his feelings in being bound down by a bond I would with great pleasure release him from all engagements. He answered by a request that I would proceed without further discussion as he was resolved not to write another word on the subject. In my reply to this I wrote: "Everything is now settled to my satisfaction. I have no wish but to proceed with my picture. It was a deference to your feelings that urged me to write you the last letter I had the honour to write. If you had let me proceed, my dear Sir George, quietly, six months ago, nothing could have been said or written on the subject. It was certainly at your option, Sir George, whether you answered the last letter, or any other letter I have the honour to write you. I shall now proceed with my picture."

What should I have done? I reply—have finished his commission on the scale specified by himself, caring nothing as I proceeded for my patron's whims and fidgets.

Nothing wastes precious time so much as writing letters of dispute. Let the student abominate this tendency. His vanity may be flattered by the applause of foolish friends at a well-turned sentence and at his giving a proper rap to a man of fashion, but on whom does the rap strike hardest? On the young student struggling for fame and existence or the man who has the power of promoting both? Go to work—keep pen and ink out of your painting-room—finish your picture and let that speak for itself. The longer I live, and the more I see, the more strongly and sincerely I can recommend this conduct to the artist, not only at the beginning of his career, but all through life.

I mean my Life, if possible, to be a guide-book to youth, and I will never spare myself if I can instruct or serve my reader.

I now set to work with ardour. To vanquish Sir George was something if he had any justice in him, and no labour, expenditure or time was spared to render Macbeth a fine work.

It was my third picture, and the moment I had chosen was an awful one. It was the very instant that Lady Macbeth, rustling on the stairs, had disturbed Macbeth as he was stepping in between the grooms and the bed to murder the king.

Just at this time the directors of the British Gallery had offered one hundred guineas as a prize for the best historical picture. I thought if I got that it might replace me in my position. I asked Lord Mulgrave. He had too much regard for me not to let me try with Dentatus, and out of sheer pity to me consent was granted. I sent the picture to the British Institution, and the Academy

Academy seeing I had thus the opportunity of making another appeal, abused me more than ever. Why was I not content with the decision of the Academy? Because it was unjust. I went to Wilkie. He agreed with the Academy, and said: "If you want to get on, flying in their faces is not the way." I heard that Holwell Carr spoke very highly of the picture. It was placed at the head of the great room, with Howard's picture on one side. He was contending for the prize too. He had been one of the hangers at the Academy in the spring. Thus my judge and I were brought together on equal terms before the world.

At last when worn by harass and dispute, and the illness consequent on both, I was feeling the want of money grievously, the directors of the gallery met to award the prize.

In spite of every attempt—and the most violent were made—every director except Thomas Hope voted in my favour. On the 17th of May, 1810, it was announced that I was the victor.

Nothing could be more opportune. The reader may conceive the labour and anxiety so young a man had undergone in producing the work. He has read of the cruelty and tyranny with which it was treated by one institution, and surely he will feel pleasure at learning that I got my fair reward at last by the proper feeling of another.

Lord Mulgrave, knowing my eager temperament, feared the effect of this complete victory and wrote me a warning letter. I told him in reply that I considered my present success as one step only of the fifty I had yet to make before I could approach the great object of my being.

My dear father wrote me a letter full of heart. He had done his duty and never complained, and he had lived to see my talents honoured and rewarded.

While I was furiously at work on Macbeth, Charles Bell sent up to me to say that he had a lioness for dissection. I darted at it at once and this relieved my mind. I dissected her and made myself completely master of this magnificent quadruped. It was whilst meditating on her beautiful construction, and its relation in bony structure to that of man, that those principles of form since established by me arose in my mind.

I was struck with the relative difference and similarity in the forms of the lion and the man. I put, as a mere experiment, the lion resting on the heel and ball of the toe like the human being, and in one instant of inspired perception saw the whole system. I found the lioness's feet flat—her chest narrow—her brain small—her forearm long—her body long. I found that she was totally incapable of standing erect on her feet when resting on the same bones as the human being. I compared the two in muscle and construction:

construction: the points where they differed, I put down as marks of brutality on the lion's part, as indications of humanity on that of man, and concluded that in building a superior form the human peculiarities are to be dwelt on, while for an inferior form those which belong to the brute are to be approached.

Eastlake was deeply interested in these details and assented to the soundness of the principles. By reference to the works of Phidias every conclusion was confirmed, so that I am convinced it was the system he acted on and that it was acted on generally in Greek sculpture.

The drawings I made from this dissection impressed Wilkie very much; I lent them to him and he copied them. The principle in the construction of the lion seemed to be to pack the greatest possible strength in the smallest possible space, and I found that to increase the power of the brute many muscles acted from both origin and insertion, thus moving two ways when convenient for the animal.

About the latter end of this year the artists met with a black, a native of Boston, a perfect antique figure alive. On my getting a sight of him, I engaged him for a month, and proceeded to draw and cast him without a moment's loss of time in all the attitudes wanted for my picture. The most extraordinary thing was, that I found in this negro all the positive marks characteristic of brutality. Beautiful as his form was, his calf was high and feeble, his feet flat, and heel projecting, his forearm as long as his arm-bone, his deltoid short, his jaw protrusive, and his forehead receding. What was excellent was the great flexibility and vigour of his movements in spite of his inherent defects. The moment he moved his intentions were evident. The great principle that the form of a part depends on its action was here confirmed. His joints were exquisitely clean. His body bent at the loins like whalebone. He sat upon his heel and put his foot behind his neck. The bony flatness of his articulations and fleshy fulness of his muscles produced that undulating variety of line so seldom seen in the living figure. Pushed to enthusiasm by the beauty of this man's form, I cast him, drew him and painted him till I had mastered every part. I had all his joints moulded in every stage, from their greatest possible flexion to their greatest possible extension. The man himself and the moulders took fire at my eagerness, and after having two whole figures moulded, he said he thought he could bear another to be done if I wished it; of course I wished it, so we set to again. In moulding from nature great care is required, because the various little movements of the skin produce perpetual cracks, and if the man's back is moulded first, by the time you come to his chest he labours to breathe greatly,

greatly, so that you must then have the plaster rubbed up and down with great rapidity till it sets. We had been repeatedly baffled in our attempt at this stage, and I therefore thought of a plan to prevent the difficulty, by building a wall round him, so that plaster might be poured in and set all around him equally and at once. This was agreed upon. The man was put into a position, extremely happy at the promise of success, as he was very proud of his figure. Seven bushels of plaster were mixed at once and poured in till it floated him up to the neck. The moment it set it pressed so equally upon him that his ribs had no room to expand for his lungs to play and he gasped out, "I—I—I die." Terrified at his appearance, for he had actually dropped his head, I seized with the workmen the front part of the mould and by one supernatural effort split it in three large pieces and pulled the man out, who, almost gone, lay on the ground senseless and streaming with perspiration. By degrees we recovered him, and then looking at the hinder part of the mould which had not been injured I saw the most beautiful sight on earth. It had taken the impression of his figure with all the purity of a shell, and when it was joined to the three front pieces there appeared the most beautiful cast ever taken from nature, one which I will defy anyone in the world to equal unless he will risk, as I unthinkingly did, the killing of the man he is moulding. I was so alarmed when I reflected on what I had nearly done, that I moulded no more whole figures. The fellow himself was quite as eager as ever though very weak for a day or two. The surgeons said he would have died in a second or two longer. I rewarded the man well for his sufferings, and before three days he came, after having been up all night drinking, quite tipsy, and begged to know with his eyes fixed if I should want to kill him any more, for he was quite ready, as he had found it "a d——d good concern." However I had done with him, and would not venture, as I had mastered his form, to run any more such risks.

I now returned to Macbeth with my principles of form quite settled. I finished the king, whom everybody liked, and was soon buried in application. I used to go down in the evenings with a little portfolio and bribe the porter at Burlington House, to which the Elgin Marbles were now removed, to lend me a lantern, and then locking myself in, take the candle out and make different sketches, till the cold damp would almost put the candle out. As the light streamed across the room and died away into obscurity, there was something solemn and awful in the grand forms and heads and trunks and fragments of mighty temples and columns that lay scattered about in sublime insensibility—the remains, the only actual remains, of a mighty people. The grand

grand back of the Theseus would come towering close to my eye and his broad shadow spread over the place a depth of mystery and awe. Why were such beautiful productions ever suffered to be destroyed? Why did not the Great Spirit of the world protect the work of minds that honour His creation? Why in a succession of ages has the world again to begin? Why is knowledge ever suffered to ebb? and why not allowed to proceed from where it left off to an endless perfection? All these beautiful forms were executed before Christianity had opened the eyes of mankind to moral principles. Why must we admire the works of those whose idolatry and vice degraded them? Genius had displayed as much vigour before Christ as after. These questionings would occur to me in the intervals of drawing and perplex my mind to an endless musing, and yet take Wilkie there at any time and he would care little about them. I remember a most remarkable example of the nature of his genius. I think it was the second time we were ever there, when I and everybody else had been excessively excited by these ruins of Athens. Wilkie, when we came out into Piccadilly, said in great glee to me: "I have been thinking of a capital subject." "Well done," said I; "while there?" "Yes, to be sure," said he; "it is some boys playing with a garden engine; some throwing the water over others; some inside a greenhouse laughing heartily at their poor unfortunate companions outside, and some squeezing their noses and mouths flat against panes of glass, and laughing through. This would be a capital bit of fun, and I shall make a sketch when I get home." In the midst of the ruins of beautiful Athens, where every stone and fragment and pillar set the soul musing for hours, in the midst of the most beautiful productions the world ever saw, such was the peculiarity of Wilkie's faculty that there it operated in spite of gods and goddesses totally uninterrupted by the association of the grand things round about it.

The study of this finely formed negro directly after the dissection of the lion was of infinite advantage to my knowledge of the figure. I found the negro in his form approach the radical deficiencies of the lion's construction, and in building up my heroic standard of form, I made the basis of it to be the reverse of all the deficiencies of the lion and approaches to deficiency in the negro. On these eternal principles I reared the figure of Macbeth.

I worked on, animated by the most determined resolution to produce a picture that Sir George could not refuse, when in the midst of my earnest resolutions came a letter from my dear father saying he could not maintain me any longer. This was a dreadful shock and made me tremble for the consequences I foresaw if after all my Macbeth should be refused. I spent a day in the open

open country, turning every difficulty over in my mind, and concluded that if it were a fine picture, surely it could not be refused, and if Dentatus won the prize of one hundred guineas, I did not see why I had not a very good chance with Macbeth for the three hundred guinea prize now offered by the directors of the same institution.

Thus reasoning I borrowed, and, praying to God to bless my exertions, went on more vigorously than ever. *And here began debt and obligation, out of which I never have been, and never shall be, extricated, as long as I live.*

Yet what was I to do? Was I to relinquish all the advantages of so many years of study and thought merely because now came one of those trials of which life is so full? It was natural a father's patience should wear out at last. It was right my sister should not be forgotten. But it was not quite just to deprive me of necessaries when my father and his partner were indulging in the luxuries of life. I was a virtuous and diligent youth. I had no expensive habits of self-indulgence. I never touched wine, dined at reasonable chop-houses, lived principally, indeed always, in my study, worked, thought, painted, drew and cleaned my own brushes, like the humblest student.

After praying to God for His help and support I returned to my duties I wrote to my father, thanked him for doing what he had done, and regretted that I had encumbered him so long.

I pursued my ardent course day after day and hour by hour. There was a friend who came forward nobly to the extent of his power. He is a humble man, though connected with one who has made noise enough—John Hunt, the brother of Leigh, as noble a specimen of a human being as ever I met in my life: of him I borrowed £30. This had carried me on with my mouldings and castings of the negro. Peter Cleghorn, a friend of Wilkie's and mine, lent me £30 more. I called my landlord, explained to him my situation, and asked him to wait till Macbeth was done. He said: "You paid me when your father supported you, and I see no reason not to believe you will do so when you can support yourself."

The year 1810 was now drawing to a close. I always reviewed the year as it ended, and, on reviewing this, I had much, as usual, to repent of, and much to be grateful for. I had added greatly to my knowledge and greatly to my power of hand. I had got a habit of thought from perpetual solitude and reflection. My principles of art were more fixed than before. I had begun to feel more independent from the very position my father had placed me in, and I felt, though it would be a victory to conquer Sir George, yet if I wished to advance High Art, I must look beyond fashion

fashion and its coteries to the people of Britain. I must qualify myself to instruct them and make them react on the upper class.

The power of thinking which my Journal for this year displays is really singular. There are conclusions then adopted and put down that I used often and use now. My perception of what Art really was in its essence is sound and conclusive, and I must say, considering that at seventeen years old I could hardly put two thoughts together in decent language, it is extraordinary how my intellect opened at once. I attribute it to my not being over-educated, but left to wander half wild about the valleys of Devon, with such a master as Bidlake—a poetical, tea-drinking, organ-playing, oil-painting, cottage-sketching idler, who had more delight in taking boys to Bickleigh Vale and teaching them to see the beauties of a sunset, than in making them perfect in "As in præsenti," or "Propria quæ maribus," neither of which, thank God! I ever learnt, though I made my boys learn them both.

Modest as Wilkie was, and inoffensive as he had always been, it was not to be expected that his sudden and vast repute should not excite envy. Thus far he had reigned without a rival, but now hints were put forth of a rival having appeared.

A modest man, of talent not amounting to genius, with a very feeble power of invention—Bird, from Bristol—had sent up a work which, though not to be compared with Wilkie's, was hailed at once by the veteran intriguers of the Academy with a fury of delight perfectly insincere and malignant. I foresaw Bird would be run against Wilkie, and as he had nothing ready but a small picture of the man with a girl's cap I advised him not to exhibit that this year. Contrary to my advice he sent the picture, and in a day or two the intrigue began. Under pretence of regard for Wilkie, West called on Sir George and recommended Wilkie to withdraw his picture for fear Bird should hurt him! Sir George wrote to Wilkie, who went to him and afterwards came to me. I saw through the scheme and foretold the injury which must accrue if he did not fight it out. He had not followed my advice in sending the work, but I entreated him to do so in keeping it there. In a wretched state of indecision he went down to the Academy. Shee took him into the old Life Room and persuaded him to take his picture away. Like a weak man he did so, and there was immediately a hue and cry that Wilkie had so completely felt his incapacity to contend with Bird that he had taken his picture away!

The Prince was persuaded to buy Bird's work and then to send to Wilkie to paint him a picture as a companion to it.

Wilkie felt the indignity, and it so affected his mind that he became careless of his health, and ate and drank so imprudently that

that he brought on an internal attack from which he never thoroughly recovered. At the private day he and I went straight to Bird's picture. I said: "Now, what do you think?" "Ah," said Wilkie, "if I had seen it, I would not have taken mine away." I never saw any man suffer so much. From sheer mortification he sunk down to the brink of the grave. Dr Baillie attended him with great affection. People of fashion crowded to inquire and offer assistance; but he declined any aid lest it might encumber him; and I was so dreadfully embarrassed by the desertion of my father and my struggles to get through Macbeth that I could not pay Wilkie the small sum I owed him, much less assist him from my own resources.

His situation was distressing. He was too feeble to move. One evening when I called and was admitted with a caution as to his danger, I found him lying on the sofa in the attitude of the completest despair I ever witnessed. His head was leaning on one hand. He had a prayer-book near him, and his whole air was that of a man who in his agony had taken a new and terrible view of human nature.

It was weeks before he was quite out of danger, and as he got better Mrs Coppard, his landlady, to whose motherly care he owed his life as much as to anybody, got lodgings for him at Hampstead, till he could go to the house which the Misses Baillie had kindly offered him.

At last Sir George invited him to Dunmow. Here both Sir George and Lady Beaumont treated him really like a son. Everybody at that time must have been attached to him; for, before he was spoilt by court attention, a more simple-hearted, straightforward, highly gifted young man was never met.

Prince Hoare about this time (November, 1810) sent me an admirable letter on my picture.

"The subject you have chosen," he wrote, "is one in which the excitement of terror in certain points becomes a positive object of your pursuit. For this reason, I am disposed to believe that the pursuit also of a proportionate quality of beauty, such as may counterbalance and give due effect to the points of terror, is of the utmost importance to you. We must never forget that beauty is and must be invariably the essential object of the fine arts (or, as the Italians more properly call them, *belle arti*, because their object is *bellezza*). Painting and poetry are alike in this. You will find no instance either of poem or picture in the highest class, which has not this distinct aim, even in subjects of the greatest terror—I do not mean from system always, or precept, but certainly from feeling in the artist's mind. It is the necessity of this point which forms the disinction of class between subjects of terror and subjects of horror, because terror may be connected with

with beauty, but horror is only connected with deformity or disgust. Subjects of terror, therefore, often hold the highest rank, those of horror never. Milton's Satan inspires the former, never the latter.

"Beauty of form and appearance he describes him to possess, not less than an archangel ruined; and the example of our favourite Raffaele convinces me every day of the truth of the same principle.

"I breakfast every morning in front of the engravings of his Attila and Heliodorus. Both are subjects of terror; the figures he employs to inspire it are eminently successful in both, but observe not only how clear he steers of everything that can disgust, but how laborious he has been to raise the balance in each picture in favour of beauty—of beautiful objects, and delightful sensations.

"It is in the midst of the contrasted beauties of ecclesiastical pomp and military parade, in the splendour of robes, mitres, crosses, helmets, crests, horses and standards, all arranged with the most attractive grace, that the menace of the heavenly missionaries startles the Goth. It is in the midst of the retired and pious meditation of the high priest, the calm majesty of the Pope, the deliciously beautiful groups of palpitating females, that the terrific vision of the ministers of vengeance strikes the robber to the ground.

"The subjects are terrific; the forms, whether collective or individual, are beautiful, and the terror of the scene becomes impressive in the degree in which it breaks in upon our feeling of its general beauty."

I put my name down this year for admission to the Academy. Arnold was elected. I had not a single vote.

I went on with Macbeth, working up my imagination by Shakespeare and the poets, avoiding the theatre, studying form, having the finest models and resolving to make it the most wonderful work which ever issued from human hands.

Nothing could exceed my enthusiasm, my devotion, my fury of work—solitary, high-minded, trusting in God, glorying in my country's honour—the finest collections open to my inspection. Day and night, and night and day, I streamed on in a flow of thoughts and conclusions which would not disgrace my understanding or my heart now at fifty-seven.

I find (June 20, 1810) a very sound criticism in my Journal on the Lazarus of Sebastiano del Piombo (now in the National Gallery, and then at Angerstein's), of which I have now no occasion to alter one word.

I went yesterday to see Angerstein's collection, and examined particularly Sebastiano del Piombo's Lazarus. It is certainly finely put together as to the lines of composition; the characters of

of the heads are various, too, and fine; but there is great want of effect, and our Saviour is a mean figure. He seems too indifferent. He has no appearance of inspiration, and I have heard this defended on the ground that the painter wished to make it appear an easy matter to Him to raise the dead. This may be very true. It might require no other effort than stretching forth His hand; but, as the painter's object is to excite the greatest possible interest, everything that will contribute to this he should avail himself of. If you make the principal figure in your picture uninterested, the spectator will be equally uninterested while looking at it.

I examined the Lazarus well, as Fuseli says he is convinced Michel Angelo has gone over it. I could perceive a visible difference in the manner of drawing and painting in the feet of Lazarus; and the thumb that presses the back of the man who is taking off the linen is evidently painted by a more powerful hand than his who painted the other parts of the picture. If Christ raised Lazarus to life, he would of course be instantly restored to his full powers, and therefore as shown by the painter should have his form in perfect vigour. The Christ is meagre: the shoulder really badly drawn, and the feet have that peculiar squareness in the toes that characterises many of the antique statues found during that period. The leg which he is drawing out of the linen has certainly been repaired; for the foot of that leg is quite of a different texture from the leg itself, and the leg poorly understood and not at all defined. The head of Lazarus has a fine expression, like a man just from the grave, as if he were astonished, and had not recovered his perceptions.

When I was looking at the picture I could not but compare its style with the style of Greece. It has an affected academical look and manner, and a useless display of anatomy; and the effort at abstracted form in the foot is not at all carried through the figure. The foot has all the fleshiness and vigour of life; the shoulder, all the bony meagreness of death.

I was determined to examine this figure with care, as it was done under Michel Angelo's direction and in competition with Raffaele's Transfiguration; and, as I was aware that I came with a correct eye from the exquisite productions of Greece, I am confident of the truth of what I have asserted and can prove it.

Two years ago I would not have ventured to say a word whatever I might have thought; but now I venture to think myself adequate, and have a right to say, in comparing one great man with others, where difference or superiority is perceptible, as well for my own improvement as for the guidance of those who know less.

The character of St John, behind our Saviour, is very fine. The women have no pretensions to beauty—their hands are affectedly made out, with little lumps at all the joints as if they were padlocked. The foot of our Saviour is very poor, meagrely drawn, and the whole flat, with no evidence of that exquisite system of reasoning that you find in every Grecian foot, the fleshy parts pressing up round the bones, etc. It looks as if there were no weight above it—no pressure. About the drapery of Christ there is a Venetian look, from its being glazed.

The proportions between the arms and legs are very bad—the arm of the man who is taking off the linen is as big as the leg of Lazarus, and the arm of Lazarus is too large for his leg. There is evidently no system of form, except accidentally in a foot.

There is a tone about the picture which is very solemn; but to suppose that light and shadow, handling and keeping would take off from the grand style, is like supposing that to add a nose to a man's face, born without one, would take off from the beauty of the face.

The arm and the whole figure of the man in the corner are very fine; there is a grandeur and originality in the style of it evidently built on nature, not far enough from it to be classed in the highest, and yet not too near to be ranked with the lowest.

I think Rembrandt's moment the finer of the two. There is grandeur, too, in Christ directing the vacant stare of Lazarus to heaven, to show his gratitude *there*. But still it is not the dreadful moment of suspense. In composition and arrangement it will bear comparison with anything, but in form it sinks beneath Grecian largeness, truth and simplicity.

Whoever is author of Lazarus could not clear the essential from the superfluous. Many parts of it are perplexed with useless anatomy, which takes off from the simplicity of its contour, the great requisite of a fine form.

The Grecian figures seem to say, as it were, breast, shoulders, arm, forearm, wrists, hands, ribs, lips, belly, thighs, knees, legs, ankles, feet, where Michel Angelo seems to say clavicle, a little slip of the pectoral muscle, which arises from the clavicle, another little slip, insertion of the pectoral, etc.; and so you are perplexed and distracted from the great motions and intentions of the figure.

Still it is a grand picture; a great acquisition to the country, and an honour to Mr Angerstein's spirit and taste in purchasing it; yet if God cut not my life prematurely short, I hope I shall leave one behind me that will do more honour to my country than this has done to Rome. In short, if I live, I will—I feel I shall (God pardon me if this is presumption). (June 21st, 1810.)

The

The Theodosius of Vandyke is an exquisite picture. The grey tone of the sky and building eminently contributes to the brilliancy of the flesh. The clearness of this picture is really delightful. It is in wonderful preservation.

I could not help observing the other day in looking at a head of Giotto, saved from the Carmelites' church at Florence, the exact resemblance it bore to the heads of the Panathenaic procession; as if he had been instructed by the poor Grecian artists who had fled to Italy during the invasion of their country and carried with them what they had seen at Athens.

The head bore all the characters of the heads of the youths on horseback in the Elgin Marbles.

The following extracts are also from my Journal of this year:

How little Raffaele assists you in the complicated varieties and beauties of form.

To nature and to Greece only if you want assistance, can you recur with any prospect of information.

Rubens' lion hunts appear and certainly are built on Leonardo da Vinci's Struggle for the Standard. It is the origin of all of them. The same system is apparent; it seems to have excited many of Rubens' finest compositions.

At this time I devoted a great deal of time to Homer, Virgil, Dante and Æschylus, to tune my mind to make a fine picture of Macbeth.

I recollect telling Wilkie I was doing so, and he replied: "Dear, dear, I have no patience in reading Pope's *Homer*." "Why?" said I. "Why," said he, "there's such an evident prejudice in favour of the Grecks,"—with a strong Scotch twang.

Meanwhile by thought and reading I worked up my imagination for my picture. I spared no pains to make it perfect in poetry, expression, form, colour, light and shadow and impasto.

This year (1810) might be considered as the beginning of those painful contests which have tormented my life for so many years.

I was not independent, and had my fortune to get like Wilkie, who was at one time, I think, almost as fierce as myself; but the first blow Wilkie got his sagacity showed him the power of his rivals and he sank down in submission, whilst my blood rose like a fountain. I returned with all my might blow for blow, and heated a furnace for my foe so hot that I singed myself, reckless of consequences.

All my youthful readers will say, "You were right." No, my young friends, I was not right; because I brought useless obstructions in my path, which though they did not entirely prevent

prevent the development of my genius, brought it out in such agonising distresses, as will make you wonder, as you proceed, that I did not go raving mad, though from the state of ignorance existing as to the value of High Art, I question whether if I had been as quiet as a kitten or more abject than Wilkie the result would not have been just the same; whereas by the eternal uproar I made I indisputably kept alive the public attention.

At the conclusion of 1810, I reviewed my vices and follies and idlenesses in my Journal as usual, prayed God for forgiveness and promised reform. I concluded in prayer and began 1811 in prayer for God's merciful blessing on my virtuous labours.

January 7th, 1811.—Painted faintly—raised my figure—a day on which I can reflect with little pleasure.

8*th*.—Painted attentively about three hours, but not conclusively—dined out. Did nothing from 5 till bedtime—a bad day.

9*th*.—Arose in a fever of anxiety about Macbeth—altered and advanced—not yet completed the hanging together of my figure.

10*th*.—A thick fog obscured all light. I had my foot and knee cast in the morning in the action of Macbeth. The great principles of nature are always visible in the actual form, and will always assist. Did nothing the whole day. A third of the month is gone.

11*th*.—Painted attentively—advanced my picture—made studies from 6 to 8 for the hand and arm of Macbeth.

12*th*.—Painted attentively—advanced my picture—went to the Academy in the evening, and saw the Laocoön placed out as it was four years ago. It excited immediately a train of thought of the many events that had taken place. Here it was still with all its excellencies, whilst the thousand effusions of indolence that disgraced the world and procured momentary applause are sunk into insignificance.

13*th*.—At the Abbey in the afternoon, and lost in delight at the music of the organ.

14*th*.—Painted five hours with real vigour and determination at the head of Macbeth. I think it better now than ever it has been. Attended in the evening at a lecture at the Academy. Made studies of the ear. I wish to give it a motion as if starting forward to catch the sound, like a horse's.

I think this day has not been thrown away.

15*th*.—God grant I may express in Macbeth's countenance terror with a mixture of enthusiastic elevation at the idea of possessing the crown. In Lady Macbeth a malicious fury, while a triumphant flash of fire lightens her eyes and encrimsons her countenance.

Vigorously at work for six hours. Weak and exhausted from sitting up late last night.

16*th*.

16*th*.—Painted vigorously not more than three hours. Advanced Macbeth. Studied till late. Wish the day were of 48 hours instead of 24.

17*th*.—Painted vigorously. My picture advanced. I feel the effects of confinement. Four years ago my digestion was not so delicate as at present.

18*th*.—Painted not more than three hours. Idled all the rest.

19*th*.—Nothing.

20*th*.—Painted faintly.

February 4*th*.—Painted vigorously six hours. Got in Lady Macbeth.

5*th*.—Painted faintly.

6*th*.—At Lord Elgin's the greater part of the day.

7*th*.—Drew at Lord Elgin's for seven hours till I felt benumbed with cold. Made a correct drawing of the two magnificent sitting women and sketches of them from different views. I will make Lady Macbeth a fine creature—a bold, full, vigorously lovely form, flushed with wine, heated with fancy, with naked shoulders half concealed by her jet black hair, which shall tumble in wild disordered luxuriance over her bosom heaving with anxiety for murder and a crown.

8*th*.—Drew at Lord Elgin's for six hours and a half. One great cause of flow of line is not to suffer the muscles to end suddenly on each other, unless in violent action.

It appears probable that the artists of Greece were excited to study animals and mingle their characteristics with those of man by the perpetual allusions of Homer. Homer is truly the painter's poet.

9*th*.—Drew at Lord Elgin's from 6 in the evening till 11 at night. The more I examine these exquisite works, the more I am convinced they are produced on the principle of selecting what is peculiarly human, and then only what is essential.

As the candle gleamed across and struck against backs, legs, and columns, I was particularly impressed with the feeling of being among the ruins of two mighty people—Egyptians and Greeks.

May 6*th*.—Last evening, Rigo, a French artist, member of the Egyptian expedition, who accompanied Denon to the Cataracts of the Nile, remained in Egypt after his departure, and ascended again with the savans, spent the evening with me.

I was curious to get out every anecdote about Buonaparte from one who had seen him repeatedly, indeed had always been with him during the Egyptian expedition.

Rigo said the night before the battle of Aboukir, he lay on the ground in the same tent with Buonaparte. About midnight Buonaparte told Berthier and the rest of his generals who were with him to go to sleep in their cloaks till daybreak. Rigo's brother

brother was Napoleon's interpreter with the Turks, and they were all in the same tent. Rigo said he was never near Buonaparte but he was attracted by his physiognomy: there was something in his face so acute, so thoughtful, so terrible, that it always impressed him, and that this night when all the rest were buried in sleep he could not avoid watching him. In a little time he observed Napoleon take the compasses and a chart of Aboukir and the Mediterranean and measure, and then take a ruler and draw lines. He then arose, went to the door of his tent and looked towards the horizon; then returned to his tent, and looked at his watch; after a moment he took a knife, and cut the table in all ways like a boy. He then rested his head on his hand, looked again at his watch for some time, went again to the door of his tent, and again returned to his seat. There was something peculiarly awful in the circumstances—the time of night—his generals soundly sleeping—Buonaparte's strong features lighted up by a lamp—the feeling that the Turks were encamped near them, and that before long a dreadful battle would be fought. Rigo said that his feelings were so alive that he could not have slept. Buonaparte then looked all round to see if all slept. Rigo shut his eyes a moment like the rest. In a short time Napoleon called them all up, ordered his horse, and asked how long before daybreak. They told him an hour. The army were under arms. He rode round, spoke to the colonels and soldiers, told them in his energetic manner that at a mile from them there existed a Turkish army which he expected by ten o'clock should exist no longer.

Before ten they were annihilated. Kleber who commanded the reserve did not join till after the battle. Napoleon was surrounded by trophies, standards, cannon, trappings of the Turkish camp and horses, when Kleber appeared suddenly at the door of the tent: Kleber was six feet two inches high and the handsomest man of his time. When Buonaparte saw him he said: "*Eh bien, Kleber, qu'avez vous vu ?*" "*Général,*" said Kleber, "*c'est la plus grande bataille du monde.*" He uttered this with furious enthusiasm. "*Eh bien,*" said Napoleon, "*il faut déjeuner avec nous.*"

Kleber had traversed the field of battle in forming his junction with the main body and had witnessed the dreadful effects of the action.

Rigo said after he returned from Egypt, on the surrender of Menou, when Buonaparte was Consul, he dined with him. He was never more than ten minutes at dinner. His two valets, the moment he had eaten of one dish, put down another. He ate that, drank a few glasses of wine and retired to his cabinet. The company

company all arose when he got up and then stayed two or three hours.

Since he has become Emperor, Napoleon is not so easily seen: but about six months ago Marshal Bessières called on Rigo, by the Emperor's order, and carried him down to Malmaison, when he took with him the sketch of this very scene. The Emperor was in the garden at Malmaison. The moment he saw him he smiled and said: "*Vous engraissez.*" He showed the sketch.

Rigo said Napoleon on the field was as cool and collected as in his cabinet.

May.—Painted four hours and a half and then went and studied the Titian at Lord Stafford's. Nothing can equal the exquisitely lucid colour but the fleshy softness of the forms. I felt weak and relaxed; overslept myself; spent the evening in delightful enthusiasm among the ruins of Athens.

Every day and every hour they grow more exquisite to me. I thank God for being in existence on their arrival. May they take deep root in my nature! May their spirit be interwoven in my soul! May their essence be mingled in my blood and circulate through my being! May I never think of form, select from nature, draw a line or paint a touch without instinctive reference to these exquisite productions!

O God! if there be a part of my life more than another I feel grateful for it is the part I have spent amongst these inspired productions.

June 1st.—Arose at half-past 6. Walked out and breakfasted with Wilkie at Chelsea: home by a quarter after ten: began to paint at eleven: painted seven hours with vigour and attention. Was out in the evening from 8 till 11.

2d.—Read. Sunday.

3d.—Up late at night; painted faintly; altered and improved.

4th.—Up late again at night: painted faintly not more than two hours; out from 4 to 9; five hours lost. At Lord Elgin's two hours.

5th.—Arose late, at 8; painted two hours vigorously, not more; called on two friends in an indolent raking humour, and really laughed and idled the rest.

6th.—Arose at half-past 7. I saw two pictures by Vandyke, who had the power of keeping up that fine solid impasto throughout more than any other man. Acquired great knowledge, though I put it not in practice to-day. Walked to Primrose Hill with Hunt. Read Alfieri's *Memoirs*. Idle, idle!

The first six months of the year 1811 are now on the eve of closing. If I review them with rigour what will they exhibit but one scene, with few exceptions, of vice and idleness? Not absolute

absolute idleness though? I have been at times energetically employed, but I have not so conquered my habits as to have that invincible pertinacity of soul, to be so independent of circumstances, whatever they may be, as to make them bend to me—to proceed, though misfortune oppress me, vice tempt me, or sickness overwhelm me.

June 19th.—Arose at half-past 5 in the morning; in my painting-room by 6. At work till 8; began again at 10. Seguier called, on whose judgment Wilkie and I so much rely. If Seguier coincides with us we are satisfied, and often we are convinced we are wrong if Seguier disagrees.

He thought my Macbeth figure better than it has ever been. In short he congratulated me on its being right. Let me be in want—let me be in misery, hungry and faint, and with no money, as I have been—dispirited from sickness, and despondent from neglect—if, at the end of the day, my exertions have been successful, if my picture be advanced, if my fancy have been expressed, if difficulties have been conquered,—I can bear all; I can look with complacency on my miseries; I could regard the destruction of the world with firmness, and suffer destruction with it without a struggle.

My friends tell, as a wonderful instance of my perseverance, that after having finished Macbeth I took him out again to raise him higher in my picture, as it would contribute to the effect. The wonder in ancient Athens would have been if I could have suffered him to remain. Such is the state of Art in this country!

27th.—In a torrent of feeling about Homer all the evening.

28th.—Breakfasted with Leigh Hunt. My spirits light from pure digestion. I am now convinced that depression of spirits is owing to repletion.[1] I have curtailed my allowance of animal food and find myself able to work after dinner without interruption. My principle is to get as much health as possible, to stretch it to the highest effort, and yet without injury.

Hunt and I dined with Wilkie [2] and spent a very pleasant evening. His picture is nearly finished and a very fine thing he has made of it.

We began our pictures after our return from Devonshire. What a history would the events during their progress furnish to the inexperienced student! How gaily we began them, how soon were we checked!

I applied to-day, have been completely successful and am going to bed swelling with gratitude to God, overpowered by His goodness, His benevolence, the abundance of His mercy.

[1] Thirty-two years' experience confirms this impression.
[2] Manor Terrace, Chelsea.

30th.

30*th*.—In consequence of the arm being pressed down close to the side the skin is rolled up under the armpit. When the arm is raised this skin is stretched tightly over the body. I had observed this in nature. But, before I ventured to put it in Macbeth, I went down to see if I should be authorised by the Greeks. To my delight the first thing I saw in the fragment of the Jupiter's breast was this very skin. Thus in the grandest and most abstract character did the Greeks attend to these little exquisite truths of nature.

September 28*th*.—It makes me mad to see Sir Joshua in his lectures maintain that the ancients had an easier task than the moderns because of their dress. Suppose they had, it will be more to our honour if we equal them. Instead of giving this handle to indolence he ought to have held it up as a stimulus and said, " If the ancients had less difficulties to contend with, if we equal or outstrip them, we shall be greater men," and not cant and whine about modern artists being obliged to remove a vest before they can see the state of things. Home goes every student from his lectures and quiets his conscience by quoting Sir Joshua.

Mr West about this time asserted in three letters to Lord Elgin that he was the first artist to study the Elgin Marbles and transfer their principles to canvas, though he knew I had been drawing them long before he came and though my Dentatus was out two years before his Christ healing the Sick.

It is of little consequence who was the first. It is rather who made the best use of them. Mr West thought to bear down the truth by his reputation and station.

It was about this time (1811) I accidentally got into my first public controversy, which branched out into the important one of the intellectuality or non-intellectuality of negroes. In consequence of dissecting a lion and comparing its form with that of a man I had founded a theory for a standard figure which I found (and so did Eastlake) borne out in every principle by the standard works of the Greeks. As I went on meditating, I used to sketch and explain what I thought to Leigh Hunt, then in the height of his *Examiner* reputation, when one Sunday, in that jaunty style for which he had such talent, he assailed in public the theory I had explained in private. Indignant at his assumption, I resolved, inexperienced as I was, to measure weapons with my light literary huzzar, in fact, to trot him out and see what he was made of, being quite sure of my steed as well as my ground, and being also sure that he had cut a caper without having much knowledge of either. Though this is not the first time Leigh Hunt is mentioned it is the first opportunity I have had of bringing him

him fairly on the canvas; and the account of our acquaintance and who brought it about need no longer be delayed.

Wilkie and I in early life used to read some remarkably clever theatrical critiques in the *News*. We were both so pleased that we resolved whichever of the two got acquainted with the critic first should introduce him to the other. Wilkie, I believe, was called on by one of the brothers first. This brought about an introduction to Leigh Hunt. Wilkie invited him to tea to meet me. I was taken ill and could not go, which put Wilkie in a great passion. I afterwards met Hunt and reminded him of Wilkie's intention, and Hunt, with a frankness I liked much, became quite at home, and as I was just as easily acquainted in five minutes as himself, we began to talk, and he to hold forth, and I thought him, with his black bushy hair, black eyes, pale face and "nose of taste," as fine a specimen of a London editor as could be imagined; assuming yet moderate, sarcastic yet genial, with a smattering of everything and mastery of nothing; affecting the dictator, the poet, the politician, the critic and the sceptic, whichever would at the moment give him the air to inferior minds of being a very superior man. I listened with something of curiosity to his republican independence, though hating his effeminacy and cockney peculiarities. The fearless honesty of his opinions, the unscrupulous sacrifice of his own interests, the unselfish perseverance of his attacks on all abuses, whether royal or religious, noble or democratic, ancient or modern, so gratified my mind, that I suffered this singular young man to gain an ascendancy in my heart which justified the perpetual caution of Wilkie against my great tendency to become acquainted too soon with strangers, and like Canning's German, to swear eternal friendship with any spirited talented fellow after a couple of hours of witty talk or able repartee.

Hunt and I liked each other so much we soon became intimate. His mind was poetical in a high degree. He relished and felt Art without knowing anything of its technicalities. I was painting Dentatus, and when he saw it he entered into it at once.

In belles-lettres, though not equal to Fuseli, he had a more delightful way of conveying what he knew. He had been educated at Christ's Hospital, and was not deficient in classical knowledge, but yet not a scholar. Then we were nearly of an age; he being only three years older than myself, and he had an open affectionate manner which was most engaging, and a literary, lounging laziness of poetical gossip which to an artist's mind was very improving. At the time of our acquaintance he really was, whether in private conversation or surrounded by his friends, in honesty of principle and unfailing love of truth, in wit and

and fun, quotation and impromptu, one of the most delightful beings I ever knew.

He was fond of being the idol of a circle. Content if the members of it adored, he shut his eyes on his faults himself and believed them unseen by others. Finding, when I visited this circle after his first attack on my principles, that there was a sort of chuckling air as if Hunt had demolished my artistical theories, I thought I had no resource but to go into the field.

After writing, rewriting, puzzling and thinking, blotting and erasing, reading to Eastlake and taking his advice, I managed to get through my first letter.

I went with it to the *Examiner* office, dropped it into the letter-box myself with a sort of spasm, as if I was done for in even daring to attack such a renowned critic as Leigh Hunt. Never shall I forget that Sunday morning. In came the paper, wet and uncut; up went the breakfast knife—cut, cut, cut. Affecting not to be interested I turned the pages open to dry, and, to my certain immortality, saw, with delight not to be expressed, the first sentence of my letter. I put down the paper, walked about the room, looked at Macbeth, made the tea, buttered the toast, put in the sugar, with that inexpressible suppressed chuckle of delight that always attends a condescending relinquishment of an anticipated rapture till one is perfectly ready. Who has not felt this? who has not done this?

I was twenty-five, rosy and youthful, thin and active, and looked up to him as my literary superior. Nothing so astonished his infinite superiority as to find one whom he imagined a flushed youth, thoughtless and comparatively unaccustomed to literary warfare, entering the lists with an acknowledged controversialist like himself.

My letter was considered perfectly immature and unintelligible, and I was pitied and begged not to go on, but I knew that my only error was want of practice in expressing myself, and that if I was once warmed I should get over that. So as my first essay excited a reply, I plunged into the fight sword in hand; caught my adversaries on their weak points and demolished them one after the other, till artists, amateurs and even abolitionists agreed I certainly had the best of the fight. Unfortunately I provoked all this clamour by asserting my belief, founded on physical construction, that the negro was the link between animal and man. In the position of the slavery question at that time nothing more was necessary.

During this contest I called on Hunt as usual. Hunt, who had been so used to hold forth as sovereign of editors, felt a little rubbed and pursed up his mouth with a sort of stiffness, but his sense

sense of fun got the better and we were soon at it again on poetry, painting, religion, women and war.

I wrote to him while the battle raged to strike out a passage for me. He finished his reply, "By the bye, I advise you to get a decent, well-tanned buckler, a *clypeum septemplicem*, by next Sunday; I am not sure I shall not slice you into wafers."

To which I rejoined:

"I am perfectly aware of whom I have got for my antagonist and will get a shield like that of Achilles. And all I can say is, if you attempt to slice me into wafers, I will do my best, the Sunday after, to crumble you into pounce."

This controversy consolidated my power of verbal literary expression and did me great good. I was animated by a desire to write in early life, because Reynolds, having deferred composition till late in life, was accused of not writing his own lectures. I resolved to show I could use the pen against the very man who might be supposed to be my literary instructor.

When Northcote was asked how he liked the letters, he shook his head and said it was a dangerous power. Though this was said with his usual malice it contained a great deal of truth. It was a dangerous power, and having felt the delight of being considered victorious, I soon longed to give another proof of my skill with the pen.

Journal

December 31st.—The last night of 1811.

When I review the past year, I can certainly dwell upon it with more pleasure than on any year since I commenced study. My habits of application have been energetic for at least eight months of the twelve—I ought to be able to say all the twelve. But God grant me this power at the end of the next year. I certainly have, I hope, got better habits. However vicious I am, I never soothe my mind with plausible pretences. My Macbeth is concluded, by God's blessing, with a body still uninjured by application and a mind invigorated and refreshed for greater undertakings, more experienced in all points, and a degree, I hope, nearer to that idea of perfection which I have formed for myself.

God in heaven, on my knees I pray it may be my lot to realise my idea of Art before I die, and I will yield my soul into Thy hands with rapture. Amen, with all my soul.

Macbeth being thus concluded after a long struggle, without assistance from my father and wholly by dint of borrowing from my friends, I scrutinised my debts before beginning a new work and found they were £616, 10s., of which £200 was due to my landlord

landlord for rent; and this with no extravagant habits, but solely incurred by the wants of life and the expenses of the work, for the expenses of a work of High Art in England are dreadful.

My picture being now done I thought it my duty to write to Sir George Beaumont (January, 1812), and ask his leave to send it to the British Gallery. By return I received his reply, informing me he could not have any objection to my sending the Macbeth to the British Gallery, as, according to my own proposal, he had no concern with it until he had seen and approved the picture. To which I immediately answered, reminding him that it was certainly my proposal that he should not see the picture till it was finished, but not that he should have no concern with it till that time.

This affair thus approached a conclusion, and Lord Mulgrave, knowing the many bitter anxieties under which the picture had been finished (though I never saw him once during that time, and had been utterly deserted by people of fashion in consequence of the treatment of the Academy), was so much pleased by the picture keeping its place, as he told me, alongside of the Paul Veronese (now at the National Gallery), that he wrote to Sir George to come up and decide. He left Dunmow, came to town and saw the picture the next day. He called on Wilkie and made the proposal to him which he afterwards made to me. Wilkie told him I would refuse it; of that he was convinced. On 28th January he wrote to me, saying he had seen the Macbeth and must decline the possession of it, though admitting its merits to be very considerable, and making this proposal: "I will either give you for the trouble you have had in the commencement of the picture £100, the picture to be your own property, and this shall put an end to all further negotiation; or you shall paint another picture for me, the size of Mr West's Pylades and Orestes, with figures upon the same scale, and the price shall be settled afterwards by arbitration."

Foreseeing that any further connection would bring me nearer to ruin than I was already (for I had incurred debts of £600, and when he first ordered the picture I did not owe one shilling —and yet I asked only 500 guineas, no more than I owed), and taking everything into consideration, I resolved to decline both offers, and did so briefly.

Thus this unhappy affair terminated for the present, but there was a fatality about it which made it a torment to Sir George Beaumont and a disturbance to me for years after. Indeed at this moment—thirty-one years after—I am still suffering from its fatal effects.

Northcote was delighted. He said: "I told'ee so. I told'ee he'd

he'd never have the picture. Your conduct was honest and grand; his conduct was mean."

Thus after three years' hard work the picture was thrown on my hands. I had no return, no money. My situation was really and truly deplorable. Now I felt the full power of that admirable work, *Forster's Essay on Decision of Character*. To that I reverted to rouse my spirit and keep up my firmness. I read it and reread it, prayed with all my heart, and resolved, come what would, to proceed with a greater work, to avoid the errors or extravagances of this and try to produce a faultless production.

Exasperated by the neglect of my family, tormented by the consciousness of debt, cut to the heart by the cruelty of Sir George, fearful of the severity of my landlord and enraged at the insults from the Academy, I became furious. An attack on the Academy and its abominations darted into my head. I began by refuting an article by Payne Knight on Barry in the *Edinburgh Review*, which came out in the previous year. Sitting down one evening, I wrote on all night, and by morning I had completed my exposure for the *Examiner* and walked about the room as if revenged and better.

To expose the ignorance of a powerful patron (thus offending the patrons), and to attack the Academy (thus ensuring an alliance of the Academicians with the patrons), would have been at any time the very worst and most impolitic thing on earth. I should have worked away and been quiet. My picture rose very high and was praised. The conduct of Sir George was severely handled. People of fashion were beginning to feel sympathy. In fact, had I been quiet, my picture would have sold, the prize of three hundred guineas would have been won, and in a short time I might in some degree have recovered the shock his caprice had inflicted.

But no. I was unmanageable. The idea of being a Luther or John Knox in Art got the better of my reason. Leigh Hunt encouraged my feelings, and without reflection and in spite of Wilkie's entreaties, I resolved to assault. "Hunt," said Wilkie, "gets his living by such things: you will lose all chance of it. It is all very fine to be a reformer; but be one with your pencil and not with your pen."

About this time Soane had been called to order for making some remarks on a building of Smirke's. He was so enraged he wrote a pamphlet, invited me to dine, laid his wrongs before me and said: "Shall I precede or follow?" I replied: "Whichever you please, only I make my debut on Sunday next."

As the pamphlet was ready and Mr Soane was violent it was agreed over a bottle of port that I should begin next Sunday, and that

that he should follow or precede as he thought best. At any rate an Academician following or preceding me was considered by all three of us to be a very important aid. Thus was this conspiracy concocted, only I gave them to understand I came forth alone.

On the Sunday following, my attack came out first on Payne Knight, whom I demolished. All the patrons were in a fury. Who could it be? Who was this English student?

The Sunday following, the attack on the Academy followed, and never since the art was established were its professors in such a hubbub of fury and rage. John Hunt went to the Gallery, and was assailed for the author's name. He told it, and when I saw him he said: "You have fired your arrow and it has struck in the bull's eye."

From this moment the destiny of my life may be said to have changed. My picture was caricatured, my name detested, my peace harassed; so great was the indignation at my impertinence that all merit was denied to Macbeth.

West went down and did his best as President to damn the picture before a crowded room. Sir George was at once praised for his resistance to my insolent attempt to force on him a picture he, in fact, never ordered (it was said), and no excuse or palliation for me, either in the case of Sir George or the Academy, was listened to for a moment. I was looked at like a monster, abused like a plague, and avoided like a maniac.

I had imagined truth would have been felt by all, and that all would bless him who showed her to them. I knew not that the world always struggles before it stoops to be taught, and endeavours by every means to destroy its teacher before it submits to be benefited by his doctrines. But every stipulation with his destiny for safety must be dismissed by him who is ambitious of being a great reformer. I therefore glory in having done it when I did. I would rather have perished at that age in doing it than have waited till I was safer. I gained experience, and could afterwards have proceeded with more caution without any imputation on my courage, having proved it first.

I was twenty-six years of age when I attacked the Academy. I exposed their petty intrigues, I laid open their ungrateful, cruel and heartless treatment of Wilkie. I annihilated Payne Knight's absurd theories against great works. I proved his ignorance of Pliny, and having thus swept the path, I laid down rules to guide the student which time must confirm,—rules, the result of my own failures, collected and digested within six years,—rules which posterity will refer to and confirm, early acquired without a master or instructor, settled in spite of folly, and put forth in spite of ignorance or rank.

"By

" By Gode," said Fuseli, " the fellow is mad or punishable." Lawrence did me justice, like a man of spirit and honour, saying that there were grounds for my severity; that I would be the victim and that the Academy in the end would be benefited. Weakened and harassed as Lawrence was by the habits of society, there were always gleams of power about him which made me lament that Nature did not quite finish his capacity. But Wilkie —Wilkie, to uphold whose genius in the sincerity of my glowing heart I would have stood before a battery of blazing cannon, and have been blown to splinters rather than have degraded his power —Wilkie shrank back terrified, and in order to exculpate himself joined in the abuse of me. Did he gain the esteem of the Academicians? Not he. They had sense enough to perceive the meanness of the motive and honesty enough to do justice to me. Smirke said in company that all my faults were the result of my good qualities, whilst those of Wilkie were the consequences of his heartless ones.

Yet he must be excused. He begged me not to do what I did. He entreated I would not defend him. It might be cowardly to decline walking with me in the streets, as he did, but he ought not to be blamed for endeavouring to screen himself from the consequences of violence which he was not to blame for and foresaw.

His nature was gentle and timid—mine undaunted, fierce and impetuous, "*sempre inclinato alle cose difficile.*" Wilkie was content to do what was wanted to be done in Art—I gloried in trying to force people to what they ought.

The thing was done and there was an end. I did not anticipate the consequences, but I defied them now they were come. Wilkie was really wretched, as he was sincerely attached to me.

" I have seen your two papers in the *Examiner*," he wrote to me, " but although I have occasion to admire what you have formerly written in that paper, and am as forward as anyone to give you the highest praise (which you certainly deserve for the picture you have lately finished), I must really, as a friend, say I cannot congratulate you upon what you have offered to the public in this paper. You have laid yourself open, not merely to the charge of spleen and disappointment and to the resentment of the Academy, which you have no doubt laid your account with, but to a charge which is much worse, and which I dare say you had no notion of when you wrote the papers, that is, of railing at the Academy in order to ingratiate yourself with the Institution.

" This, your panegyric on the general conduct of the Institution, your indignation at the aspersion which was attempted to be thrown on the purchase of Mr West's picture, and your approbation of the plan of giving premiums, will all, I assure you, conspire very much to strengthen ; and although those who know you

you may be ready to acquit you of any such views, there will not be wanting many who will be glad of so convenient a handle against you.

"I do not mention this, I assure you, for the sake of finding fault, but rather to put you on your guard, for it appears to me that whoever may think proper to attack what you have written, this is what you will be most loudly called upon to answer for. In all this, however, you are yourself concerned. But I am sorry to find by the way you have mentioned my name, and the manner in which you have made me an exception to all that you complain of in the Academy, that I must also become a sharer in the recrimination you have been calling forth, and I can also see that in order to do justice to the person you have opposed me to, which you have certainly not done, it will be necessary for those who take his part to do still greater injustice to me to restore things to their proper level. I think that the consideration of his being a competitor for the same premium that you are contending for should have restrained you.

"You have certainly got plenty of work on your shoulders, and I should advise you to get out of it in the best way you can. But is this the way an artist should be engaged? Why not follow up the reputation your painting might gain you, and let that carry you through? It will lessen the respect people would have for your talents as a painter, when they find them employed disputing in a newspaper.

"I shall be miserable till I hear you are going on with your picture—I shall then be assured that you have regained your peace of mind."

This was a calm and affectionate counsel and shows the real man—mild—temperate—tender—and cautious. Of course, for my own happiness, it would have been better to have gone on in my art, painting and peaceable, but then I saw the country wanted knowledge of the state of things. I thought that concise and powerful papers by an artist would enlighten them. I saw the artists were the victims of a system which must be shaken to be reformed, and though I brought misery on myself, no man can deny I gave a shock and excited an interest in the country which has never died, and which not one of my predecessors ever did or ever had courage to do to the same degree.

Wilkie and I were different beings, yet sincerely attached to each other in proportion to the opposition of our natures, though neither approved the excesses in the character of each.

In moments of depression I often wished I had followed Wilkie's advice, but then I should never have acquired that grand and isolated reputation, solitary and unsupported, which, while it encumbers the individual with a heavy burthen, inspires him with vigour proportioned to the load.

I gloried

I gloried in proportion as the world left me—Wilkie only flourished as society nourished him; I defied the present time for the sake of the future—Wilkie looked to the future through the affections of the time being.

But the treachery is yet to be told. Soane the moment my attack appeared lost courage, shrank back, suppressed his pamphlet and left me, young and unsupported, to bear the brunt of the battle.

Thus then for the rest of my anxious life my destiny was altered. I had brought forty men and all their high connections on my back at twenty-six years old, and there was nothing left but "Victory or Westminster Abbey." I made up my mind for the conflict and ordered at once a larger canvas for another work.

CHAPTER X

As I was one day walking down the Haymarket in the greatest anxiety about a debt I could not pay, I met my early and dear friend Prince Hoare; he admitted the truth of all I had written, but said: "They will deny your talents and deprive you of employment." "But," said I, "if I produce a work of such merit as cannot be denied, the public will carry me through." "They know nothing of Art," said he. "That I deny," said I; "the merest shoeblack will understand Ananias." He shook his head. "What are you going to paint?" "Solomon's judgment." "Rubens and Raffaele have both tried it." "So much the better," I said; "I'll tell the story better." He smiled, and putting his hand on my shoulder this kind friend said: "How are you to live?" "Leave that to me." "Who is to pay your rent?" "Leave that to me," I said again. "Well," said Mr Hoare, "I see you are ready with a reply. You will never sell it." "I trust in God," said I. He shook hands as if I was *tête montée*, and saying, "If you are arrested send for me," walked away.

In a short time I began to turn again to my glorious art; but the thoughts of my position often distracted me and rendered me incapable of painting. Often during this insanity, when I have sat still and have not spoken for hours, artists have said: "Look at him, poor fellow, he is thinking of the Academy." These abstractions grew less and less; in a few weeks I began my work and soon was lost to all remembrances that had no connection with my pursuit.

My Journal thus records my progress:

April 3rd.—My canvas came home for Solomon, 12 feet 10 inches, by 10 feet 10 inches—a grand size. God in heaven grant me strength of body and vigour of mind to cover it with excellence. Amen—on my knees.

4th.—Began my picture—perspectived the greater part of the day—felt a sort of check in imagination at the difficulties I saw coming, but, thank God! instantly a blaze of enthusiastic perseverance burst into my brain, gave me a thorough contempt for my timidity and set me at rest.

6th.—Drew in my figures. Ascertained the perspective proportions of all the heads; squared in my pavement; oiled in my ground. Thus I have advanced my picture, by God's

blessing

blessing, more methodically than any I have yet done. Searched in the evening Kings ii. for hints for architecture. My hand is more certain than it was from the schooling it has had in wading through the drudgery of Macbeth and Dentatus.

Let this not diminish but increase my exertions. Let them, O God! end only with my existence.

I must endeavour to distinguish the effect of Solomon's order on different temperaments, some doubting if it be in earnest, others really alarmed and wondering.

7*th*.—Advanced my picture.

8*th*.—Went to the London Institution to search for manners of Israelites.

I wish to express in Solomon a fine youthful king of Israel, with delicate hands, clothed in gold, with a sceptre and a crimson robe, his face youthful—dignity commingled with wisdom.

The mother should be as if she had burst out of her usual modesty; the moment she recollected herself she would blush.

9*th*.—Breakfasted with Wilkie. Walked about the Regent's Park. Dined with Soane. So has passed the present day, without profit, and with bitter remorse of conscience.

10*th*.—Worked hard, advanced my picture, got in the architecture and part of the background, as well as Solomon. I paint with more certainty than I did. Got all in light and thin.

11*th*.—Worked vigorously; advanced my picture. Got in the two mothers. At the Opera in the evening. The most delightful ballet I ever saw.

12*th*.—At church; an idle day.

13*th*.—Idle.

14*th*.—Got in some heads; advanced my picture.

15*th*.—Idle. Went to the Institution; looked at West's picture, Christ blessing the Sick. Hard, red, mean, well-composed: nothing can be more despicable than the forms. How the people have been duped! Yet, on the whole, it is one of his best pictures. Looked at Macbeth afterwards. I must say there is an elevation I don't find in his, though there is a strawy crispness of manner which is not the right thing. The light spotty, the forms hard, the colouring fleshy, but too light; she is too near and not big enough; he too big. The mind cannot make allowance for the difference of size at once and without effort. The attitude certainly right, but the struggle to keep himself on his bent knee excites a painful feeling. Still, in spite of its numerous errors (which God in heaven grant the artist power and sense to avoid in the next), it is a grand picture. It excites awful feelings. There is an elevation of soul which makes one's breast expand,

17*th*.

17*th*.—Advanced my picture.

18*th*.—At Wilkie's private exhibition.

19*th*.—Neglected my church.

20*th*.—At Wilkie's private exhibition.

21*st*.—Industrious; got in the head of my landlord's child.

22*nd*.—Made an accurate drawing for Solomon, from Sammons (Corporal, 2nd Regiment Life Guards, afterwards my servant).

23*rd*.—Breakfasted with Wilkie, who is in great glee, of course, about his exhibition. He heartily deserves all his success.

24*th*.—Two hours' drawing from Sammons. Wilkie called and we had a grand consultation about the composition of my picture.

25*th*.—Five hours' drawing from Sammons. Finished my study for Solomon.

26*th*.—Sunday: idle.

27*th*.—Rode to Hampton Court on Wilkie's horse. Spent a delicious four hours with the Cartoons. What an exquisite heavenly mind Raffaele had. Nothing can exceed the beaming warmth, the eager look of pure devotion in St John's head in Christ giving the Keys. His delightful face seems to start forward from his hair with gratitude and rapture. His full mouth unable to utter from that sort of choking one feels when the heart is full, his bare, youthful cheek, his long hair, his closed hands, bespeak the ecstatic sensations of rapturous piety, overflowing with gratitude and delight. Again, in the cartoon of Peter healing the lame Man; while the poor beggar is agitated with hope and attempting to make an effort to rise, while St Peter, with uplifted hand, is telling him in the name of Jesus Christ to rise, St John looks down on him with an air of blushing, compassionate devotion, as if his heart glowed with feeling.

St John seems to have been a character Raffaele delighted in. It was in fact his own. Whenever he appears he has the same look of purity, benevolence, meekness and voluptuous rapture, with a glowing cheek enveloped in long heavenly hair.

What a beautiful creature is that too in the corner, who, with a fairy's lightness, is gracefully supporting an elegant wicker basket of fruit and flowers and doves and holding a beautiful boy, who carries doves also which are undulating their little innocent heads to suit his motion. She, as she glides on, turns her exquisite features, her large blue eyes, beautiful full nose and little delicate breathing mouth, whose upper lip seems to tremble with feeling, and to conceal, for a moment, a little of the nostril.

Never was there a more exquisite creature painted. It is impossible to look at her without being in love with her. Raffaele's flame was so steady and pure.

Several bystanders seem to regard the beggar as if with an ejaculation

ejaculation of "Poor man!" One appears lost in abstraction as if reflecting on his helpless situation.

The whole cartoon excites the tenderest sensations, and the most delightful.

Think of Fuseli's savage ferocity and abandoned women—the daughters of the bawds of hell, engendered by demons—and then bring to your fancy this exquisite, graceful, innocent creature dropped from heaven on a May morning! Think of Fuseli's men—the sons of banditti—and contrast them with the rapturous innocence of St John!

It can't be borne. The more I see of nature, the more I see of Raffaele, the more I abhor Fuseli's mind, his subjects and his manner; let me root his pictures from my fancy for ever. (Eleven at night.)

Thank God, I am capable of enjoying the sensations Raffaele intended to excite. May they every hour interweave themselves with my being, and by mixing with the essence of the Elgin Marbles produce such Art as the world has not yet seen. Grant this, O Thou Great Being, and grant that I may realise this conception before I die. Amen with all my soul.

Raffaele's faces are full of the light within, and truly it is a divine light; his eyes glisten, his cheeks glow, his mouths quiver; the soul seems bursting for utterance. The heads of every other painter are without this quality of Raffaele's. His children are the germs of his men and women.

In comparing his peculiar beauties with the beauties of the Elgin Marbles, the way I would distinguish them would be this: the beauties of the Elgin Marbles are those of form; the beauties of Raffaele are those of form too, but of form as the external agent of the soul.

A body can only express action or repose. It can entreat or it can refuse; but when it must show the refinement of passion how little can it do without the features; while a look can terrify, can delight, can oppress you with awe, or melt you with love, without a single corresponding or assenting motion of the body.

As the end of painting is to express the feelings of men, and as the features alone can express more than the body alone, and as the body is subservient to the intentions of the soul and the features to the expression of them, and as the office of the body is more material and that of the features more spiritual, he that excites emotion by the expression of the features is greater than he who can only express the intentions of the soul or spirit by the form.

April is ended; irregularly passed. The last week made drawings of heads.

May 12th.—I cannot tell how I have passed it. At the Exhibition;

hibition; some good portraits; wretchedly off in the higher walks; every year it will become worse and worse; more like a shop to get business.

Looked over a vast quantity of Stothard's designs.

27th.—Nothing but horror and idleness to reflect on for the last three weeks.

June 1st.—I began, as last summer, to sleep at Wilkie's and walk in the morning. It did me great good.

We talked of the Cartoons last night, which I had been to see again on Saturday. He said Raffaele's great object was mind only, therefore he never showed any parts but heads and hands, because the face is never so much attended to when the figure is visible. But I said, as the great organs of intellectual expression are the features, they will always keep their predominance, and as the body expresses the intention of the mind, though in an inferior degree to the features, yet when they are both united the expression of mind will be more perfect.

In the wicked mother I will have a grand, tremendous creature, regarding the young one with a flushed sneer of malignant fury.

The highest style is essence only. If you know not what is accident and what is essence, how can you distinguish accident from essence? How can you depend on your judgment for clearing accident from essence in external appearances covered with skin which vary in every individual? Whereas, if you know exactly what is underneath you perceive the essential.

The time was now fast drawing near when the premiums at the Gallery would be awarded. Various were the rumours afloat. The Academicians at every dinner-party denounced my conduct and my picture with such violence that the directors were actually afraid to do their duty. Just at this moment a large, feebly painted picture of Christ healing the Blind made its appearance at a private exhibition, and Sir George Beaumont (wishing to cry up some novelty now Wilkie and I were old affairs) rushed at it with an appetite whetted by the disdain with which I had treated his offer of £100, and in a week Richter's work was hailed as equal to the Cartoons and declared in every coterie for the remainder of the season the only historical picture ever painted in England.

To buy it at once was more than the directors' funds could afford. After many consultations they resolved to make up the price, five hundred guineas, by taking away the three hundred guineas premium and the two hundred guineas prize from the exhibitors at the Gallery, who, relying on their honour as noblemen, had sent works to contend for the reward they had themselves offered. They did so, and bought this new miserably painted picture with the money thus literally stolen from us, voting the one

one hundred guineas left to a bad picture of a poor painter and offering me thirty guineas!—that I might not be out of pocket for my frame which cost me sixty.

Thus concluded the history of Macbeth for the season of 1812. I tore up their note in disgust. I really was for a few minutes staggered, but soon recovered my wonted spirit.

Though the Academicians detested me, yet this opportunity of giving a blow to the Gallery which they hated more was too good to let pass. They turned right round, abused the directors, and took me under their patronage with a heartiness perfectly laughable.

Lawrence really was furious. He said he never in his life heard or read of such abominable conduct in a body. Here were men of high station who had pledged their honour to give in 1812 three hundred guineas, two hundred guineas and one hundred guineas to the first, second and third in merit of the historical pictures sent that year, and who gave five hundred guineas of the money to a picture that was never sent at all.

Charles Bell, who was very sincerely attached to me, was very unhappy indeed. He knew my distresses: he had before this paid me five guineas for a sketch to help me, and wrote me next day this letter:

"Dear Haydon,—I fear you will take this disappointment too deeply. I assure you my disappointment is next to your own. Whether Macbeth be a good or agreeable picture may admit of a doubt, but in that picture there is proof of long study, of capability of drawing superior to any painter of the day.

"For the pith and energy of that figure, you ought to have had marked encouragement.

"But do not entertain ill thoughts of your judges, nor yet despise their judgments, but rather study to obtain all men's judgment, and then only are you entitled to assert your own.

"I do not know who your judges have been, but I am not sure that I would very strongly have opposed them. For see how the case stands. You have so placed yourself, that they could not compliment you without giving undue strength to all you have said against other painters, without becoming parties to the angry sentiments you have expressed: therefore in giving no reward but for inferior pictures, they have in fact given an honorary one to you.

"You have already shown a worthy perseverance; you have fulfilled a duty too in presenting a laboured picture after gaining a high premium. Now show that your perseverance and love of Art have a higher object than any reward any society can hold out to you.

"I entreat you not to be cast down, but to persevere. There is a duty in this which will carry its own reward with it. Send me one of your sketches for the money you owe, and then you know we shall be free for something more; or finish the sketch I send you with this, and I shall be amply repaid.

"I am, ever most sincerely, dear Haydon, CHARLES BELL."

CHAPTER XI

CAST down! It must have been something more than this to cast me down, though the reader will see in a page or two I had quite enough.

This decision did me good. It was so glaringly unjust that it turned the scale in my favour. Leigh Hunt behaved nobly. He offered me always a plate at his table till Solomon was done. John Hunt assured me that as far as his means went I might be easy.

Having lost 500 guineas, my price for Macbeth, and now the prize of 300 guineas for which I might fairly have hoped, and being already at the completion of Macbeth £600 in debt, this additional calamity did not improve my prospect of clearing myself. Besides I was going on with another work, and I had not had a shilling for weeks but what I had borrowed or got from selling book after book, my clothes, everything. I deliberated —not that I ever hesitated, but because I was determined to take a clear view of my position. Naturally, my heart and mind turned to Wilkie, and I thought it strange that I had never heard a word or received a call from him, nor in fact heard from any friend his feelings on the subject of my position.

Perhaps, I thought, he is too much agitated and too pained to call. I had attacked the Academy principally from my deep affection for him—against his advice, it is true; but still some sympathy for the feeling which prompted the attack (admitting the act to be rash) was due to so old and devoted a friend as I was. I resolved, therefore, to call on him and hear what he would say; for as his advice was always cautious, I imagined it was the best thing I could do.

First, however, I went to a friend, and said: "What is to be done?" "That I can't tell you," said he, with a cold, withdrawing air. I left him in pain and walked quietly to Wilkie. I told him I wanted the common necessaries of life. He looked at me with horror. I said: "Will you advance me £10 in addition to the £24 I owe you?" He shook, got nervous, was oppressed by my presence, looked cold, heartless, distant and fearful I would stay long. He stammered out he could not spare more. I urged on him that he risked all by not helping me now.

He

He persisted he could not. He kept saying: "I told you so, I told you so." He was frightened out of his life. This was such a palpable blow at me as a mark of disapprobation for my daring to attack the Academy and refute Payne Knight, that he feared almost to acknowledge he had ever known me at all.

I walked out without saying a word. Wilkie seemed delighted at being relieved of my presence. He considered me a ruined man and thought the sooner he disengaged himself the better.

Ah, Wilkie, the pang I suffered at that moment was more on your account than on my own!

Never shall I forget my melancholy walk through Kensington Gardens back to London.

What should I do? I owed my landlord £200. How was I to go on? Would he allow it? How was I to dine—to live, in fact? A large picture just rubbed in—in want that day of a dinner. Shall I give up my Solomon, relinquish my schemes, sell all, retire to obscure lodgings, and do anything for a living? It would be praiseworthy—it would be more. But if I did, I never could realise enough to pay my debts. Surely it would be wiser to make another cast—to dismiss despair. I was in health; I had no family. I knew myself capable of submitting to anything, but when once a situation is relinquished it is not possible to regain it. Besides, the apparent cowardice, after preaching such heroic doctrines to the students. The apparent cowardice was nothing if I could approach nearer my grand object by it, but I thought I could not by submission do so—and then the meanness! How could I submit who had told the students that failure should stimulate and not depress? Contemptible! How bear my own reflections—how the reflections of others, knowing I deserved them? Something instantly circulated through me like an essence of fire, and striding with wider steps I determined to bear all—not to yield one particle of my designs—to go at once for my model—to begin to-morrow and to make the most of my actual situation. "Well done," said the god within, and instantly I was invincible. I went to the house where I had always dined, intending to dine without paying for that day. I thought the servants did not offer me the same attention. I thought I perceived the company examine me—I thought the meat was worse. My heart sank as I said falteringly: "I will pay you to-morrow." The girl smiled and seemed interested. As I was escaping with a sort of lurking horror, she said: "Mr Haydon, Mr Haydon, my master wishes to see you." "My God," thought I, "it is to tell me he can't trust." In I walked like a culprit. "Sir, I beg your pardon, but I see by the papers you have been ill-used; I hope you won't be angry—I mean no offence; but—you won't be

be offended—I just wish to say, as you have dined here many years and always paid, if it would be a convenience during your present work, to dine here till it is done—you know—so that you may not be obliged to spend your money here, when you may want it,—I was going to say you need be under no apprehension —hem! for a dinner."

My heart really filled. I told him I would take his offer. The good man's forehead was perspiring, and he seemed quite relieved. From that hour the servants (who were pretty girls) eyed me with a lustrous regret and redoubled their attentions. The honest wife said if I was ever ill she would send me broth or any such little luxury, and the children used to cling round my knees and ask me to draw a face. "Now," said I, as I walked home, with an elastic step, "now for my landlord." I called up Perkins and laid my desperate case before him. He was quite affected. I said: "Perkins, I'll leave you if you wish it, but it will be a pity, will it not, not to finish such a beginning?" Perkins looked at the rubbing in and muttered: "It's a grand thing; how long will it be before it is done, sir?" "Two years." "What, two years more, and no rent?" "Not a shilling." He rubbed his chin and muttered: "I should not like ye to go —it's hard for both of us; but what I say is this, you always paid me when you could, and why should you not again when you are able?" "That's what I say." "Well, sir, here is my hand" (and a great fat one it was), "I'll give you two years more, and if this does not sell" (affecting to look very severe), "why then, sir, we'll consider what is to be done; so don't fret, but work."

Having thus relieved my mind of its two heavy loads, I knelt down and prayed with all my soul, and rose up refreshed and buoyant.

These are the men that honour human nature and these form the bulk of the middle classes. Glorious Old England! While such hearts exist never shall foreign hoof trample down the flowers of our native land!

I wept to myself when I thought of the treatment of him who had been embosomed in my family, who had shared my heart with a love which had grown with my youth—the friend, the companion of my studies, for whose reputation I had sacrificed everything. I pitied his ignorance of my character. I mused all the evening on life, and its unaccountable varieties, on death and its endless prospects. I thought of my dearest mother and started as if I felt her influence in my room.

I passed the night in solitary gratitude, and rising with the sun, relieved and happy, before setting my palette prayed to the Great God who deserts not the oppressed, saying:

"O God

" O God Almighty, who so mercifully assisted me during my last picture; who enabled me to combat and conquer so many difficulties and gave me strength of mind superior to all, desert me not now, O Lord, desert me not now.

" O Lord, Thy mercy is infinite; to Thee will I again cry.

" Assist me, O God! My difficulties are again accumulating and will yet accumulate; grant me strength of mind and body again to meet, again to conquer them. Soften the hearts of those at whose mercy I am; let them not harass me, let them not interrupt me. Grant that I may be able to proceed unchecked by sickness with my present great picture, and conclude it as it ought to be concluded. Let not the progress of this picture be disgraced by the vice which disgraced the last. Let me be pure, holy and virtuous—industrious, indefatigable and firm.

" Enable me to conceive all the characters with the utmost possible acuteness and dignity, and execute them with the utmost possible greatness and power.

" O God, in every point, let my intellectual power rise to the degree wanted for excellence and my vigour of body be proportioned to the fatigue.

" O God, in pecuniary emergencies Thou has never deserted me; still in such moments stretch forth Thy protecting hand. Amen. Amen.

" O God, spare the life of my dear father, till I am independent and able to take my sister, and much longer if Thou pleasest to delight me, but till then, I entreat Thee, till then, Thou Great Being and merciful God.

" O God, let me not die in debt. Grant I may have the power to pay all with honour before Thou callest me hence. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Artists, who take up the art as an amusement or a trade, will laugh heartily at this effusion of trust in God and this fear of being unworthy, but I took up the art by His inspiration. My object has ever been to refine the taste, to enlighten the understanding of the English people and make Art in its higher range a delightful mode of moral elevation. I have ever held converse with my Creator. When sinking, He has cheered me; when insolent, He has corrected me; when afflicted, He has elevated me with triumph. He has always whispered to me that I shall carry the great point, to carry which He caused me to leave my home and my family. Am I to be judged by the selfish, the money-getting, the envious and the malignant? If I had written what they understand I must, as Johnson says, " beg pardon of the rest of my readers."

I write this Life for the student. I wish to show him how to bear

bear affliction and disappointment by exhibiting the fatal consequences in myself who did not bear them. I wish to give him spirits by showing how rashness is to be remedied, vice resisted and a great wish persevered in, when the last resource is a prayer to the Almighty. Is there a reader, in or out of the art, who will presume to ridicule such a resource—the resource since the world began of all the greatest minds in their greatest sorrows?

I passed the night after this with more calmness, and rising early went to work. My female model came as I intended and ordered, and though heated in my feelings and agitated in my intellect I began the fiend of a mother, and getting as usual perfectly abstracted and seeing her expression glittering to my imagination, on leaving off at four I felt and saw that the head was a terrific hit. Green, the splendid model, looked at it with terror: "Surely, sir, I never looked so dreadfully?" "No, your head and form have only been the objects to paint from and put the expression in. God forbid that under any circumstances you should look or feel like that."

Having thus brought my mind to act, I went on day after day, and made my correct drawings as usual till the beginning of August, when my health began to be shaken by the variety of my anxieties. So by the assistance of my kind friend, John Hunt, I raised money sufficient for a change of air. I went into Somersetshire—to Cheddar—where my uncle, a prebend of Wells, had a living.

While at Bristol (August 16th) the mail arrived dressed with laurels, bringing intelligence that Lord Clinton had passed through Bath last night at ten o'clock with dispatches from Lord Wellington announcing a victory. Two eagles and flags were hanging out of the carriage window.

The people were all rejoicing—all in a bustle—longing for the *Gazette*—cursing the French—praising Wellington. On the road the coachman pointed out General Whitelocke, who lived near. I as well as all the passengers looked through him as he passed. He evidently expected insult.[1]

My sister had arrived at Cheddar before me.

How I gloried in the ocean beating on a wild shore with angry surf. There is nothing like it. There is no expansion of feeling equal to that produced by a sudden opening on the sea after being for months shut up in a street in London.

My health soon recovered by riding and idling, though I studied Italian hard.

My sister had come up to meet me and our parting was painful. My prospects were gloomy: hers at home unhappy. Yet I, at present,

[1] He had commanded the disastrous expedition to Buenos Ayres in 1807, and was cashiered on his return the following year.

present, could offer her no asylum, and we bade each other farewell with suppressed feelings, affectionate and melancholy. On turning to look if she was gone, I saw her standing on the hedge bank, watching my progress, till a turn of the road hid us from each other. I entered the inn for the night and ordering a bed soon retired. The house was low and mean. I dozed away in a complication of feelings unutterable and bitter. I awoke, and getting up through the blowing wind and dashing rain took my place in the coach in a sulky chilliness.

What a prospect was mine! I was leaving the healthy cheerfulness of the country, for smoky, painful, struggling London—to proceed with a great work without a shilling, amidst the sneers and sarcasms of malignity and ignorance. The weather operated to increase my depression; but as I approached London, with its energy, its activity, its ambition, my heart breathed in expanding vigour, and my tenderest affections and bitterest sorrows were suppressed in the swelling of anticipated fame.

Oh the glories of a great scheme! What are all the troubles, the pangs, the broken affections, the oppressions, the wants, the diseases of life, when set against the endless rapture of perpetual effort to realise a grand conception?

I sprang like a giant refreshed to my canvas the next day, mounted a chair on an old table, singing as independently as a lark, and was soon lost in all the elevated sensations of an ambitious and glorious soul.

The Hunts, always generous, helped me as far as they could. Leigh, poor fellow, could not spare his money long enough to be of service, but he did his best. What did Lord Mulgrave? Nothing. What Thomas Hope? Nothing. The whole of 1812 I never saw one single person of fashion. I was as forgotten as if I had never been. But I had a light within, which "made the path before me ever bright." Lord Mulgrave was in such a passion with Dentatus, first for not answering his expectations, and then for exceeding them, that he nailed it up and left it in a stable for two years, and when I wanted to see the effect of time on the colours, I found the picture so covered with dust I could not see a face.

About this time I was seized with a fury for Italian: I rapidly broke down the difficulties. I soon found out the sense, and beginning on the sonnets of Petrarch I went to work, as I did in Art, by dissection.

My Journal records the progress of my picture.

October 2nd.—All painters have, I think, erred in giving too much an appearance of earnest to Solomon's judgment. The child is dashed up; the executioner is ranting as if he were going to fell an ox. The

The delicacy, I think, is to give the incident the air of a truth, without making it laughable; so that the spectator may see the execution was not meant, and yet feel interested for the lovely mother who thought it was.

3rd.—Made an accurate drawing for the executioner from my old and faithful model, Sammons (who goes on Wednesday to Spain). I gave him, and two more who had been my models (one of them Shaw the pugilist), a bottle of wine to drink my health and their own success.

They are all attached to my service and are fine fellows. I had Sammons' wrists cast. He sat for Macbeth and Dentatus, and has the cleanest wrists I ever saw.

Humble as these men are I feel attached to them.

In the midst of study I heard from Wilkie to let me know he was at Mulgrave, where he had become, of all things in the world, a sportsman! "I have had a notion," he wrote me, "for the first time I ever thought of such a thing, of trying my hand at partridge shooting, and have been already two days out with the gamekeeper. The game is but scarce, and the first day I had to content myself with but shooting a crow that was flying over our heads. The second day, however, the gamekeeper and I brought in three brace, one of the partridges comprising which was of my shooting. This is considered by our sportsmen here as great success for a beginning, and has given me a great relish for the amusement. The fatigue attending it prevents me going out more than twice a week, but we have contrived to lessen that by riding on ponies to the ground where the game is lodged. I have been trying to learn chess, and also intend to have a touch at billiards. By the time I get back to town, I shall be quite an accomplished gentleman."

But he really did kill partridges at last, incredible as it may appear, and asked me with some complacency to eat game of his killing on his return to town, in October. "I shall be glad," he writes, "if you can get out here on Tuesday at 3 o'clock, and if you are disposed to laugh at my not being able to kill anything better than a crow at my first shot, you will have reason to envy me the success that so trifling an exploit has led to, when you see and taste what I have to give you for dinner of my own shooting. I shall be very much disappointed if you don't come."

Journal

It may be laid down as an axiom, that if wrists are clear so are ankles, if elbows so are knees. Thus, if the tendons that go from the radius and ulna to the hand are distinct and intelligible, that is,

is, clean without being skinny, and full and fleshy without being fat (for this is the great characteristic of healthy activity and the Elgin Marbles), the tendons which go from the tibia and fibula to the foot are clean also.

Perhaps the secret of character in form—in contour—is repetition of curve as of colour. Thus begin by deltoid, and repeat the form it makes without violating truth. Thus you may repeat everything, till you have put your figure together like a map.

Sammons, my model, has that extraordinary character perceived in the reclining figure (the Theseus) of the Elgin Marbles —the same exact mixture of bone, tendon and muscle which conveys a look of nature without poverty and elevation without manner—the same exact composition of round, straight and elliptic lines—joints tendonous, limbs fleshy, bones angular. This is the beauty of form; this is the just blending of truth and refinement that you look for in vain in the hard, marbly, puffed figure of the Apollo, the muzzy Antinous, or the myriad fragments of the antique which have inundated Europe for the last three hundred years. For this we are indebted (as the world will one day see) to the inspired Elgin Marbles.

October 5th.—Kept down the principal figure: advanced my picture. Hard work for the higher Art in this country, when painters, patrons and people set their faces against great productions.

7th.—"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule, but the slothful shall be under tribute."

The idleness, the wasteful idleness, of this last year I shall repent to the day of my death. I have gained experience, but at a dear rate. Had I exerted myself as I ought my picture would have been well advanced. After attacking the Academy I should instantly have applied myself, but I loitered, got entangled with an infernal woman, which shattered my peace of mind before I could extricate myself, and though I came off, thank God! without actual falling, yet it was with my habits so broken and my mind so agitated that till now I have not had command of myself as usual. What a warning have I had! How has my presumptuous security been lowered! When I think of what a hell I have escaped my head whirls.

With the exception of my attacking the Academy, which I shall glory in to my last gasp, my conduct has been abandoned, negligent, irresolute, contemptible! I nauseate myself. I have never had such a contempt for any human being.

After the delights of keen, eager, active employment, none can know what are the horrors of ennui but those who have felt both;

PLATE III

(*a*) Study for the Head of a Youth, for "The Judgment of Solomon."

(*b*) Pen-and-Ink Sketches of Sir George Beaumont's Head.

Inscr.: "*Sir G. B. expression, first time looking at Solomon when put up in his gallery; this said more than all praise.*"

From the originals in the National Gallery, Millbank.

a

b

PLATE III.

[*From the originals in the National Gallery, Millbank.*]

both; and ennui is to none so horrible as to those who have been previously always on the stretch.

Whoever you are who read this when I am dead, beware of beginnings. Fly from vice. Think not it can be argued against in the presence of the exciting cause. Nothing but actual flight. Beware of idleness, which leaves you at the mercy of appetite. Employment, employment, and you must be safe.

I can never now look at the bust of Michel Angelo without a detestation of myself. Such was not my feeling two years ago.

8th, 9th, and 10th.—Vigorously at work. Painted the head of Solomon. I doubt whether I should express any more in him than a general air of royalty, as though absorbed in his greatness.

A man who has a fixed purpose to which he devotes his powers is invulnerable. Like the rock in the sea it splits the troubles of life and they eddy around him in idle foam.

Young beginners are apt to intrude all they know, not considering that the first requisite is to please the mind through the eye; a multiplicity of parts distracts, disgusts, wearies: hence the necessity of one thing being kept subordinate to another, so that the mind may dwell on as much at a time as it can at once comprehend.

I can to this day recollect a poor creature who saw her son dashed to pieces by a horse, near Temple Bar. Nothing could exceed her dreadful suffering. Her nose and cheeks became a settled purple, a burning tear hung fixed, without dropping, in her eyelid, her livid lips shook with agony, while she screamed and groaned with agitated hoarseness on her dear boy. I was passing an hour afterwards: I heard her dreadful screams, which had now become incessant, till they died away from exhaustion into convulsive sighs. My heart beats at the recollection. I put her expression into the mother in Solomon.

November 18th.—My colours in a delightful state. Everything floated on so exquisitely, I would not have exchanged my situation for Buonaparte's at Moscow without a handsome remuneration, nor yet then.

As I was sitting quietly by myself last night near a silent and simmering fire, my picture on one side of me infinitely improved by my day's application, books, colours and casts on the other, I began to feel a sort of congratulation and self-complacency I had not felt for long, when suddenly the thought of death darted into my head, and I shuddered at the fancy of appearing instantly before my Creator. I never before reflected so strongly on death, or perceived its inexorable approach with such perspicuity. I saw in my mind's eye that die I must. I asked myself if I were called hence what did I leave behind me to keep me an hour from oblivion?

oblivion? All my vices and follies rushed into my brain. What had I done to merit approbation hereafter? Alas! I sunk away into a melancholy dreary feeling and sat for an hour as if I had heard the hollow roar of the last trump, as if I saw millions start from their graves and stare with wild vacancy as they uncovered their pale faces.

25*th*.—Three years ago, studying the form of Dentatus I found the calf of the Gladiator less than that of the Hercules and other high characters, while the solæus showed all the way from its origin, which gives a mean look.

Ignorant of the reason I avoided this, but I had not mastered the principle of form enough to select what was requisite for the great actions. Now I have established the great principle of Greek form, first to select what is peculiarly human. The gastrocnemius (calf muscle) is peculiarly human, and contributes to the great human distinction of standing upright on the feet; the more powerful it is, the more powerfully does it perform its functions, and when powerful it swells over the solæus; diminish it, the solæus bursts out and gives a weak animal look, because the calf is lessened as in animals, and the calf being lessened, a muscle peculiarly human is lessened, and a limb which has a muscle peculiarly human lessened approaches the limb of an animal which has scarcely any such muscle at all.

27*th*.—There are certainly great traces in Homer of the simplicity and beauty of the Scriptures.

In the Bible, whenever a king or any man orders a servant to carry a message the servant delivers it in the very words in which it was delivered to him: it is always so in Homer, and, of course, in Virgil and other imitators.

30*th*.—Lord Mulgrave feeling in some degree for my long absence and bad treatment, sent me a ticket to go to see the Prince open Parliament as Regent for the first time.

Went to the House of Lords. It was a very grand affair; the beautiful women—educated, refined and graceful, with their bending plumes and sparkling eyes; the Chancellor—

> "The sceptre and the ball,
> The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
> The tissued robe of gold and pearl,"

gave a grand sensation, and I could not help reflecting how long it was before society had arrived at that state of peace and quietness, that order and regulation, I witnessed; what tumult, what blood, what contention, what suffering, what error, before experience had ascertained what was to be selected, and what rejected.

The

The Prince read admirably, with the greatest perspicuity, and without the slightest provincialism—pure English. He appeared affected at the conclusion. I went down in the evening again to hear the debates. Lord Wellesley made a fine energetic speech, enough to create a soul under the ribs of death. It showed him to be a man of grand and comprehensive intellect. He affirmed, in a strain of energy almost amounting to fury, that Lord Wellington's means were inadequate; that before the battle of Salamanca, so far from his retiring to draw the enemy on, he was in full retreat from the 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and part of 22nd, and that it was entirely owing to an error of Marmont that the battle was gained. "But, my Lords, is this a ground to calculate upon? My Lords, if your hopes of success are grounded on the errors of French generals, I fear they have a very shallow foundation."

He said the great general had not the means of transport for his artillery. I went away about the middle of Lord Liverpool's futile reply.

I observed Lord Wellesley in the heat of debate put himself repeatedly in the attitude of St Paul preaching at Athens, which proves the truth of Raffaele's feeling.

It was this very night, while listening to Lord Wellesley and surveying the miserable tapestry which surrounded him, I conceived a grand series of designs to adorn the ample sides of the House. I became gloriously abstracted, and settled that an illustration of the best government to regulate without cramping the energy of man would do: first to show the horrors of anarchy; then the injustice of democracy; then the cruelty of despotism; the infamies of revolution; then the beauty of justice; and to conclude with limited monarchy and its blessings.

This conception I explained to Wilkie, who was delighted, and said: "If you ever live to see that wished!" I have lived to see it wished and hoped for and proposed. I have lived to lay my plan successively before every minister down to Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel, secretly to influence the government and publicly the people, and I shall yet live to witness its execution under the blessing of that God who has blessed me so often and through so many calamities.

This conception matured daily in my mind. I made many sketches; asked the advice of many eminent friends, especially William Hamilton, then of the Foreign Office, who suggested the subject of Nero's burning Rome to illustrate despotism, till at last I brought them to maturity, subject, of course, to extension, and proposed them, as I have said, to each successive minister.

On public encouragement I find the following remarks in my Journal of this month. (*December*, 1812.)

Do

Do you really expect to raise Art by encouraging pictures two feet long and three feet wide? Do you also agree with the Edinburgh reviewers that Raffaele would have deserved more praise had he painted pictures of more moderate dimensions? He has done so and what are they? Fat, oily and leaden. He has painted easel pictures of a moderate size: let us cut off his great works; how high would he rank?

But people can't afford—people have not room—I know it; we do not want private people to afford such assistance; we want and expect *you*, who are assembled as representatives of the people of England, you who are Peers of taste, we want you who stand high in station to act as becomes your station. One of your own class has asserted that a historical picture of acknowledged merit, with a price proportioned to its skill, would be the longest unsold on the walls of the British Gallery, and would not he, as one of the patrons, be to blame? Certainly. He forgets he implicates himself. If the churches are not to be open (and why St Paul's should not be open as well as St Peter's—why pictures should not be admitted as well as statues, no reason on earth can be given), let the public halls be adorned with subjects characteristic of their relations; let the artists be desired to send sketches, and let the best be chosen. At the same time, for the support and encouragement of the rising students, let premiums still be given of one hundred guineas and fifty guineas, which will enable the best to advance on sure ground. Open a prospect to students in the first instance, and enable them, after being thus lifted, to look forward to steady assistance if they display equal improvement and equal industry in the second stage. Without such regular and systematic encouragement, nothing will—nothing can—be done in England. Men of ardour and enthusiasm may risk their lives and ruin their health by privations and may produce excellence, but if they are suffered to pass unheeded and neglected what must be the end?

Individual effort, without support, can go to a certain extent, and its efforts may be great when enmity and prejudice have ceased. But the artist must be sacrificed before the effect can be produced. No man of genius would refuse such a fate if necessary. He has not the proper fire if he shrinks from becoming the Decius of art; but surely he would prefer succeeding whilst alive, and confirming his early successes by subsequent exertions.

You lavish thousands upon thousands on sculpture without effect. You refuse all assistance, all public support, all public opportunities to painting. You load your churches, your halls, and your public buildings with masses of unwieldy stone, and allow not one side or one inch of your room for pictures. Is this

this fair? is it just? is it liberal? You then complain great pictures will never do in this country, and conclude that therefore great pictures should not be painted. This really looks like infatuation.

In no country has sculpture been so favoured, fed and pampered as in this country. In no country under heaven has such patronage been met by such shameful, disgraceful indolence as in this. Masses of marble scarcely shaped into intelligibility; boots, spurs, epaulettes, sashes, hats and belts huddled on to cover ignorance and to hide defects!

Surely you are bound to divide your favours and affections. If you shower thousands on Sculpture and fatten her to idleness with one hand, scatter hundreds into the lap of Painting also with the other, that her preternatural efforts made without friends and without patronage may be fostered and saved from being wholly without effect. No; year after year, and day after day, monuments and money are voted in ceaseless round, without discrimination and without thought.

However the portrait painters may affect to say: "We may pursue history if we prefer starvation," whenever I call they always feel little and lament they are doing "such d——d things." They shrink before a student on the brink of starvation.

Turenne used to say he never spent his time in regretting any mistake he had made, but set himself instantly and vigorously to repair it.

December 14th.—Made a last application to my father for money. He frankly tells me it is impossible: that what I have had is rather beyond his means. I am in the middle of a great picture without a penny for the necessaries of life or for models. However, I never felt more enthusiasm, more vigour, more resolution. This was my situation while engaged on Macbeth. Being new, it cut me deeply but never checked or depressed me. But now, broken in to misfortune, I can look at her without shrinking, pursue my intentions without fear, disguise my state by active buoyant spirits, which I never want, and by God's help, and virtue and industry increasing, I have no doubt of subduing my picture with honour, and coming out of the battle invigorated and ready for fresh combats. In God I trust who has been always my protector and friend. Amen.

December 21st.—Always, recollect, the joints clear, bony and tendonous; the limbs full, fleshy and vigorous; the chest wide; the pelvis not narrow; the feet arched; the knees and ancles not small; the skull capacious; the face not large.

December 29th.—No man so fills without crowding, and has such breadth without emptiness, as Raffaele. The face is his great

great object; to this he sacrifices everything—drapery—hair—form—figure—nothing in fact near it is suffered to come into competition.

How strange is the blind infatuation of the country! Nobody refuses portraits of themselves or their friends on canvases 8, 10, 12 feet long, but every one shuts his door against the illustrious deeds of our own and of other countries unless on the pettiest canvases.

At the very time Sir George was harassing me about size, Owen was painting his mother the same size—a large whole length.

December 31st.—The danger of solitude is that man centres everything too much in himself. He fancies the world is watching and Heaven protecting him; that he only is employed; that he only is ambitious. When he goes into society he will find others occupied with works and efforts like his own; others who have been ambitious and are now humbled; others who have grandly failed in grandly struggling. This will subdue his own notions of his own importance and send him back to his study prepared for the misfortunes and fitted for the miseries of life which would otherwise have come unexpectedly.

The above remarks are copied from my Journal of the year. Sketches of all descriptions accompany the remarks, and they are all deductions made by my solitary fireside at midnight, or after it, when I have mused on my position, felt pain at my desertion, and often while I was in want of the commonest necessaries of study and life. But week after week the picture advanced and I ended the year in high aspirations. My landlord's kindness continued. He had received no rent for three years now. Where I dined on credit I was treated as if I was their best customer. Of people of fashion I saw not one, nor did I condescend to appeal to them for aid. They had first brought me into high life when I had done nothing to deserve the elevation, and then deserted me when I had done something to merit notice. I worked away, always happy, trusting in God, believing myself expressly inspired by Him for a great purpose which I never lost sight of. Wilkie called now and then, when he thought he might with safety, and when he believed I must have friends somehow or somewhere.

From my Journal:

Now comes the last day of 1812. Alas! instead of having worked out my schemes of improvement in morals and in mind, what have I to do at the end of every year but to recapitulate vices, repent, hope amendment, and before the new year has ushered in the spring be as contemptible as ever? I am weary.

Perfection

Perfection in virtue and resolution in temptation, I begin to suspect, are never to be attained here; I can only wonder humbly why one, like myself, with the most awful feelings of virtue, should be so silly as to fly into folly where all restraint is forgotten.

My feelings about the close of this year are dulled. Things happen but once in this world; as you enter life everything is fresh, beautiful and impressive, but each recurrence is less noticed than the preceding, and perhaps when one leaves life a change is requisite from disgust and weariness.

O God! in Thee I sincerely trust; desert me not, surrounded as I am with difficulties and dangers. Extricate me; let me not die, till I have paid all my debts with honour, till I have re-established my fame on an iron foundation, till I am worthy to be called to a purer existence. O God, listen to my prayer for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Thus then ended the year 1812—a year in which I laid the foundation of all my future trials. Yet, as David Wilkie suffered nearly as much, though guilty of no violence, of no retaliation, of no daring to expose a public body, or flying in the face of a patron in high life, it is a question if the meekest submission—if a temper like Newton's and a subserviency like Wilkie's—would have had any other result than my violence and resistance had.

What I did I did on a public principle, with a strong feeling of individual wrong; as belonging to a class—that of historical painters—who had neither the rank, the power nor the patronage of portrait painters. All which it was my belief they would have had if the Academy had not been founded, and if the portrait painters had not thus been embodied under the exclusive protection of royalty and rank.

I was but the humble channel of a feeling which is rapidly growing over Europe, and which I have no doubt whatever will become so strong that in the end these hotbeds of mediocrity will sink into the insignificance they so thoroughly deserve.

Journal

January 1st, 1813.—You say "After all beauty is the thing." No, it is not; intellect, the feelings of the heart are the chief things. The more beautiful the garb expression is dressed in the better, but you may dress expression so beautifully as to overwhelm it.

Beauty of form is but the vehicle of conveying ideas, but truth of conveyance is the chief object. If the vehicle attract on its own score, what it intends to convey is lost, and the mind will be drawn to a secondary object. So with colour, light and shadow, and all the means of the art, for beauty is but a means.

This

This is the reason that many painters great in delineation of beauty take an inferior station. Perfect beauty can only belong to beings not agitated by passion, such as angels. But while human beings can be depressed or agitated, roused by terror or melted by love, perfect or regular beauty is incompatible with the expression of such feelings, and the suffrages of mankind will always be in favour of him who conveys feelings at once to their hearts, without weakening them by the insipidity of regular beauty.

No doubt these feelings should agitate beauty, but then its calmness and regularity are destroyed. The expression may be that of a beautiful countenance, yet the expression should predominate.

People of no practice sit still and refine themselves to impossible beings. They forget we are made up of body and mind. Such is our nature. As Art professedly lays its foundation in that nature it must remind us of it or it will fail in its effect.

In the highest style the moment the artist departs from nature, either in action, expression or form, that moment does he cease to interest human beings.

All Homer's, all Shakespeare's characters have the elevations and the failings of men. Do not Homer and Shakespeare interest human beings more than any other poets?

No doubt the characters of Milton are high, but I am talking of the dramatic human variety of this world, not the epic superiority of the other.

"It is no matter to me how expression is conveyed," say some; "I care not for the vehicle." This is the other excess. They forget that the Great Creator of the Universe has clothed the profoundest system in the most delightful garb.

The grace and colour of a tiger for a moment make you forget the ferocities of his nature.

9*th*.—I began and read Nelson's Life in the intervals of painting and hard work, and never was I more delighted; I have always had in me something of Nelson, and loved my country's glory as highly as he.

"Had I attended," says Nelson, "less than I have to the service of my country, I should have made some money too. However, I trust my name will stand on record when the money-getters are forgot."

10*th*.—Drew at Lord Elgin's all day and evening till late. How delightful is the exhausted, faint feel after a hard day's labour, with an approving God within, in comparison with the listless horror of an idle day and the stings of a reproachful conscience. Well do I know them, and sincerely do I thank God I have completely recovered my tranquillity.

I have

I have finished Nelson's Life, every syllable, with interest and delight.

I had no idea of his powers of mind or of his knowledge of men and things till I saw his correspondence. He was certainly a most extraordinary man, persevering in pursuing an object, restless and miserable under a chance of missing it, prompt and clear in his conceptions, yet cool and wary; having conceived a purpose, rapid, energetic, unconquerable, keeping a steady eye, bending his whole soul, his whole body, his whole powers to carry it. With all the simplicity and enthusiasm of fiery youth, he had all the wisdom and experience of suspicious age. He had the power which all great men have of making others in his society forget their own inferiority. All who came in contact with him, midshipman, mate, lieutenant or captain, ambassador or admiral, native or foreigner, all loved him, for none in his presence lost his self-respect.

He had the keen eager feelings of genius. To make captive did not satisfy his soul. Annihilation was his object, and if there were in our being a deeper state of destruction than annihilation, annihilation would have been insipid and absurd. "We have done very well, we must be content," said Hotham. "Content!" answered Nelson, "Content and well done! If we had taken ten sail, and let the eleventh escape, I should not have been content, or have called it well done."

This is the man who will not wait for opportunity, but makes the most of what he has. This is the hero who if he commanded a cock-boat would do something the captain of a cock-boat never did before.

Nelson is an illustrious example to show what a persevering, undivided attention to one art will do; how far a restless habit of enterprise, the never resting or taking indolent enjoyment after exertion will carry a man. He began the war the unknown commander of a 60-gun ship, and concluded it the greatest naval captain of his country and famous throughout the world.

I have spoken of him before, but of such a hero much can be said, so I hope I shall be pardoned for these extracts.

He had all the right feelings of the old school, and detested the *liberté* and *égalité* set, with philosophy in their mouths and rapine, murder and ravishment in their hearts.

I love him for this, and sign my name to all he wrote and said against this detestable, damnable school—French or English. Posterity will properly estimate the pure and honourable heroism of our English admirals, in contrast with the ferocious and unprincipled French. All Nelson's observations, all his views were fresh, vigorous and original, for they issued from an innate and

and powerful faculty impregnated by experience. Conscious of something, he knew not what, he did everything with a sort of authority from his infancy, and yet, with the true feelings of a great mind, was humble and willing to learn when ignorant.

The same eagerness, the same enthusiasm, the same powers, the same restlessness, the same determination to go on while in existence, in any art, will carry a man the same length, because such conduct begets confidence in others as well as in a man's self; opportunities are then given, for dependence can be placed by those who have the power to bestow opportunities.

Nelson's life was a continued scene of glory and vigour. He is an example to all. May those who have similar views pursue them by similar methods! Amen with all my soul. Amen.

(At midnight *9th January*, 1813.)

He died at the very moment he ought, for if sympathy can be added to admiration what stronger hold can you have on human nature?

When his voice was almost inarticulate, when his sight was dim, when his pain was excruciating, as life was quivering on the borders of another world, and his gallant soul was almost in the presence of the Almighty, he muttered: "I have done my duty, I thank God for it." What a glorious spirit! At such moments if human beings are melted, and forgive injuries and errors, will not a Being of perfect mercy, of perfect benevolence, and of perfect purity, receive and forgive too? It must be so.

Nelson's life was so compressed that one was continually forgetting his earlier glory in the splendour of his latest. He exerted himself in the greatest possible way in the shortest possible space.

12*th*.—Hard at work—seized in every part of my body with pain. I take it I caught cold at Lord Elgin's last night, after painting in a warm room all day. I was literally frozen when I got home. Succeeded in my back.

13*th*.—The greater and more numerous the difficulties a man is surrounded with, the more he should be determined to conquer, and exert his talents to the utmost, because, after all, if his picture be so fine that no one can contradict it, it must have its effect. No man does his utmost.

14*th*.—Very ill, and consequently very miserable—tried to work, but so weak, uneasy and uncomfortable, could not go on. How much serenity and energy of mind depend on health and vigour of body.

17*th*.—This week is ended. Three days did I apply myself most indefatigably, night and day—two days indifferently—and one day, being ill, weakly and listlessly.

This perhaps is an epitome of life. How miserable that a darling

darling object cannot be pursued without intermission, without sleep, food or relaxation! But did we make use of the time that is left us, even with all these barriers and weights, how much more might be accomplished.

Dark day—hard at work: the light could hardly make its way through the blanket of a sky.

About this time Wilkie, who was always pursuing some ignis fatuus, began to get into his head that he painted too slowly, and that the old masters never used models. This is actually a fact, and he came to me to preach this absurd doctrine when he was painting Blind Man's Buff. I wrote him, in admonition, a letter from which this is an extract:

"You talk of being ruined if you do not paint quicker. No. You will be ruined if you do not paint well; if you neglect nature, and paint like all mannerists from recollection; you will be ruined if you neglect to survey both nature and Art, as you used to do; and by observing what others have done, and what others have not done, be either stimulated to outdo or equal their efforts for excellence. Could it be you who unwillingly refused to look at Ostade? Why?—because you knew it would send you to your own canvas with a stinging and a bitter conscience. Was it you who uttered the sentiment that *feeling* looked unlike *composition*? What specious, what absurd, what contemptible sophistry! Do you not know the difference between simplicity and ignorance?

"Every ignorant imbecile blockhead can push in a figure without skill or method and call it simplicity; but it is only those of high capacity who can arrange their materials with the deepest art and yet conceal that art by apparent neglect. You are completely altered in your views of Art. You told me the Rent Day was painted in three months. It was; and I'll tell you why; because you had nature for everything, and painted with certainty and assurance, depending upon your conception for character and on your model for imitation. No wonder you proceeded rapidly and without restraint. Mark the difference of a different system —uncertain—muzzy—confused—mannered.

"You are either the weakest or the most simple of men to be so impressed and twisted by the opinions of every blockhead that chooses to hazard a notion. I tell you, totally alter your whole system, and again apply yourself to your art with your former eagerness and appetite. If you think your academical honours are to be pushed forward to cloak inattention and manner, you will find yourself awfully mistaken, and the opinion of the world about yourself, both in regard to your character as a man and an artist, will be entirely changed."

This was exactly Wilkie—any plausible fool could persuade him he did not paint in the right way, and I recollect I had the greatest difficulty to get him out of this temporary insanity.

Seguier

Seguier backed me, and we succeeded in inducing him to paint from models again. Stothard had been held up to him as more perfect than Teniers, and " Stothard used no models," he said.

Meanwhile my picture of Solomon advanced steadily. My Journal of the time shows I never thought more conclusively, and the daily contests with Hazlitt (whom I had met the year before at Northcote's), with Leigh Hunt and with Wilkie, tended certainly to do my mind a great deal of good, for we all thought conclusively and differently on all subjects.

Journal

January 20th.—To draw well what one sees is what every man can do who studies and has a correct eye—but it is the having a poetical conception of character in form, and being able to realise it which distinguishes the painter of genius from the common draughtsman.

21st.—For God's sake, for the sake of the art, for the sake of your character as patrons, bestow on great works that significant, that important encouragement which will give consequence to the higher walk. Render as a public body [1] that protection to history that portrait has from individuals.

Let us be great in every walk, and in every ramification of every walk. Let us go as far, or farther than nature has hitherto allowed man. Let us astonish the world and posterity with a mass of power that shall sweep off all obstructions, and leave future ages in hopeless gaze.

I do not say you throw away your time on dogs and fish. Dogs and fish well imitated are worthy encouragement; every part of this delightful art is entitled to protection: but I say, give that assistance to those who attempt to realise a poetical conception which you give to those who imitate what they see.

27th.—What a delightful habit is the habit of work. How wretched, how miserable am I to-night from having been out for hours gabbling, idling, dining, when I had feet to prepare for to-morrow! But before I sleep it shall be done.

29th.—Spent the evening with Leigh Hunt at Westend; walked out and in furiously after dinner, which did me great good. Leigh Hunt's society is always delightful: I do not know a purer, a more virtuous character, or a more witty, funny, or enlivening man.

We talked of his approaching imprisonment. He said it would be a great pleasure to him if he were certain to be sent to Newgate, because he should be in the midst of his friends. We both laughed heartily at the idea of his being in the midst of his friends at

[1] The directors of the British Institution are addressed.

Newgate,

Newgate, and his being reduced to say it would be a great pleasure to be sent there.

February 1st.—The senses have mechanical organisations, which act when influenced and not else. We know this from habit and experience. The consequence is we associate the cause when we see the result; and it is on this principle we affect human feelings in painting.

All the greatest poets have had the various excellencies of Raffaele and Michel Angelo united. It is astonishing to me they should be considered incongruous. What can be more opposite than the feeling conveyed in these two lines:

Ἄρεϊ δὲ ζώνην, στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι·

and

πρὸς κόλπον ἐϋζώνοιο τιθήνης?

The one has the stern energy of Michel Angelo, the other the delicate voluptuousness of Raffaele. The one gives you the full bosom of a nurse, delicately divided by a zone from her shelving waist and sweeping into the flow of the hip; then mark the contrast "about the girth like Mars, about the head like Neptune." Fancy Neptune rearing his awful breast on a summer noon, above the blue, breezy ocean, like a tower dividing the sprayey foam; then he would dip down, and the dashing surge would ripple over his shoulders; then he would rear up and expose his whole breast; every now and then Nereids and Tritons would splash up and disappear.

5th.—Form, colour, light and shadow are but the means of exciting associations.

I have been studying attentively these two last days the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian, and the Choice of Paris by Rubens. The Bacchus is, after all, addressed to your acquired feelings, the result of education.

I could not help observing in both Titian and Rubens the total want of fundamental principles of form in making the opposite lines of a limit or body the same, which is never seen in nature and physically cannot be: it always gives a snapped look.

There is a gentility in Titian which borders on insipidity. Give me the rich, teeming, racy, careless energy of Rubens, an energy that seems striving after something beyond this dim spot. Though it may carry him over the bounds of propriety, who is there that would not be so carried?

Titian is careful, Titian is modest, Titian is gentle; Rubens, on the contrary, is energetic, bold, careless: Titian fears that he may overstep the bounds of nature; Rubens seems weary of limits, and bursts out, depending on his own powers and heedless of failure.

It is a delight to me to know that I can see and prove fundamental errors in such men as these. The Elgin Marbles have so refined my eye that an error strikes it on the moment. Yet nothing can exceed their harmony of colour.

Some masters attract by picturesque arrangement; some by colour; some by form; but few consider that all these are but different modes of conveying thought. Raffaele never for a moment let either predominate at the expense of the essential point—natural feeling and expression.

The learning of Poussin is not the learning of nature. It is not the learning of the refined beauties of form and expression, but the learning of the habits, customs and notions of the ancients.

Phidias, Homer and Shakespeare were the most learned of all men in nature. All other learning ought to be a means to adorn and improve the learning of nature. Every fault will be excused if that learning be true, whilst no acquirement will interest if that be deficient.

March 3rd.—Those who neglect nature are to be pitied, poor fellows! What beauties, what delights do they miss! To-day, whilst I was painting the child, every time he rested, every time he put himself in an attitude, it was beyond all description. Dear little innocent laughing cherub, ἁλίγκιον ἀστέρι καλῷ.

Except by *Clarissa Harlowe* I was never so moved by a work of genius as by *Othello*. I read seventeen hours a day at Clarissa, and held the book so long up leaning on my elbows in an arm-chair, that I stopped the circulation and could not move. When Lovelace writes: "Dear Belton, it is all over, and Clarissa lives," I got up in a fury and wept like an infant, and cursed and d——d Lovelace till exhausted. This is the triumph of genius over the imagination and heart of its readers.

15th.—A day never passes but I feel the blessing of having thoroughly investigated every difficulty in Joseph and Mary, Dentatus and Macbeth. I could not have more difficult subjects or subjects requiring greater effort. When it is considered that when I attacked such subjects I was little better than a raw youth from my father's shop, the difficulties I experienced were surely nothing but natural.

The age of miracles has ceased. All that is to be acquired cannot be acquired without labour. Ignorance must be conquered by research. The only gift from nature is the capability of conquering it; the only way to conquer it is by putting the capability in action; the proof that it is conquered is the result.

Nature gives no man knowledge. I cannot sketch a foot, a limb, a head, or anything without instinctive reference to those pictures.

CHAPTER XII

I HAVE hitherto gone on extracting from my Journal to show that a historical painter, as he proceeds, is not always occupied with macgylps and colours. To the young student the extracts will be of use, because they will instruct his mind how it ought to reflect and qualify itself for thinking. The great poets should be used as assistants, never as substitutes. Call them in as helps, but as seldom as possible paint their descriptions, because, as in painting a picture of Christ, you have a previous picture in everybody's mind to equal, and that will be impossible.

My time was diligently occupied all 1813. I never left town, and brought my picture well on. I suffered severely, was reduced to great extremity, had often no money, but always my food and my lodging. My landlord and landlady wished occasionally to send me up titbits and delicacies, but I never would allow it. John and Leigh Hunt were both in prison for their attack on the Prince of Wales. John continually helped me. I used to visit him and breakfast with him often, and have spent many evenings very happily in his prison, and have gone away through the clanking of chains and the crashing of bolts to the splendid evenings at the British Gallery, and thought of my poor noble-hearted friend locked up for an imprudent ebullition of his brother's on a debauched Prince who at that time amply deserved it.

Leigh was considered a martyr by the Radicals and Whigs. Bentham and Brougham equally visited him; for the party was glad to vent its spite on the Prince by paying every possible attention to the man who had libelled him.

The usual companions of my relaxation at this time were Hazlitt, the Hunts, Barnes (of the *Times*), Wilkie, Jackson, C. Lamb, with my early friends Du Fresne, Maclaggan, Callendar and Lizzy. C. Eastlake (who came to town in 1808, and whom my enthusiasm had fired to be a painter) was my pupil. But for me he often told me he should never have thought of it, and the very first chalk hand he ever drew he drew under me from a hand that I lent him. He had taken the lodgings (No. 3 Broad Street, Carnaby Market), where I had lived on the second floor and where I painted my first picture in 1806. Under me he

dissected,

dissected, drew and acquired the elements, and I soon found his mind capable not only of understanding what I taught, but of adding suggestions of his own which gave value to my own thoughts. At first I had scarcely any hopes: his first picture was a failure, tame beyond hope. Eastlake's father, George Eastlake of Plymouth, was a man of distinguished talent, fine taste, powerful conversation and poetical mind, but indolent to a vice. When all my family were persecuting me, he stood by me, encouraged me, recommended *Forster's Essay on Decision of Character*, and did my mind great good. To his high aspirations and noble feeling I have ever felt deeply indebted, though with himself it generally ended, as with Coleridge, in talk. When I met Coleridge first his eloquence and lazy luxury of poetical outpouring greatly reminded me of my old, attached and noble-minded friend George Eastlake.

Hazlitt came in at Northcote's one day (1812), and as he walked away with me he praised Macbeth. I asked him to walk up. Thence began a friendship for that interesting man, that singular mixture of friend and fiend, radical and critic, metaphysician, poet and painter, on whose word no one could rely, on whose heart no one could calculate, and some of whose deductions he himself would try to explain in vain.

With no decision, no application, no intensity of self-will, he had a hankering to be a painter, guided by a feeble love of what he saw, but the moment he attempted to colour or paint, his timid hand refused to obey from want of practice. Having no moral courage he shrank from the struggle, sat down in hopeless despair, and began to moralise on the impossibility of Art being revived in England—not because the people had no talent, not because they had no subject matter, not because there was no patronage, but because he, William Hazlitt, did not take the trouble which Titian took, and because he was too lazy to try.

Mortified at his own failure, he resolved as he had not succeeded no one else should, and he spent the whole of his after life in damping the ardour, chilling the hopes and dimming the prospects of patrons and painters, so that after I once admitted him I had nothing but forebodings of failure to bear up under, croakings about the climate and sneering at the taste of the public. After most of my heads in Solomon were done, and after many hard days' work, Hazlitt would console me by saying, in his miserable hesitating way, "Why did you begin it so large? a smaller canvas might have concealed your faults. You'll never sell it." "No," said Northcote: "I'll bet my very life you never do." "Why—why—why not?" stuttered Lamb.

In our meetings Hazlitt's croaking, Leigh Hunt's wit and Lamb's

Lamb's quaint incomprehensibilities made up rare scenes. Lamb stuttered his quaintness in snatches, like the fool in Lear, and with equal beauty; and Wilkie would chime in with his "Dear, dear."

In addition to the men I have enumerated was John Scott, the editor of the *Champion*, who had more sound sagacity than most of them. Delighting in their conversation, and constantly with them, it was nothing but natural that when the Mohawks of literature in *Blackwood* assailed the set I should unfortunately come in as one who was as much of a radical and sceptic as those with whom I associated, and I could not complain.

In the midst of Hazlitt's weaknesses his parental affections were beautiful. He had one boy. He loved him, doated on him. He told me one night this boy was to be christened. "Will ye come on Friday?" "Certainly," said I. His eye glistened. Friday came, but as I knew all parties I lunched heartily first and was there punctually at four. Hazlitt then lived in Milton's House, Westminster, next door to Bentham.

At four I came, but he was out. I walked up and found his wife ill by the fire in a bedgown—nothing ready for guests and everything wearing the appearance of neglect and indifference. I said: "Where is Hazlitt?" "Oh dear, William has gone to look for a parson." "A parson; why, has he not thought of that before?" "No, he didn't." "I'll go and look for him," said I, and out I went into the park through Queen's Square and met Hazlitt in a rage coming home. "Have ye got a parson?" "No, sir;" said he, "these fellows are all out." "What will you do?" "Nothing." So in we walked, Hazlitt growling at all the parsons and the church. When we came in we sat down —nobody was come—no table laid—no appearance of dinner.

On my life there is nothing so heartless as going out to dinner and finding no dinner ready.

I sat down; the company began to drop in—Charles Lamb and his poor sister—all sorts of odd clever people. Still no dinner. At last came in a maid who laid a cloth and put down knives and forks in a heap. Then followed a dish of potatoes, cold, waxy and yellow. Then came a great bit of beef with a bone like a battering-ram, toppling on all its corners. Neither Hazlitt nor Lamb seemed at all disturbed, but set to work helping each other; while the boy, half-clean and obstinate, kept squalling to put his fingers into the gravy.

Even Lamb's wit and Hazlitt's disquisitions, in a large room, wainscotted and ancient, where Milton had meditated, could not reconcile me to such violation of all the decencies of life. I returned weary, and placing a candle on the floor of my room soon

soon recovered under the imposing look of my picture and retired to bed filled with thought.

As Solomon advanced Wilkie's admiration increased, and during the arranging time he called on me on his way home. He had made a struggle to get a historical picture of Northcote's placed in a good position, and said: "There is certainly a prejudice against the higher walk in the Academy." "I always told you so," said I. He replied: "I begin to see it." "Yes," I said; "you will begin to see a great many things distinctly in the course of time." "It is true," said Wilkie: "when I said 'You had better send it back to Northcote than hang it badly,' they all fired up, and said 'By all means send it back,' though the moment it was hung it improved the whole side of the room."

My necessities were now growing so great that I began to part with my clothes: my watch, a keepsake from an uncle, had long gone; book after book followed, and at last collecting my prints after Sir Joshua I wrote to Colnaghi; he came and seeing my picture refused to buy, but offered the loan of £10, if that would help me. It was a relief and a blessing.

One evening when I was walking with Scott and his sweet little wife near town, as we passed a gipsy fire, up looked a pair of the loveliest black eyes that ever shone in a human face. I engaged her to come to me with her husband the next day. Her name was Patience Smith, a gipsy, about sixteen, with jet hair and brunette face—a perfect Raffaele. She sat for the young mother running off with her two children. She was innocent of all gipsy ways, but her husband was just the mixture of raff dandy and pickpocket you meet at Epsom and Ascot. I was much amused at their singularity and poetry of mind. They were very fond of painting themselves with vermillion. Patience had not begun to tell fortunes, and it was a curious speculation to watch, as I did, the gradual debasement of her mind. One morning she was late; she said she had begun fortunes, and her heart sank at the stuff she had been telling to poor servant girls. The next time she began to think there was something in it, till at last she believed it as sincerely as the girls themselves. She was a beautiful creature in figure as well as face. I painted her as Jairus's daughter in Jerusalem afterwards, and Canova admired her extremely.

I worked away day after day, till at length from severe application and irregularity in hours of eating my stomach gave in and then my eyes. After a fortnight I rallied, but still painting so large a work in so small a room, where I was unable to lift it up or down, and could move it only sideways, and then being obliged to live in the foul air eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, naturally

naturally brought on complaints. I had no draperies, no comforts, nothing but a wooden lay-figure on which my breakfast cloth, my blankets, my sheets, all took their turn; yet nothing could equal my happiness in painting. Oh, I have suffered much, there can be no doubt, but I have enjoyed more, and if I had suffered twice as much as I have enjoyed, my enjoyments are so intense that they amply compensate me. Notwithstanding all difficulties and drawbacks, as the year drew to a close the picture of Solomon was nearly completed.

On the 24th of December I recorded in my Journal:

I have succeeded in my own conception of the head of Solomon. I thank God humbly for it. I painted till 3 in the morning from 10 the morning before. I was determined not to go to bed till it was done and happily did I retire to rest. My model left me after six hours, exhausted.

25th.—It struck me this morning in the same way. Once more I thank God from my heart and soul. Were I to die now I should leave this world more contentedly.

This was the longest time I ever painted at once.

All the heads were now done. The mother's head I painted four or five times before I succeeded. The picture began to have an imposing look. But my necessities were dreadful. I had been now nearly four years without a commission and three without any aid from home, but the Hunts nobly assisted me at cost of great personal deprivation. It was something to be grateful for, and grateful I was to my Great Protector. On the last day of 1813 I concluded with my usual casting up of vices and virtues.

The clock has struck 12, and the year has gone for ever. Alas! how many idlenesses might I have avoided, how many moments might I have seized. The good only remains, but how much more might I have had to show!

I am retiring to bed pensive and grateful.

January 7th, 1814.—I had not met Fuseli for a year and a half till the other day, and being left to converse entirely with Raffaele and other delightful beings in the interim, without the shattering horror of his conceptions, I was more enabled to estimate them. He really shocked me. All his feelings and subjects were violent, horrid and disgusting. I returned home with an inward gratitude to God that I escaped in time; that I had purified my soul from the influence of his dark and dreary fancy.

9th.—I bought the other day two prints after Michel Angelo. The

The first impression was certainly tremendous, but in a day or two it had died away and I have returned to dear Raffaele with renewed pleasure.

After all, grandeur of form is not interesting. Superhuman beings can only interest by action and expression; and what action or expression can they have that is not human?

The feelings of the head expressed by a look are more delightful than all the grand forms extravagance ever doated on.

Delicious, delightful nature! The blush of a lovely girl, "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue," touches more than all the legs, arms, backs, breasts and bellies in ancient or modern Art.

My mind has taken a new and truer turn; I thank God for it with all my heart.

I am convinced from what I see that Michel Angelo had no permanent principle of form. He could not extricate the superfluous from the accidental; he burthened his figures with ostentatious anatomy, with useless and subordinate parts.

Michel Angelo's forms have no refinement; they are heavy, not grand; they are the forms of porters and mechanics. The Theseus of the Elgin Marbles is really grand, and you can see that the gladiator's form is not the product of labour but the harmonious combination of subtle nature. He is a refined gentleman; a prince; handsome and educated. Michel Angelo would have made him fierce, turbulent, vulgar; more bulky but not so sublime.

To dress figures as if they were beggars is also in the grand style. Apostles, kings and women ought not to be dressed alike; the subject should regulate all. Raffaele's Attila is a model. Here are the brutal soldier, the saintly apostle, the savage king, the peaceful pope, all in character. Make them in the grand style and you must clothe them like beggars in blankets.

Eighteen hundred and thirteen was to me a painful year. In it I lost my dear father. I was painting the head of the man climbing up in Solomon when I received the letter announcing his death, but my mind was so intensely occupied that it made no impression upon me for the time. I went on painting, finished, and then opened my eyes upon the world and my loss. I was much affected, for with all his faults he was a father to be loved.

During January I worked fiercely at the remaining parts of Solomon—the architecture, back and fore grounds. Hilton, my fellow-student, had been successful in selling his Mary anointing the Feet of Christ to the British Gallery for five hundred guineas, which saved him from ruin. I told him he was a lucky fellow, for I was just on the brink of ruin. "How?" said he. I explained

plained my circumstances and he immediately offered me a large sum to assist me. This was indeed generous. I accepted only thirty-four pounds, but his noble offer endeared him to me for the rest of his life. A more amiable creature never lived, nor a kinder heart; but there was an intellectual and physical feebleness in everything he did. Wilkie did him great good. After Wilkie became a member of the Academy he so bore down upon Hilton about tone that I attribute his improvement entirely to Wilkie's influence. In colour his picture at the National Gallery is his best, and his greatest work the one at Chelsea. But his Lazarus was a miserable failure, nor do I estimate highly his powers of invention.

After the most dreadful application, influenced by an enthusiasm stimulated by despair almost to delirium, living for a fortnight upon potatoes because I would not cloud my mind with the fumes of indigestion, I broke down, nor have I to this day (1843, 25th May) ever entirely recovered.

I had finished my picture except toning, but my eyes were so affected that I could see no longer. Adams the oculist visited me, and came just as I was laying my head down, by the advice of a little apothecary, to have my temporal artery opened. Adams in his blunt way said: "If that's done he will be blind. He wants stimulants, not depletion"; and he saved my eyes.

I used at this time to dictate my Journal to friends who successively called, so that nothing was lost; and now the picture was done the anxiety was about a frame. I sent for Carpenter and persuaded him it was his duty to assist a young man as my landlord had done. Feeling for my deplorable situation, blind and wretched, but never despairing, the worthy old man said: "You have always paid me; I will."

This anxiety surmounted, I set my heart to get well. Adams advised generous diet and wine which I could not buy. I sent for a wine merchant, showed him Solomon, said I was in bad health, and appealed to him whether I ought after such an effort to be without the glass of wine which my medical man had recommended. "Certainly not," said he. "I'll send you two dozen; pay me as soon as you can, and recollect to drink success to Solomon the first glass you taste."

While I was in this state the picture began to make a noise. West called and was affected to tears at the mother. He said there were points in the picture equal to anything in the art. "But," said this good old man, "get into better air; you will never recover with this eternal anxiety before you. Have you any resources?" "They are exhausted." "Dy'e want money?" "Indeed I do." "So do I," said he; "they have stopped

stopped my income from the King, but Fauntleroy is now arranging an advance, and if I succeed, my young friend, you shall hear. Don't be cast down—such a work must not be allowed to be forgotten." This was noble of West.

Such is the lot of High Art in England. West—whose Wolfe had immortalised his name and his country, President of the Academy, cut off suddenly from his means of existence to help to make up £10,000 a year for the Duke of York—without a guinea; I without a shilling—Hilton helping me on the one hand, and the venerable old President promising to do so on the other, if his banker helped him!

In the course of that day down came from West £15, with the following characteristic letter:

"Newman St., February 17th, 1814.

"Dear Sir,

"The business was not adjusted in time for me to draw out money from my bankers before five o'clock this day, or I would have sent it to you; but I hope the enclosed draft of to-morrow's date will be adiquate to keep the wolfe from your door, and leave your mind in freedom in exercising your talents of acquiring excellence in your profession in painting, of which you have a stock to work upon.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours with friendship and sincerity,

"Benj. West.

"P.S.—The gout in my right hand has made it deficult for me to write this note inteligeble.

"Mr Haydon."

I hope this will be read some day throughout Europe. I hope it will show the great nations, France, Germany, Russia, Spain and Italy, how England encourages High Art, in what a condition it leaves its professors—young and old. Whilst I write this I have been eight years without a commission from the nobility, and of the thirty-nine years I have been a historical painter, thirty-two have been without an order of any kind. Hilton could have told a tale as sad: West, but for the King, perhaps worse. At eighty years of age, this celebrated old man, who had been taught to rely on his income from the King as long as he lived, had had it taken from him by the hatred of Queen Charlotte. The secret reason was he had visited and been honoured by Napoleon in 1802. Such is royal vengeance! Royalty, I allow, sometimes rewards fidelity, but it always punishes offence.

I recovered slowly, very slowly, and now came the anxiety where to send the picture.

Some advised an exhibition alone. Wilkie said it ought to go

go to the Academy. I said it should perish first. After mature reflection I resolved to send it to the Water-Colour Society (who then admitted pictures), and thus to try the public, independently of both the institutions which had used me so ill.

The resolution was characteristic of my mind. Wilkie blamed me. Fuseli called, and said: "By Gode, you will never paint finer things; it was in ye, I always said, and now, by Gode, it's out. You have a marrowy touch, quite Venetian; but you look d——n theen. Take care of eyes; that is your curse: it will get hold of ye at last; hard work and oder theengs won't do, master Haydon, by Gode."

The day approached. The picture was rolled and stretched and got down safely; it was re-stretched and put up, and they gave it a grand centre place on the left with nothing near it. This was in Spring Gardens. With a thin and hectic frame, quivering eyes and trembling hand I prepared to glaze it on the days allowed.

And then I fell on my knees before the Great Spirit who had guided me through such trials and prayed His blessing. I took a survey of my liabilities and found myself eleven hundred pounds in debt—four hundred pounds to my landlord—forty-nine pounds to John O'Groat's, Rupert Street, and so on. As I tottered down the Haymarket I leaned on a post and said: "What shall I do if it do not sell?" "Order another canvas," said the voice within, "and begin a greater work." "So I will," I inwardly replied and thenceforth lost all despondence.

I glazed and toned and listened to the advice of Havell and Glover, able men and perfectly up to aerial beauty of distance. They did me great good, and I got through it. While I was at work Lawrence was admitted: with exquisite eagerness of smiling interest for the beauty of my work he advised me to paint the *yellow* drapery of the wicked mother, *red*, and the *red* drapery of the real mother, *yellow*. I perfectly agreed with him, and approved the kindness of true Academic sympathy which dictated so important an alteration! After painting and arranging these draperies so carefully from nature, and after they had been painted a year, and glazed, to alter them now—with two days left to do it in!

I attended him to the entrance with a smiling sincerity as great as his own. The moment he was gone Havell said: "Did he suppose you so green?"

When he was once advising Northcote what an improvement such and such an alteration would be, "Dear me," said Northcote, "so it would; why did I not think of it?" "Oh," said Lawrence, "it is easily done." "So it is," said Northcote, "dear me; but"

but" (his ferret eyes glistening with spite) "I waant do a bit of it."

At last the Exhibition opened for the private view.

First there came Caroline, Princess of Wales, with Payne Knight. Knight, smarting under his mistake on Pliny which I had exposed, put his eye close to the picture, and turning to the Princess of Wales said: "Distorted stuff!" Macbeth had been called so, and he felt sure he was on safe ground in making such a remark on Solomon where that defect had been entirely got rid of. The Princess of Wales agreed with him and told Glover she was "sorry to see such a picture there."

The poor president and officials were sadly cast down, but I said: "My dear friends, wait for John Bull." They shook their heads. Then came the nobility, who seemed interested, though one said it was very large. At last on the Monday the Exhibition opened to Honest John, who swore it was the finest work England had produced. Before half an hour a gentleman opened his pocket-book and showed me a £500 note. "Will you take it?" My heart beat—my agonies of want pressed, but it was too little. I trembled out, "I cannot." Immediately all the artists said I was wrong. This gentleman invited me to dine: I went, but when, as we were sitting over our wine, he agreed to give me my price (six hundred guineas), his lady said: "But, my dear, where am I to put my piano?" The bargain was at an end!

I returned to town in spirits. This was the first day: before the end of the next the town was in excitement. I met Mr Lock of Norbury Park who said: "The execution was never exceeded." The third day Sir George Beaumont and Mr Holwell Carr were deputed to buy it for the Gallery, and as they were discussing its beauties over went the man in the room and very deliberately put up "Sold." "Yes, indeed!" said Sir George: "Oh! but we came to buy it." "Ah but, sir, you did not say so." "Oh no, but we were going to." "Ah but, sir, a gentleman came up and bought it whilst you were talking." "God bless me!" said Sir George, "it is very provoking"; and then he went all round the room; "The Gallery meant to have bought,"—at which people smiled.

Just at the moment in I walked: perfectly innocent of all this and seeing "Sold," I really thought I should have fainted. My first impulse was gratitude to God. Whilst I was inwardly muttering up came Sir George Beaumont, and holding out his hand said, "Haydon, I am astonished." We shook hands before a crowded room, Sir George saying: "You must paint me a picture after all. Yes, indeed, you must; Lady Beaumont and I will call—yes, indeed." At that moment in walked Lord Mulgrave

Mulgrave and General Phipps; they crowded round me, swore it was as fine as Raffaele. "Haydon, you dine with us to-day, *of course!*" I bowed. When I came home my table was covered with cards of fashion—noble lords, dukes, ladies, baronets, literary men. Wilkie, drawn along by the infection, was delighted. Calcott assured me no people had a higher respect for my talents than the Academicians, and that I was quite mistaken if I imagined they had not! "Who has bought it?" was now the buzz. I inquired, and found Sir William Elford (an old friend of Sir Joshua's) and Mr Tingecombe, bankers, of Plymouth. "Oh yes, a couple of Devonshire friends," was said with a sneer. "That may be," said I; "but as Adrian said, is a Devonshire guinea of less value than a Middlesex one—does it smell?"

These elevations to the heights of glory from the lowest depths of misery are dreadful cuts into the constitution. I slept with horrid dreams and startling restlessness. My landlord's honest joy was exquisite to me. I paid him £200, and he drew on me for the balance. John O'Groat held out his big hand and almost cried. I paid him £42, 10s. My baker spread my honesty and fame in Mark Lane, which I heard of. I paid him every shilling. My tailor, my coal merchant, my private friends, were all paid.[1] In short, £500 went easily the first week, leaving me £130. It did not pay half my debts, but it established my credit. Many private friends forebore to press, the Hunts the foremost.

Now crowded in people of every description; some knew my father; some had nursed me when a baby; servants came out of the city who had lived with my mother; fathers brought me their sons that I might look at their drawings; authors sent me their works; my sister came to town to share my fame, and I pressed her to my heart, overwhelmed by the dreadful and painful burst of reputation after such long, struggling obscurity. I seized Wilkie's offer to let my sister stay at his house whilst we went to Paris. I felt positive relief.

Paris was now the most interesting place on earth. Napoleon was overthrown and going to Elba. All the nations on earth were there. The Louvre was in its glory. Such wonders can be only conceived. No human being hereafter can ever enter into the feelings of Europe when we heard Napoleon was in retreat; it cannot be comprehended. Napoleon had been watched by me from 1796. At Toulon I do not remember him, nor at the overthrow of the sections. Till he went to Italy I never heard by any accident of his immortal name. After the battle of Rivoli I recollect all; and when I read to a circle of friends that Napoleon,

[1] This is inconsistent with what follows, but the discrepancy is characteristic.—Ed.

alias

alias Nicholas Buonaparte, had ceased to reign, we all stared, breathless, at each other.

Passports were soon got, and on the 26th of May, 1814, Wilkie and I started for Brighton. Before we started, however, another canvas was on my easel and Christ's Entry into Jerusalem rubbed in.

The success of Solomon was so great and my triumph so complete, that had I died then my name must have stood on record as a youth who had made a stand against the prejudices of a country, the oppressions of rank, and the cruelty and injustice of two public bodies.

It was a victory in every sense of the word. In my pursuit I had proved the power of inherent talent, and I had done good to this great cause as far as I could do it. I did not command bayonets and cannons; would to God I had! But what I did command I wielded with firmness and constancy. I had shown one characteristic of my dear country—bottom. I had been tried and not found wanting. I held out when feeble and faint and blind, and now I reaped the reward.

CHAPTER XIII

Well might Mulready say: "What a victory!" It was, indeed; and well did Raimbach say it was the bitterest dose the Academy had swallowed for some time.

One day, when the room was crowded, Leigh Hunt's brother was there holding forth with all the enthusiasm of his good heart. Owen, who was behind him, unable to bear it any longer turned round and said: "If any man maintains that that picture is fine in colour, he is ignorant of what colour is."

Flaxman was there early on the private day; he was passing by sheer accident. Then came another—by accident—of course. Smirke dropped in by the merest chance; and Turner, casually passing, no doubt, just looked in, and so on. But Turner behaved well and did me justice. The greatest triumph was over Hazlitt. My friend Edward Smith, a quaker, had met him in the room, and Hazlitt abused the picture in his spitish humour; but in coming round he met me, and holding out his two cold fingers with, "By God, sir, it is a victory," went away and wrote a capital criticism in the *Morning Chronicle*.

What a singular compound this man was of malice, candour, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy and conceit.

One day I called on him and found him arranging his hair before a glass, trying different effects, and asking my advice whether he should show his forehead more or less. In that large wainscotted room Milton had conceived, and perhaps written, many of his finest thoughts, and there sat one of his critics admiring his own features. Bentham lived next door. We used to see him bustling away, in his sort of half-running walk, in the garden. Both Hazlitt and I often looked with a longing eye from the windows of the room at the white-haired philosopher in his leafy shelter, his head the finest and most venerable ever placed on human shoulders.

The awe which his admirers had of Bentham was carried so far as to make them think everything he said or thought a miracle. Once, I remember, he came to see Hunt in Surrey Gaol, and played battledore and shuttlecock with him. Hunt told me after of the prodigious power of Bentham's mind. "He proposed," said Hunt, "a reform in the handle of battledores!" "Did he?" said

said I with awful respect. "He did," said Hunt, "taking in everything, you see, like the elephant's trunk, which lifts alike a pin or twelve hundredweight. Extraordinary mind!" "Extraordinary," I echoed; and then Hunt would regard me, the artist, the mere artist, with the laurelled superiority becoming the poet—the Vates, as Byron called him.

I was now sick of London and the season, and pined for new scenes, fresh air and sea-breezes. So my sister being placed safe and sound under the care of Wilkie's mother, with his sister Helen for a friend, he and I left London for France, meaning to go by the Dieppe route, as the least frequented.

Wilkie's principal object was to open a connection for the sale of his prints, and mine to see France and the Louvre. Raimbach gave me a letter to Bervie, the celebrated line-engraver. Wilkie had taken some lessons in French of an emigrant of good connections, who gave us another to Monsieur de Launay, who lived in the Place Vendôme. I got passports, and Wilkie fortified himself with a French pocket dictionary.

We left town at the most remarkable period of the history of modern Europe. Paris was at the mercy of the Allies, Napoleon dethroned, the Bourbons restored and France bristling with bayonets.

On the beach at Brighton while waiting to go on board we fell into conversation with a gentleman on the same errand as ourselves. His address was frank, and we were soon so pleased with each other that we agreed to go on together. He was of a Lincolnshire family, a good fellow, and a thorough John Bull after my own heart.

The cabin was full of French officers returning home, all gaiety, songs, toasts and sentiments. Wilkie had got a berth, and had tried to barricade himself in, when all of a sudden in the middle of the night the board which secured him tumbled into the cabin, and behold David Wilkie with a red night-cap, exposed to the gaze and roar of a set of noisy Frenchmen, who paid him all sorts of compliments, which he was too ill to be angry at.

After eighteen hours we hove in sight of France. I had seen her cliffs from Dover in 1808, but now we neared that remarkable country. How many associations crowded on the imagination! I had watched in thought all her dreadful scenes from 1792 to that very hour. I was going to visit that bloody and ferocious capital, in which refinement and filth, murder and revolution, blasphemy and heroism, vice and virtue alternately reigned triumphant. I was going to penetrate its splendours and gaieties, its galleries and libraries; to see its paintings and its sculptures, such as never since the days of Rome had been collected in one city. I thought of

of Napoleon, his genius and despotism, his glories and his ruin. I stood looking at the coast as we neared it, pregnant with anticipation.

My poetry soon fled as realities approached, and the first two old witch-like Frenchwomen I caught glimpse of with short petticoats and wooden shoes set me laughing outright.

Though there is no end to the books written on France and Paris at this remarkable period, I think that my impressions, as recorded day by day in my Journal, may even at this time be interesting.

The French looked on us as if we had dropped out of the moon, and we upon them as if we were dropping into it. Everything was new and fresh. We had thought of France from youth as forbidden ground, as the abode of the enemies of our country. It was extraordinary. They absolutely had houses, churches, streets, fields and children!

Both with English and French twenty-five years of peace and rapid intercommunication have so entirely removed this feeling, that it will be hardly possible for posterity to estimate the intensity of national feelings during the revolutionary war. Boys were born, nursed and grew up hating and to hate the name of Frenchmen. On half-holidays in Plymouth we used to be drilled, and often have I led out ten or a dozen boys to the cornfields to cut off Frenchmen's heads, which meant slicing every poppy we met, shouting as each head fell, "There goes a Frenchman! huzza!"

If I were to take out my boys now and offer them such an amusement they would not understand what it meant.

These feelings in S—— and myself were inveterate. Wilkie was more genial, more philosophic. He wanted to sell his prints, though champagne now and then threw him off his guard, and then Old England reigned in his heart.

We were soon dragged into harbour and landed by a set of boatmen, making (as Napoleon said) more noise in one half-hour than the crew of an English man-of-war in a whole year.

The contrast between Brighton and Dieppe was wonderful. Brighton gay, gambling, dissipated, the elegant residence of an accomplished Prince, with its beautiful women and light huzzars, its tandems and terriers; Dieppe dark, old, snuffy and picturesque, with its brigand-like soldiers, its sibylline fish-fags, its pretty grisettes, and its screaming and chattering boatmen. The houses at Brighton present their windows to the ocean to let in its freshness and welcome its roar, whilst Dieppe turns her back on the sea, as if in sullen disgust at the sight of an element on which her country has always been beaten.

Nothing could exceed our astonishment at the first sight of the

the French soldiers. The fragments of a regiment were drawn up on the parade, looking like a set of dirty galley-slaves, squalid, little and bony; the officers with a handsome, pert activity of expression. I shall never forget seeing two great French huzzars approach and kiss each other's cheeks. The soldiers in this regiment were in different dresses; some with cocked hats, some with shakos, some with trousers, some with breeches, some in shoes, some in boots; all without the least uniformity.

The houses and streets in Dieppe looked very like Vander Heyden's views in Holland. The women appeared greatly to outnumber the men, and were performing many of the most laborious duties in the streets. The old women, standing with their arms across, had a gossiping witch-like look, quite peculiar. They seemed undressed to their under petticoats. Their legs were exposed above the calves. They looked as if they had never been young and would never be older—a distinct species—not born of woman, or made for man—mature at once—hook-nosed, snuffy, brown and wrinkled—adapted for no purpose on earth but to slander, drag wheelbarrows, pull boats and abuse Napoleon!

We hired a carriage the next day to take us to Paris—"*Une guinée chaque roue.*" On ascending the hill below the town we looked back and got a most beautiful view of it and the sea sleeping beneath the morning sun. It was market-day, and the peasantry were crowding in dressed in great variety of colour—white sleeves with black bracelets, rich crimson petticoats and high silvery caps. They had an old and rather overworked look, but with something extremely sweet in their manners and a fascination in the tone of their voices. The country was open for leagues. Rye, barley and corn undulated over its surface like an ocean. The road was wide and lined with apple trees. The soil seemed to require little cultivation. Cotton manufactories, neatly built, gleamed white through the trees, and everything on the road to Rouen displayed inexhaustible abundance. The entrance to this venerable city was through a solemn avenue of lofty trees, after rattling through which we put up at an hotel for the night. We were neither of us astonished at the works of the Dutch painters any longer. From France we could judge of Holland. These men painted what they saw. Rembrandt and Teniers had nothing to do but imitate almost without choice.

Wilkie was legitimately in raptures. His simplicity and wonderment were parts of the pleasure of the journey. He was perpetually exclaiming: "What a fool Napoleon was to lose such a country; dear—dear." Our apartment at the hotel was a perfect illustration of French character. Elegant satin sofas and a greasy floor; beautiful curtains and a dirty bed; a marble chimney-piece

piece, with two cupids holding golden candelabras over a rich pendule, and underneath a hearth full of wood ashes, pale and heatless, never cleaned, and never intended to be. The landlady made her appearance with filthy hands and a lace cap, and downstairs, close to the kitchen, was the dung of six horses—the accumulation of many months.

Wilkie and I being both in delicate health were obliged incessantly to make a riot about aired sheets, and I remember, as we slept in a double-bedded room, the first night hearing Wilkie, in the dark, bustling about with deep sighs, scolding in broad Scotch, and at last after two or three tugs flinging his sheets right out on the tiled floor, with a "Confound them!"

The *fille de chambre*, Rose Armande, was a very interesting girl with a fine, black-eyed, French sentimental head. We had her in after tea and sketched her; she preferred my sketch infinitely, so that I believed myself to be the favourite especial, but on going out on the stairs to flirt a little, I found, to my infinite mortification, a huzzar officer, all in a rattle of chains and spurs, bending down to kiss Rose who was acquiescing with an expansive benevolence peculiarly tormenting. On her complimenting me afterwards, I resigned all my pretensions to the huzzar. Rose looked down and blushed, but declared he came from the village where she was born and knew her father when he was living. As she spoke there was a mixture of sensibility and passion in her black eyes and pouting lips extremely bewitching but peculiarly French and insincere.

Rouen was well worth investigating. On the pedestal of the statue of the Maid of Orleans in the Place aux Vaux was still visible "*Liberté*, *Egalité*, *Fraternité*," but nearly obliterated by dripping rain. In the Hall for trials were some more specimens of revolutionary cant and sentiment, and blue velvet hangings lettered with N.N.N. covered the sides of a small committee room. "You ought to take those out," said I, "now you have dishonoured him." "Every one does as he likes in his own house," said our cicerone, quite touchy.

They had a public library and a wretched collection of French pictures, only saved from absolute contempt by a good copy of Raffaele. We went to hear service in their massy and eternal cathedral, built by the English. Our faculties were overwhelmed by the ceremonies of their expressive religion. The tinkling of the bell here, where they believe in the actual presence, seemed to go to their hearts; down they all dropped, and remained as if awed till it was over.

As we walked along we saw many in side-chapels totally abstracted in devotion. This absorption, in conjunction with their richly

richly coloured dresses, darkly illumined by the religious light of the magnificent windows, filled our minds with grand sensations. Yet after kneeling all the morning at the cathedral, and praying and singing hymns, so as to make us, heretics as we were, thoughtful for the day, the scene in the evening was like Barthelmy Fair. The quay was covered with booths and merry-andrews and monkeys; the men all chatting, and the women all coquetting with their delicious black eyes and tripping gaiety of walk, and so contagious was their fun that even we, *tristes Anglais*, were infected, and rushed away to the theatre with the crowd.

It was a comedy of Beaumarchais; the acting was really admirable, and gave me a very high idea of French ability in this walk of art. In no English provincial city could actors of equal excellence be found.

Outside a beautiful church close to the city the men were playing cricket,[1] and inside the girls were at confessional, and sometimes one of the men after catching a ball would walk away into the church, take hold of the brush dipped in holy water, cross his forehead, and then sally forth again and join in all the fury of the play. We made a sketch of the confessional, showing it afterwards to the landlord's son who exclaimed, with great contempt, "*Quelle bêtise!*"

The pure climate and French wine had a visible effect on all of us, but especially on Wilkie, who became quite uproarious and ungovernable, and when we set off for Magny, we made such a noise in the streets that the people came to their doors, and I in the triumph of my heart roared out: "Let us give 'em 'God save the King.'" Wilkie and I joined, and we gave it to them in capital style. As we rolled into the road a French gentleman and two elegant women stopped to look at us, amused, but with perfect politeness: as we passed them and gave them the last time "God—save—the—King," he shrugged his shoulders, saying, with a consoling look, "*Bah! ce sont trois milords.*"

We pushed on to Magny for the night: here were 900 Poles, the advanced post of the Allies—fine martial fellows. Our hearts beat as we saw one gallop down a lane, as if he grew to his saddle. Taking a walk in the meadows we heard a violin, and entering a garden found a party dancing in the cool of the summer evening with all the grace inherent in the nation. To our astonishment the grasshoppers made as much noise as singing birds in England. We were astonished, too, at the size of the pears at Magny, one being quite enough for supper. At Pontoise, where we break-

[1] More probably some kind of rough out-of-door tennis, such as I remember to have seen played at Rheims. Cricket is unknown out of England.—Ed.

fasted

fasted next morning, at another inn right opposite to us was a squadron of Russian cavalry. I went over; finer and stronger men I never saw; their cuirasses were of brass. I could not speak Russ, nor they French, but on my saying "*Anglais*," it acted like magic. Many who were dozing in the straw sat bolt upright and grinned a welcome—some took down their arms and let me examine them: a corporal came up and scolded the men for letting in a stranger, but "*Anglais*" said they, and he turned round as much pleased as they were. On my taking leave every one held out his hand and I shook them all heartily.

At length we were evidently approaching a great city, by the number of dirty cabs and equipages we met, but it was nothing like the approach to London. Around London, in all directions, are neat cottages—villas—all the various signs of sociality and happiness and comfort. As we neared Paris, everything had a deserted, forlorn, insecure appearance. Every now and then we saw an old château with a broken gate. The road never passed through a village, but by the side of it, as the railroads do now. The road appeared to us, in our anxiety to get on, melancholy and endless. We passed St Denis (the château was a ruin) and directly after entered on the field of battle. It is an immense plain bounded by Montmartre and Chaumont, but to inexperienced eyes like ours nothing marked it as a battlefield but a tree here and there cut by shot.

After driving through it at our leisure we entered Paris by one of the most dreadful entrances this side the infernal regions; we were saluted as we entered by one of those ear-ringed, red-capped blackguards, a relic perhaps of the bloody times of the revolution, with the most accomplished abuse.

Wilkie and I and our friend became quite silent as we passed on through a city so celebrated, for the last quarter of a century, for its revolutions and its battles, for its murders in the name of liberty, and its imperial despotism. We sat each wrapped up in his own thoughts. For my part, I was passionately affected. I had read everything from the first sitting of the National Convention to the dethronement of Napoleon, and was now plunging into the inextricable confusion of the Rue St Honoré, in the middle of the day, shaken to my heart's core.

The first impression of Paris, at that time, on an Englishman used to the regularity of London streets, was that of hopeless confusion; cabs, carts, horses, women, boys, girls, soldiers, carriages, all in endless struggle; streets narrow, houses high, no flat pavement. Russians, Poles, Germans, Italians, English, Jews, Turks and Christians, all hot, hurried and in a fidget. In the midst, now and then, you might see a beautiful French girl, with

with her little black apron and trim black-haired head, stopping in the middle of a crossing, affecting to be frightened, darting about her eyes for help, tucking her petticoats round her slender form, and before you can come to her aid she steps lightly between the carriages, and trips along in gaiety and triumph.

We drove through this Babel uproar to the Rue Villedot, and put up at our hotel—Wilkie exclaiming with horror at a pretty French girl showing us through a suite of apartments hung round with indelicate prints. After dining, brushing, washing and refreshing, we set off to see as much as we could before dark, and were delighted by coming suddenly into the Place de Carousel without expecting it. The arch of Napoleon, the bronze Venetian horses, the gilt chariot, the Tuileries, the Russian guard and the setting sun casting its glory over all, made up a scene which had the strangeness of a dream, and which affects me now, thirty-one years after.

The next morning I was up early and went down to the Louvre, where I got all the particulars of admission from a National Guard. At the hour down we walked. I flew up three steps at a time, springing with fury at each remembrance of a fine picture. When I got to the top there was Wilkie, with the coolest deliberation, trotting up at his usual pace. I rated him for his want of feeling. I might just as well have scolded the column. I soon left him at some Jan Steen, while I never stopped until I stood before the Transfiguration. My first feeling was disappointment. It looked small, harsh and hard. This, of course, is always the way when you have fed your imagination for years on a work you know only by the prints. Even the Pietro Martire was smaller than I thought to find it, yet after the difference of reality and anticipation had worn away, these great works amply repaid the study of them and grew up to the fancy, or rather the fancy grew up to them.

We soon got tired of an extravagant hotel. S—— went to seek lodgings, and Wilkie and I did the same. After a whole day's unsuccessful walking, as we were talking in the Rue St Benoit, we were addressed in our mother tongue by an Englishwoman at the door of the Café de Londres. We told our tale, our fatigue and our failure. She bade us wait; and stepping across to a turner's soon returned, saying she had secured a sitting-room and two bedrooms with respectable people. The landlady accompanied her, French every inch; thin, flounced, ugly, marked with the smallpox, graceful in her air, with a nose as flat as a negress, and lips by no means less thick. We ordered a cab, and as we jumped in, never shall I forget the inexpressible tone with which she said to the driver, "*Ayez soin de ces deux enfans Anglais*,"

Anglais," for we really looked like tired dogs after a day's chase, and were almost as helpless.

That night we got settled in our *appartement garni*, and the next day poor Wilkie gave in. He was never strong, partly from constitution, and partly from insufficient food when growing (he told me he never ate butcher's meat till he came to Edinburgh, though he certainly made ample amends after), and now the fatigue and excitement of Paris, the incessant flying from one thing to another, the hardness of their unpaved streets and the change of drink and diet were more than he had stamina to bear up against. My room was inside his, and as I passed through he sighed out he should not get up, he was so ill. By our guardian's advice I called in a distinguished physician.

He was not at home, but I was directed to a café where I should be sure to find him. Think of looking for Sir Astley Cooper at a coffee-house at 12 o'clock in the day! I went, and here was this Hippocrates playing dominoes. I told him my wants; with the utmost politeness he said to his antagonist, "*Attendez un moment, mon cher.*" Then getting up with a bow, said: "*Eh bien, Monsieur, à votre service.*" I led the way, and we found Davie Wilkie sitting up in his usual red night-cap, pale and feverish. Here ensued a scene worthy of Molière. I spoke French better than I understood it; Wilkie did neither the one nor the other. At last the doctor, in a perfect fury at not understanding him, thundered out to me, "*Parlez-vous Latin?*" "*Oui, Monsieur.*" "*Ah, ah!*" said he; and soon, in spite of our different pronunciations, we came to the point.

A prescription was taken, a fee paid, and away went I to a chemist. To my wonder the medicine was put into a champagne bottle. I marched home, and, opening the door, held up the bottle to Wilkie, who exclaimed, "Dear, dear, must I take all that?" "Every drop," said I, "so begin"; and pouring out a glass, I made him drink it off to the dregs. "Come, come," said Wilkie, "it is not so bad." It was nothing but lemonade, I am convinced. Wilkie soon fell asleep; so explaining to Madame what was to be done, I sallied forth till night, and on my return found he had taken his draught every two hours, was quite refreshed and up, and had been trying to teach Madame English. He was laughing ready to die, and made signs to me. Madame said: "*Monsieur Haydon, votre ami se moque de moi.*" "*Comment, Madame?*" "*V'la des mots qu'il me dit être Anglais,*" and she held up a paper with the well-known lines which he had been trying to make her pronounce:

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper off a pewter plate," etc.

I looked

I looked solemn, and we both endeavoured to make her read it without the least success.

The next day we had resolved to spend in the Louvre, but such was the excitement in Paris that we were drawn aside.

It will hardly be believed by artists that we often forgot the great works in the Louvre in the scenes around us, and found Russians and Bashkirs from Tartary more attractive than the Transfiguration; but so it was, and I do not think we were very wrong either. Why stay poring over pictures, when we were on the most remarkable scene in the history of the world? Here, we felt, are now all the nations on earth assembled. Let us mingle with them, ascertain their habits of thought and action, their notions of vice and virtue, liberty and government, art and science, and now and then go to the Louvre as a study. The great works will remain; the different tribes before us will separate in a few days, never again to meet in such a way. So we went about among Russians, Cossacks, Poles and Tartars, visited their bivouacs, saw their horses, their mode of riding, feeding, drilling, and were amply repaid. It was quite interesting to see the Russian officers and soldiers, how they lingered about the statues and pictures, how they hung over the Venus, and stared at the Apollo and the Laocoön.

So far from looking brutal, they seemed the most refined of all the foreign officers in Paris, with fair complexions, soft hair and expressive features. The Imperial Guard were by far the handsomest men I ever saw. No officers spoke French like the Russians. I became amazingly attached to them, as I found every officer I addressed a gentleman, with a love of Art and a refinement of manner which was pleasing as it was unexpected after Dr Clarke's abominable libels on the nation.

It might be said that when we arrived at Paris the ashes of Napoleon's last fire were hardly cool; the last candle by which he had read was hardly extinguished; the very book he had last read was to be seen turned down where he left it. From boyhood upward we had been accustomed to think of this man as a mysterious being—the Apollyon of the Revelation—the produce of a mighty revolution—the hero, the genius, the emperor who had fought his way from the school at Brienne till he snatched the crown from the hands of the Pope and put it on his own head; and now this wonderful Napoleon was dethroned, and we could be admitted to his palaces, to his bedroom; we could see the table he had leaned upon and inked, the chairs which he had sat upon and cut, the bell-ropes he had pulled, the servants who had served him.

It was delightful to discover that he who had annihilated armies,

armies, hurled down kings and reigned in the capitals of Europe did like most of us when alone; that he sometimes fell asleep, sometimes got into a pet if a servant did not answer his bell at once, that now and then he slept longer than he ought and now and then sat up later, that he poked the fire if it was going out, that he yawned when he was sleepy, and put his extinguisher on his candle when he no longer wanted it.

At that time (1814) every step in Paris excited mighty associations. Every church, every palace, every street and every corner was remarakble for some slaughter, or struggle, or some wonder connected with revolution and blood; yet everywhere a sense of despotism pressed on your mind. There was in everything a look of gilded slavery and bloody splendour, a tripping grace in the women, a ragged blackguardism in the men and a polished fierceness in the soldiers, which distinguished Paris as the capital of a people who combine more inconsistent vices and virtues than any other people on the earth.

At this moment, too, there was with all this an air of mortified vanity and suppressed exasperation which was natural. By the side of the Russian, Austrian, Prussian and English officers, the remnant of Napoleon's army had a look of blasted glory, of withered pride and lurking revenge, which gave one a shudder of the sublime, and it was clear to anyone of the commonest sagacity that they must seize the first opportunity of trying to regain their lost position.

In the middle of the day the Rue St Honoré was the most wonderful sight. Don Cossack chiefs loosely clothed and moving as their horses moved, with all the bendings of their bodies visible at every motion; the half-clothed savage Cossack horseman, his belt stuck full of pistols and watches and hatches, crouched up on a little ragged-maned, dirty-looking, ill-bred, half-white, shaggy pony; the Russian Imperial guardsmen pinched in at the waist like a wasp, striding along like a giant, with an air of victory that made every Frenchman curse within his teeth as he passed him; the English officer, with his boyish face and broad shoulders; the heavy Austrian; the natty Prussian; and now and then a Bashkir Tartar, in the ancient Phrygian cap, with bow and arrows and chain-armour, gazing about from his horse in the midst of black-eyed grisettes, Jews, Turks and Christians from all countries in Europe and Asia. It was a pageant that kept one staring, musing and bewildered from morning till night.

The ignorance of the French people as to their own political position and that of other nations was most extraordinary to Wilkie and me. A French gentleman asked me in whose possession

sion St Domingo was, and when by my expression I showed my astonishment, he shrunk back into himself, a degraded, oppressed and ignorant human creature. Napoleon should have seen his look. It might have gratified his contempt for his own species, but a great mind could never have felt pleasure in having kept men so brutishly vacant. And yet after having these aspirations towards sympathy with the oppressed one moment, in an hour after you would feel inclined to kick the French, and say Napoleon knew how to treat them—the vain, silly, chattering, thoughtless, unprincipled, active, fiendish people!

In England two and two make four, but in France they would make six, if the glory of the great nation required it. The popular dread and hatred of England perpetually broke out, in spite of suavity of manner and habitual politeness. An old priest, after expressing how charmed he was at England and France being again friends, hoped, with an insinuating smile, we had not been much injured in the contest. A fine young man at one of the inns took me up in a corner, and holding me by the button anxiously inquired if Napoleon had succeeded at Moscow. But the most curious evidence was given one night at the Theâtre Français, during the acting of Ducis' adaptation of *Hamlet*. When they are discussing what to do with Hamlet the King said,

"Laissons à l'Angleterre et son deuil et ses pleurs"

and

"L'Angleterre en forfaits trop souvent fut féconde."

The pit rose in a body, and shouted with fury: "*Bravo, bravo, bravo; à bas les Anglais! à bas les Anglais!*" pointing at us English all round the house. An Englishman opposite us said something which only enraged them more; they foamed with fury. What was all this childish spite but the mouthing of beaten boys on the ground, afraid to get up after the blow which has floored them?

At every step you found traces of the wars which had desolated Europe. There was scarcely a driver of a fiacre, a waiter at a café, or a man in middle life, who had not been in a battle, served a campaign, or been wounded by a shot.

On my way to Rambouillet, I took up a very interesting boy, slender and delicate, with a tin case. He was one of *la jeune garde*, a conscript from Chartres. He had been wounded by the Cossacks, and sent into Paris to find his way home, naked and bleeding. He fell down in the streets from weakness, and if it had not been for Madame la Duchesse de Moskwa (Ney's wife), he must have died. She gave him, among others, food and shelter, and now he was able to walk, and Ney had got him his discharge, which

which he had in the case, and had given him forty francs for his journey.

He had left Chartres in March, one of sixty youths who were all killed but himself.

At an inn where the horse baited, the coachman, who had served under Moreau at the battle of Hohenlinden, and had lost two fingers of his left hand, said with great sympathy: "Those are the sort of boys Napoleon had at last." And on coming back from Rambouillet, I took up a chasseur who had served in Spain, was wounded and was going to Paris.

He was a sensible fellow, and dated all Napoleon's ruin from his meddling with Spain.

The young guardsman said: "Ah Monsieur, after Napoleon had lost all his men he would make war on animals." Everywhere Napoleon was called "*bon général, mais mauvais souverain.*" They would tell you stories of his genius, and execrate his government in the same breath. His officers cursed him as an Emperor and adored him on the field.

The King's *exposé* had a very great effect and lowered the tone of the whole country. Before that they were so grossly ignorant that they were talking of conquering Europe again. After the *exposé*, they used to conclude with "*au moins la Belgique sera à nous en deux ans.*" The slavery of the press had been so hideous that they stared at our conversation as if awakening out of a dream.

The French had a more martial air than the English. There seemed to be a species of military instinct in all classes. No young man appeared to have finished his education till after a bloody campaign. They spoke of war as a thing of course, of its horrors as "*le sort de la guerre*," as if the miseries of war were as much a constituent part of the existence of continental nations as their climate. There was an apathy, a notion of dark destiny about the thing, as though the bloody turmoil the rising generation had lived in had utterly destroyed their perceptions of right. They were at this singular period, without the least exaggeration, a century behind us in notions of legal and moral responsibility. Many wished at the time they had been made to suffer still more of the misery of war. But it is better they have been spared, because their vain ingratitude and unprincipled restlessness will be more apparent. Not a hundred years will pass before the great nations of Europe will be obliged, for their own security, more effectually to crush them.[1]

[1] I wrote this in 1814, before Napoleon's escape from Elba, and though it required no prophet to predict it, yet one always feels proud of having one's foresight justified by the event.

Human life in Paris was matter of farce. In the Jardin des Plantes a gentleman dropped a five-franc piece into the bear court. An old grenadier early the next morning crept down to get it. A bear was awake, rushed out, killed him and ate a great part of him. In England the bear would have been shot, a deodand levied, and subscriptions raised for the man's widow. In France they caricatured the incident and called the bear by the veteran's name. Everybody was asking, with a joke: "Which is the bear which ate the moustache?" and servant girls and children were perpetually calling out for Martin, clapping their hands and flinging him buns for his dexterity.

Beyond the Pont Neuf, near a building close to the Seine, I saw, as I passed, women and girls playing battledore and shuttlecock. I went in, and to my horror found two dead bodies, half green, lying dead behind a glass partition. It was the well-known Morgue. Every time the shuttlecock dropped the women and children entered the place, gratified their heartless curiosity and then began their game again.

And yet everything, however abominable, was done by the women with such grace and sweetness, that residence among them would soon have rendered me as insensible as themselves. The lowest servant took your hat and gloves as if you did her a favour. Nothing struck us English more in the manners of the French than the sweetness of address in all classes. A little beggar bored Wilkie for money; he rather pettishly repulsed him. In London the boy's pride would have fired up, and provoked some rough retort; but the little fellow in Paris made a bow, saying, "*Pardon, Monsieur; une autre occasion.*"

The women in middle life seemed good, active, industrious wives and tender mothers. The manners of those in polished society were exquisite; still,—beautiful, playful, self-possessed and musical in tone and air as they were,—in dignity and simplicity, in useful knowledge, in modesty of demeanour and feeling of what is essentially feminine, our dear countrywomen were infinitely superior.

On looking down the Louvre one day, full of people of all nations, I said: "Now, Wilkie, suppose you did not know any nation present, what would be your impression from the look of the English?" Wilkie looked a minute, and contemplating their sedate, respectable, monied look by the side of the Russians and French, said: "Dear, dear, they just look as if they had a balance at their bankers."

On my landing at Dover, an old man cautioned me not to lean against one of the machines by which the cavalry were landing their horses, or I should get "squeezed as flat as a pancake." I remember

remember very perfectly being astounded. In Paris they would have let me be squeezed first and punned on me afterwards. Yet, after all, such is the intoxicating gaiety of French manners, such the liveliness and sweetness of French society, such the fascination of French amusement, so easy is admission to all their public places, libraries and collections, that, though most men enter Paris with disgust, no man ever left it with disappointment.

After a few days' contemplation of the Louvre, I induced Wilkie to make excursions in the neighbourhood of Paris. We went first to Versailles. The château had a look of ruined splendour, and the town of elegance in decay. In the palace were painted ceilings faded, crimson tapestry torn, golden friezes brown with age, and everything wearing an appearance as if a thousand years before had been a grand tournament, and since then the palace had sunk and withered under the stroke of a mighty enchanter.

Versailles in its glory must have been a gleaming jewel. Invention seems to have been racked to find excuses for multiplied habitations. I wonder they did not build a room for each of the king's limbs—for his hands and feet. The opera house was vast, ruinous, dark and melancholy. There were still the two boxes with oval windows looking on the stage, where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette sat on their wedding night to receive the congratulations of the company, and part of the flooring yet over the pit which was placed when the *gardes du corps* dined there and gave way to their enthusiasm for their beautiful and gracious queen.

During the revolution a wing of this magnificent palace was made a barrack for soldiers and bore evident marks of their ferocity.

We visited Great and Little Trianon, built by Louis XIV. at the end of the Park. Petit Trianon was let to a *restaurateur* during the Terror.

The servants said they felt the blessings of repose since Napoleon's fall, for during his reign they never had a moment of it.

Napoleon occasionally inhabited Great Trianon, and here we were shown his study, simply but conveniently fitted up, with desks at every book-case. At one of them, which he used more than the others, were two candlesticks and four smaller ones for other purposes. The table on which he had leaned was rubbed; the chair on which he had sat was worn; the books behind (mostly military, moral and political) bore marks of use; the fireplace had a look of recent service: the tongs and poker black, and fresh ashes under the grate. In the next room was his bath

—Roustan

—Roustan always stood at the door as he bathed. There was a staircase close to the bathroom door.

The whole palace was luxuriously and elegantly furnished. The pictures wretched, as most of them are in the palaces here; the gardens foul and disagreeable. How any human eye can look at the sweet English garden at Trianon and prefer the stately pedantry of Versailles is extraordinary.

Petit Trianon, once the favourite palace of Marie Antoinette, had been delightfully fitted up for Maria Louisa.

On a large picture by Paul Veronese, at Versailles, we saw in white chalk, 175, marked like the numbers at a sale. We were told it was so lotted for sale during the revolution, and the mark had never been obliterated.

Wilkie was not a well-informed companion for such a tour. He did not know the facts of the revolution. Having no associations with places where great events had taken place, he used to wonder at my stopping when I recognised scenes of heroism or horror, of murder or battle.

I proposed to go to Rambouillet, the hunting-seat of the King of France; he objected; so, at half-past four in the morning, I got quietly up, and set off. I found a feudal-looking palace of two towers joined by more modern architecture.

In passing through the chambers of Maria Louisa, I was affected at hearing how after her flight from Paris she came hither, the last league of the road on foot, with her boy. The rooms she used were precisely as she left them. Her toilet equipage was tasteful, classical and golden. In a solitary corner, by her bed, stood her piano which I touched.

The *salon de repos* was close to her drawing-room and was retired and refined.

The old servant who showed me the rooms watched me with great interest. He said that for the last six days she scarcely touched anything, but walked about the grounds incessantly, and when her departure was fixed she became deeply affected. He told me she was of an exceedingly sweet disposition.

I passed on to the apartment of Napoleon. The man opened a little door; I entered a twilight room of small dimensions. This was Napoleon's private closet for repose and reflection, to which nobody but the Empress was ever admitted. Opposite the window was an arch, under which there was a most delicious sofa with pillows of the finest satin. Round the arch were painted in gold the names of Austerlitz, Marengo, Friedland and other fields of victory. Down the sides were the arms of all the states tributary to France, with groups of war instruments and arms, and N.N.N. with laurel bordering the head. On this luxurious couch

couch he dreamed of conquered kings and great battles, and his imagination filled as he lay with future glories. It was impossible not to have profound associations with such a room. I stood, as it were, in his secret place. I enjoyed the full luxury of abstraction, and my conductor never disturbed me till I recovered. It was not vanity, or selfish personal feeling, which influenced Napoleon to have such a room so adorned, but a desire to kindle his imagination by every external symbol. Neither was it vanity which induced him to put N.N.N. round the court of the Louvre, or on the altar at Nôtre Dame, but a deep and devilish design to affect the imagination of the people at all times with his influence. The rocking-horse and playthings of the King of Rome were still lying about the garden.

When I got back to Paris I found Wilkie in the street watching for my return, as if I had been his protector, and in a great passion at my having gone without him.

The next day we went to Malmaison. Josephine had just died, but as Madame D'Etat was an Englishwoman, we were admitted to see the gallery, in which was a superb Titian, and statues by Canova, very fleshy and fine, which gave us a high idea of his powers. The servants all spoke of Josephine with affection and grief.

Monsieur being ill at St Cloud, we were not admitted.

At Versailles, at the *table d'hôte* was a young officer who had served in the last campaign. He adored Napoleon, and in the course of conversation gave us a pretty notion of a soldier's view of moral right.

He cursed the *Corps Legislatif*, the senators and Talleyrand for betraying the Emperor. "Bah," said he, "Napoleon knew how to talk to such fellows. The last time they opposed him, d'ye know what he said?" "No," we replied. "'*Corps legislatif—je vous abolirai; sénateurs—garde à vous.*' That's the way," said the officer.

He was a complete specimen of his class, with a white cockade in his hat and Napoleon buttons on his coat. "You are still for Napoleon," said I. At which he winked assent. He slept inside my room, and often, when I was dying for sleep, he used to sit at the bottom of my bed, hold his candle close to my eyes, laugh if I complained, and then, putting it on the floor, begin about Napoleon and go on till one in the morning. "When we were charging up a hill once, and got into confusion from the irregularity of the ground, and from being too impetuous, the Emperor rode up, and I will tell ye what he said (gesticulating like Talma) '*Doucement, mes camarades—doucement, mes enfants.*' That was the way to talk to us."

At

At Versailles we saw Ducis' adaptation of *Hamlet* to the French stage. The innocence and weakness of Ophelia were lost, and Hamlet was a blubbering boy. But when Hamlet was talking to his mother, and fancied for a moment he saw his father's ghost, Talma was terrific; it really shook my orthodoxy. The ghost was not seen—there was really a cause for this stupor—and his talking as if he only saw what we did not, frightened us all.

In the next scene Hamlet brings in an urn with his father's ashes—this was thoroughly French; yet when he made his mother swear on the urn that she knew nothing of the murder and touch the ashes, there was an awful silence throughout the house. Ducis has entirely lost that feeling of " grief which passeth show " —his Hamlet's grief is all show.

The next day Wilkie, as usual, being exceedingly tired, I proceeded alone to the Château de Vincennes, and passed a glorious day. As you approached this terrible tower, you saw it rearing itself with defiance. With its turrets and battlements—its drawbridge, its cannon, its little grated windows and its massy walls,

. . . " mi parean che ferro fosse,"

it had a look of state tyranny and iron rigour, and roused in the mind an impression that the screams of the suffering and the moans of the murdered would die on the passing wind before any being without could be sensible of their agonies. I hesitated to attempt an entrance, but my longing to see its internal horrors overcame every other feeling. I was introduced to the governor, who received me very politely; he was a handsome man, and had lost a leg at Wagram. He sent an aide-de-camp round the château with me, but I could not see the state prisons, as he said they were filled with cannon and shot.

I saw the ditch where D'Enghien was shot, but a shrug was the only reply I got to a remark about the murder. Twenty-six persons were released, according to my guide, at Napoleon's fall.

As I walked about with the captain my horrors wore off, and the governor and I got so intimate that he allowed me to make a sketch in his drawing-room. When I had done I went to take my leave and to thank him. I heard a great noise. I found in the room the governor's two fine boys, with the captain, darkening the windows. He ordered me to stand in a position as soon as I came in. It seemed a jackdaw had got into the chimney and the great feat was to force him down. The boys and ourselves joined heartily in the chase, but to no purpose, and I took my leave, contrasting the singular state of my feelings on entering this place with the gaiety of my leaving it. The governor was evidently a good fellow, and loved fun, and his genuine humour came

came out in spite of the murder of D'Enghien or the former sufferings of the state prisoners.

I drove away to Belleville, musing on the ease with which the imagination is affected, and how rapidly it shapes itself by the last excitement, however inconsistent that may be with the one before. Vincennes has never since brought to me an association of terror.

Belleville had not suffered much, but Pantin had been literally torn in pieces by musketry and cannon. Wherever a projection in any house existed it had been made a point of resistance and attack. The doors, the window-frames, the wainscots, the balconies were sprinkled by musket shot as if peppered by the hand. No one in England can have any idea of a field of battle, and may my countrymen be ever as ignorant. Many of the garden-walls had been beaten down that the men might not have the trouble of going out by the door.

I wanted to find the Butte de Chaumont, and going into a cabaret, asked where it was. "I will show you, sir," said a little boy of nine or ten. Away we marched, my little guide wearing a red night-cap which dropped on one side, till we came in sight of the height, when my grenadier *in petto* turned round as if already in the line, and said, "*Voilà la Butte de Chaumont*," and then folding his arms, like Napoleon, nodded his head two or three times, as if taking the whole campaign into consideration, repeating to himself with an air of abstraction: "*Quelle belle position!—quelle belle position!*" It was indeed a *belle position*, and the lads of the *École Polytechnique* behaved gloriously. All the cottages I entered had been stripped of their furniture for firewood in the bivouacs. At Pantin I entered a house belonging to a M. Le Grand; here were traces of war such as I never wish to see again. It was a beautiful house, elegantly furnished, but reduced to a shell. In the parlour Cossack horses had stabled, and their dung was still on the marble floor. All the window-shutters and cupboards had been wrenched off to burn. The paper of the room had been torn down, and the wainscot beaten in in search of money or plate that might be hidden between that and the wall. The splendid mirrors were shivered to atoms. The fruit trees in the gardens were cut to stumps, and the garden itself, laid out in the old French taste, with statues of shepherds and shepherdesses, trampled into desolation.

"*Vous êtes Anglais*," said a keen-looking old valet who was sweeping away the dung in the parlour. "*Je le suis*," I said. "*Voici la bonne cause*," said he, looking archly at the dung and desolation. "*Et vous, Monsieur*," said I, "*n'avez vous pas combattu pour la bonne cause aussi, en Italie, en Belgique, en Allemagne,*

Allemagne, en Espagne, en Portugal, en Russie, en Pologne, avec la même bonté?" "*Ah*," shrugged out monsieur le valet, with a sparkling Voltairish look which every Frenchman has when convicted, as if planning a repartee, "*c'est très vrai*," and then affecting a philosophic comprehension of the question, as if to admit an equality of crime between us: "*Après tout, Monsieur, c'est le sort de la guerre*." The tone of this *après tout* cannot be conveyed by description.

All along the road to the Faubourg St Martin, the houses were ruined; but the workmen were repairing them, singing away, as if everything was a joke. Cart after cart I met with articles which had been hurried to Paris and were being brought back now the Allies had entered. In a very few days I should have found them dancing in the shade as if the farce was over.

There is something extremely philosophic in all this, or extremely insensible.

The country about was much richer in wood and verdure than on the Montmartre side.

From this point I copy from my Journal, from which the previous pages are compressed extracts.

June 12th.—To-day was the *fête Dieu*. The streets were hung with tapestry, and altars were erected at the different grand points. Everything was gaiety and bustle out of doors, and everything quiet within.

This was the first Sunday since the revolution on which the shops had been shut. We arrived just in time to see one effect of that tremendous convulsion in religious matters. Last Sunday the people were at work, the shops were open, the inhabitants dirty and dissipated. To-day the shops were shut, the people happy, chattering and clean. No one can conceive the difference who has not, as we did, witnessed the contrast.

There was a great deal of good sense in the King's commencing a religious revival by a grand spectacle. Our landlord and landlady swore they would be ruined by shutting up shop, and threatened the King with the loss of his head; but when the day arrived, and after they had dressed and walked in the gardens, clean and neat, with their "*petite*," it was amusing to hear them express their pleasure in the evening.

At the gate of the Tuileries, I asked the Garde Nationale if, as English, we could go up and see the King pass to chapel. He said "Yes," and we mounted directly into the Salle des Maréchaux.

The King, with the Duke and Duchess D'Angoulême, came through. Louis looked keen, fat and eagle-eyed. We shouted "*Vive*

"*Vive le Roi!*" and so did the company. Moncey, Augereau and Marmont were in attendance; and as Marmont lifted the skirt of the King's coat on one side and Augereau on the other, I felt scorn to see two human beings, who had risen by Napoleon's genius, so degrade themselves. As they held up the coat-tails, I saw the old King's broad stern and the strings of his waistcoat and waistband. In the ceiling of the chapel was the Battle of Austerlitz, and N.N.N. all round the room—from which we looked into the chapel,—and bees on the curtains. Wilkie and I in the evening went to the Cirque Olympique and there we saw a sweet Englishwoman, natural, and unaffected, and finely formed. It really was the first time I had felt my heart warmed since I came to Paris. Except a Madame de Launay, I had seen no beautiful woman.

The manners of the French women are exquisite; but they had all more or less beard, which ruined their grace and diminished the charm of their eyes. They were at this time so wrapped in frill, and lace, and muslin, and bonnet, that they looked like skeletons in petticoats. Never did I see the superiority of an Englishwoman so evident before.

Went to Gérard the painter's, and was much affected at the portraits I saw there.

Buonaparte, ten years ago: A horrid yellow for complexion; the tip of his nose tinged with red; his eyes fixed and stern, with a liquorish wateriness; his lips red dirt; his mouth cool, collected and resolute. All the other heads in the room looked like children beside him, Wilkie said, and so they did. I never was so horridly touched by a human expression.

When Lord Grey, during his badgering in the Lords, whilst the Reform Bill was passing, used to come to me, he looked like, what he was, an aged and veteran noble, collecting his energies to defy the devil; but there was an air of breeding and aristocracy in him which interested me. Napoleon, in this infernal portrait, had not the least look of mercy, breeding or highmindedness.

Josephine and Maria Louisa both had amiable expressions, and Lannes and Murat looked like soldiers. The picture of Lannes and his wife surrounded by six children was extremely beautiful. I knew Lannes' power of electrifying grenadiers. I had read of all these men, the produce of the revolution. The fall of Napoleon was, after all, melancholy. There are moments one forgives one's bitterest enemies, and this was one of them.

Maria Louisa had given Gérard a mahogany easel, with her initials and cypher. Madame, as she showed it to us, sighed out, "*Très*

"*Très aimable.*" As to Gérard's art, he made a strong likeness, but there was no feeling for character; and his colour was wretched green and blue mud. I was heartily sick of vulgar ivory and insipid marble.

It is extraordinary how men of the worst taste get on. Mengs, Battoni, West, Dance, Gérard, Le Brun, all were believed divinities in their lifetimes. And where are they now?

Paris was at this time full of interest. The remembrance of the most unlettered beggar was pregnant with events posterity will tremble at. As I sat down in the gardens, a respectable old gentleman said, while he wiped his forehead, "This is a Sunday at last, after twenty years' turbulence; it makes one feel quiet and composed."

In the evening I went to all the gaming-houses—what expressions of disappointment, acute abstraction, perspiring vexations; what leers of chuckling triumph! Young women and mere girls were losing at one table and winning at others. Old men and their ribs were quarrelling. All, winners and losers, looked fagged and worn out. They were slovens in dress, and dirty in air. Nothing was heard in this scene of vice and heat but the tumbling of money, and the smart crack of the stick, as the winner or banker jerked the coin to his heap.

June 14th.—Wilkie and I went to the Jardin des Plantes, a place of Roman magnificence.

Gérard's horrid head of Napoleon has haunted me. All who approached him were evidently his victims; that bloody glassy eye looked you through without mercy. As I looked at the infinite variety of insects, a thought darted into my mind, can this be method or unmethodical chance, or inevitable material combination?

The skeleton of Kleber's murderer was in the collection: the bones of his right hand black from burning. He was impaled.

June 21st.—Went to the catacombs—regular and solemn. Then to where the Temple stood, but not a vestige left.

25th.—Went to see Talleyrand's pictures—very fine. They are hung in the room where the peace was signed. In his bedroom was the *Times* newspaper, and portraits of all the sovereigns of Europe. Bonnemaison took us.

It was curious to observe in the Louvre what qualities in pictures had most effect. Breadth, brightness, size and depth carried all before them. Greyness in Teniers or Guido, or brownness in Rembrandt, did little. Whilst I was looking at Philippe de Champagne and saw good drawing, good colour and good expression, I wondered how it was that he had not a great name: whereas Rubens with faults endless, without beauty, character,

character, fine taste in form or grace, and with gross vulgarity, has obtained and will ever keep a splendid reputation. Why? Because whatever he felt, he felt as a whole. It was his gigantic conception of the lowest parts of the art which raised him above others, who had all his other perfections without his gigantic view of nature as a whole.

Vandyke looked black; Rembrandt brown; Teniers dirty; Guido grey, Raffaele hard and little; Rubens overpowered by his execution and clearness of tint; Titian alone seemed above competition; Tintoretto and Veronese were a little too sprawling in touch.

June 27th.—Studied Titian's Pietro Martire with profound attention. Indeed to the Italian school you must turn for all the refinements of the art. The expression in the executioner's head is wonderful; he has cut down his victim, and seems to have a sensation of the gash he has given, with a sort of ah! as if he himself felt the cut.

The exhausted, languid, yet penetrating look of the monk is sublime. He is mortally wounded and yet gives a last glare of helpless superiority, as if a crash of thunder had burst out with his last gasp. The management is fine, but the principal light by no means apparent. Expression is all and all. Everything sinks before expression.

Paul Veronese looks unsubstantial; Rubens, full, vigorous and vast. His handling is terrible and overpowering in its dash. His feeling for mass and composition has given him, and will ever give him, a reputation in spite of his want of the highest requisites of perfection. There must be a mighty power in a man who can keep a splendid fame in spite of such defects. Tintoretto has not the solidity of Rubens and Titian; Titian was full of sensation.

The present French artists have immense knowledge, but their taste is bad. They know not how to avail themselves of what they know—how to marshal, order and direct it. Their costumes and accessaries are excellent. The things they introduce are the very things they ought to be, and nothing more or less. They belong to the particular people represented, and to them only.

I hope to avail myself of this principle. I shall go back greatly enlarged in everything. I have gone regularly down the French, Flemish and Dutch schools, and this day have begun the Italian ones. In Baroccio there is a look of veined marble.

28th.—Saw Gobelin tapestries of many of Raffaele's works, which gave me an exact idea of their size, and some of their breadth of colour and character. Spent the day at the private library of the Institute, copying the dresses of the ancient Egyptians, from the great work published by Napoleon; exceed-

ingly useful. The French expedition to Egypt has proved of vast service to the learned, by the laying bare of temples which no single traveller could reach before. The consequence to us painters, in respect of costume, is immense.

July 3rd.—My dear Wilkie sets off for England this day; in spite of his heaviness of perception and total want of spirit, his simplicity, his honesty of manner, his good sense and natural taste endear him to one. I feel low at his departure, though I shall soon see him again.

July 4th.—Saw Raffaele's cartoon for the School of Athens—exceedingly fine; not remarkable for drawing, but admirable for breadth and unity of effect. The heads of the boys talking to Archimedes beautiful. The hands finely sketched, the whole composed in a masterly manner, and with true feeling. It was really delightful to see something in this way after the insolent imbecility of the present French school. One Spanish picture very fine, a fine Murillo, and a fine sketch by Velasquez.

When a man polishes so highly as to get rid of all idea of touch, his work no longer awakens any association of thought, which is the result of an impression in the mind expressed rapidly by the hand. Rubens' works are full of thought, because they are all touch, though the thought be not much more than the thought of imitation.

S——, a young Frenchman, and I attended Wilkie to the diligence. We grew outrageously insolent about England, and talked of France with the greatest contempt.

I felt melancholy after Wilkie's departure. There is a simplicity in his manners, a soundness and originality in his thinking, which make him an instructive companion. His remarks on the French school were capital. He said they were the consequences, and not the causes, of encouragement. There was hardly a day but we had a dispute, and yet we were always better pleased with each other's society than with the society of others. One great point of dispute was how much to give to the postilions. He said I always gave them more than they deserved, and I said he always gave them less. The postilions always said I was "*bien généreux*," and that he could not be an Englishman, "*sans doute*."

Notwithstanding Paris was filled with all the nations of the earth, the greatest oddity in it was unquestionably David Wilkie. His horrible French, his strange, tottering, feeble, pale look, his carrying about his prints to make bargains with printsellers, his resolute determination never to leave the restaurants till he got all his change right to a centime; his long disputes about *sous* and *demisous* with the *dame du comptoir*; whilst madame tried to cheat him, and as she pressed her pretty ringed fingers on his arm

arm without making the least impression, her "*Mais, Monsieur,*" and his Scotch "*Mais, Madame,*" were worthy of Molière.

After his departure, to change the scene, when I felt the want of Wilkie, I left Paris in the diligence for Fontainebleau. Inside were six Frenchwomen, and finding by my *tournure* I was English, they all six assailed me and the domineering pride of my country. We had a very pretty little affair. "England was too rich for the happiness of France." "*Oh oui, Paris était trahie.*" One lady swore it. Another knew Marmont had received 3000 francs; "Pardon, madam, it was 3500," said an older with a look of great importance. Napoleon had kept them so afraid of dabbling in politics that anyone who affected such knowledge always did it with great mystery.

Peace was then discussed, and peace had been the salvation of England, and would be ruin to France. "*Sans doute, sans doute,*" echoed all, twirling their ruffles, and darting their little black eyes at me with such impudent triumph and coquettish prettiness that they had it all their own way. There is a charming affectation in everything a Frenchwoman does which, although you cannot esteem it, you would not they should lose for the world. Every little creature has her tiny reticule and black apron, and away they go tripping and mincing as if they trod on needles. "Are your women pretty?" asked the prettiest amongst the six.

The château I found superb beyond any palace near Paris. It was furnished with fine taste; Napoleon's bed hung with the richest Lyons green velvet with painted roses; golden fringe a foot deep; a footstool of white satin with golden stars; the top of the bed gilt, with casques and ostrich plumes, and a golden eagle in the centre grappling laurel. Inside the bed was a magnificent mirror, and the room and ceiling were one mass of golden splendour. The panels of the sides were decorated in chiaroscuro with the heads of the greatest men.

No palace of any Sultan of Bagdad or monarch of India ever exceeded the voluptuous magnificence of these apartments.

The valet who showed me round had lived with Napoleon ten years, and talked of him with a mournful respect. He said he was a good master, and paid him regularly and well; that he was always an affectionate husband to Maria Louisa; that he was irritable and capricious at times, especially if his bell was not answered immediately; that he saw him within ten minutes after his abdication; that he was quite calm, and that the only time he ever saw him affected was on his return to Fontainebleau, when he found Paris taken. This man assured me he attended him the moment he arrived, and he thought something had happened, for the Emperor was pale and shaken: but in about two hours it

it went off, and never afterwards was he otherwise than self-possessed.

I strolled about the town, which was small; the streets were full of Napoleon's guard.

In a secluded part near the palace a nun, as I thought, was standing on the step of a door. I went up and inquired if it was a nunnery. She said "No," and asked me to walk up, when I found it a hospital of Sisters of Mercy, filled with wounded soldiers, French, Austrian, Russian and Prussian. No beds could be of more snowy whiteness than those the wounded were lying on in feeble helplessness, with their hollow cheeks pressed close to the pillow, enjoying the sunny air which came in at the windows. Their feverish eyes followed us with an eager debility. They all seemed pleased at the sight of a stranger. They were too weak to speak, but their looks lingered on us till we left them.

On going upstairs we found a room full of the dying. Some were sitting up supported by pillows; others, too weak to sit up, were feebly repeating the prayers after a sister on her knees in the middle of the room, and all who had strength followed her with long, broken and tremulous sounds, crossing themselves, and so intensely occupied that our entering was not perceived, and we withdrew with noiseless sympathy.

These were the worst cases, of which there was no hope. On leaving this touching place I put my hand in my pocket, and feeling embarrassed, the sister, in the sweetest manner, put out her hand, and said: "*Pour les pauvres, Monsieur.*"

She showed me the medicines with labels in French, and bid me adieu with great grace; she was rather young and interesting.

In the evening I strolled to the parade: more dreadful-looking fellows than Napoleon's guard I had never seen. They had the look of thorougbred, veteran, disciplined banditti. Depravity, indifference and bloodthirstiness were burnt in their faces; black moustachios, gigantic caps, a slouching carriage and a ferocious expression were their characteristics. If such fellows had governed the world, what would have become of it? They were large, tall and bony, but narrow-chested, and on seeing the English cavalry afterwards, on their road to Boulogne from Bayonne, it was easy to predict who would have the best in a close grapple. On returning again to the palace after the parade, where I had been eyed with a good deal of curiosity by officers and men, some of the guard came into the yard.

Recognising me, they collected round me, and their familiar and frank bearing soon took away all dislike. They all swore they cried when Napoleon took leave, and that Col. Campbell and the Austrian and the Prussian cried; the Russian did not seem moved.

moved. When the eagle was brought up, the ensign turned away his head for crying.

" Napoleon was a great man; he shot D'Enghien and had many faults, but he was never beaten." " *Il était trahi, il était trahi*," all said. " Did he cry? " said I to a grenadier. " He cry! " replied the old moustache; " *il était toujours ferme*." " Why does not the King have us to guard him," said one, " instead of parade soldiers? "

The sister at the hospital told me all their sufferings had been from the guards and line, and that the Cossacks and Russians had behaved admirably when quartered in the town.

It being a beautiful summer evening, I retired to the Jardin Anglais, and stretching myself out close to the soothing tinkle of a beautiful fountain, meditated on Napoleon and his fall till night had darkened without obscuring the scene.

Napoleon in his feelings had all the romance of a youth, and few ever have had such power to carry out, in their full intensity, the glorious anticipations of youthful imagination. In a letter to the Directory, in his first campaign, he alludes to the amphitheatre of Verona, and says how superior the ancients were.

It was easy to see when he had power he would not be long before attempting great things. Right opposite his library in his English garden was a little column, against the setting sun, with a golden eagle grappling the world: this was surely to remind him in his solitary walks of the great object of his life.

Though detesting Napoleon's government, I was affected with something like sympathy for his private habits.

The heads of Raffaele and Michel Angelo, Alexander and Cæsar adorned my bedroom, and often in the night I have felt their influence on my mind.

It was the same feeling in Napoleon which made him set up this eagle grappling the earth. I sympathised with this romance of his nature, and I paced his favourite walk, drinking in sensations of ambition and glory, as if I was to be the next curse to the world.

The evening was delicious; the fountain worthy of Armida's garden; the poetry of my mind unearthly for the time, when the crash of the Imperial drums, beating with a harsh unity which stamped their voices as those of veterans in war, made my heart throb with their stormy rattle. Never did I hear such drums before, and never shall I again: there were years of battle and blood in every sound.

I returned to Paris *en poste*, and was much amused at this mode of travelling (which I thought meant in a post-chaise), when hearing the cracking of a whip, I came to the yard, and found

found a fine tall postillion, on a rough little horse, holding another for me.

It was not for milord to appear abashed; so mounting at once, off galloped my leader and off galloped I, he cracking his whip all through the streets. The guards were lounging about, and some recognised me as the Anglais who had played skittles with them.

The postillion was a complete character. and when we got out of the town I determined to try his mettle; so I pushed on at full gallop: he passed me and I passed him again, but I got in, after a complete race, before him to the posthouse. Once on the road, with the air of a Talma, he drew up and told me how that château on the hill was purchased by a parvenu during the revolution, and how, when the Bourbons came back, the purchaser said to the Princess, who was the owner: "*Madame la Princesse! j'ai acheté ce bien-ci, seulement pour vous et vos enfans—je le céderai —c'est tout à vous.*" "*N'est-ce pas bien généreux?*" said he. "*Oui,*" said I. "*Monsieur, j'étais courier de Napoléon de Paris à Moscou,*" and before I could reply he was off, and I after him, and overtook him, no doubt because out of compliment to milord he had, as he assured me, given me the best horse.

He was a fine fellow, handsome and active, with a broad-brimmed, leathern, black, shining hat. Raving from the excitement of horse exercise, I went into the posthouse, calling "*Vite! vite!*" They thought I must be from the army; so horses were always ready in a moment. I got to Paris in a heat. After staying and sketching two whole days in the Louvre, I set off for England by Calais. It was then a miserable road: the only thing worth seeing was the cathedral at Amiens, with the *real* head of St John the Baptist. Amiens was crowded with English travellers.

At the inn at Calais I accidentally got into conversation with a little suffering veteran officer, who said he had served in Egypt and Syria with Napoleon. I asked in what division; he replied in Bon's; remembering Sir Robert Wilson's advice: "Let anyone ask of Bon's division," I directly asked if it was true that Buonaparte had shot the garrison at Jaffa after they had surrendered. He evaded the question in a way that left no doubt in my mind of the truth of what Napoleon talked of afterwards to Lord Ebrington with such coolness.

I got on board the packet, and was soon dozing in the middle of bubbling waters and groaning passengers.

About dawn I came on deck. Day had broke with a saffron streak; the morning star glittered; the sea rose like a huge dark wall; France was gone; and before me in morning beauty lay the cliffs of England!

I was

I was glad to see the military at Dover striding about. Captain King, who took over Blucher in the *Jason*, told me that as they were getting out of sight of land Blucher was standing on the quarter-deck looking at the shore. He did not know he was observed, and before he turned King heard him say: "That's a fine country"; when he turned King saw the tears trickling down his cheeks.

The knowledge I gained by this tour was endless, and the advantages of seeing the Louvre in its glory can never be properly estimated but by those who did so see it.

You settled principles in an hour by the instant comparison of schools, which it would have taken months to arrive at when each school had its own works distinct in its own town.

Had the French properly estimated the delicacy of the Allies, in suffering the works of Art to remain in 1814, they would never have been removed in 1815; but their insolence knew no bounds; we were insulted in the coffee-house by "*Vous avez peur, vous avez peur.*" A Frenchman can never believe he is treated with civility from any motive but fear.

In 1815 ample revenge was taken, and I can scarcely conceive a more hideous mortification to a Parisian than the seeing the bronze horses of Lysippus let down by English artillerymen on their backs into a cart, and the gilt ram's head of the pole sold, as it was to my friend John Scott, for eighteenpence.

On the morning I left Paris, in taking leave of Denon (from whom I had received the greatest attention), I had a long and interesting conversation with him about the original country of the inhabitants of Egypt, he maintaining they were negroes, because, in all representations of battles in their temples, it was a copper-coloured hero trampling on negro necks. I maintained this was no evidence at all. Why might not the copper-coloured be trampling over the neighbouring negro nations? According to himself he had found no negro mummy. He then attacked Lord Elgin, and I said Choiseul Gouffier began, and the Venetian general one hundred and fifty years before. I said if Lord Elgin had not interfered, the Turks would have destroyed the marbles: "*Mon cher*," said Denon, "the Turks destroy nothing." I squeezed his hand, thanked him for his politeness and took my leave. I took leave also of L'Anglés and Nicolopolo of the Institute, from both of whom I had received great civilities. Guerin, Prudhon, Gèrard, Gros and others showed us great civilities, but the times were so overwhelming we accepted very few of the invitations we received.

CHAPTER XIV

On my return to work I found that the excitement had been so great that my health was by no means benefited, and Bell advised me to take a fortnight's relaxation by the sea. I went to Hastings, and whilst there had the gratification of receiving notice that my dear old friend George Eastlake had been so interested by my success that he had proposed and carried my receiving the freedom of my native town in honour of my Solomon. Moreover, whilst I had been at Paris, the British Institution had, on the proposition of Sir George Beaumont, seconded by Lord Mulgrave, voted me one hundred guineas as a mark of admiration for the same picture. So that Solomon was indeed in his glory in 1814, much more so than in his present habitation and dusthole (1844).

Having received my cash I set off for Hastings, and took lodgings at Bopeep, opposite the Martello Towers. Here, whilst bathing and shooting gulls for practice, I received notice from the Mayor of Plymouth of the distinguished compliment paid me by my townsmen, "as a testimony of respect" (to use the language of the resolution) "for my extraordinary merit as a historical painter, and particularly for the production of my recent picture, the Judgment of Solomon."

I had left my father's house ten years when this picture came out, and taking everything into consideration;—that it was composed at nineteen, begun at twenty-five and completed at twenty-eight;—that I was opposed, calumniated and run down by the Academy for what they called my impertinence in thinking of such a picture without being commissioned;—considering, also, that colour, light and shadow, drawing, form, handling, surface, expression and composition were all there, and all, I must say, excellent;—that I had never seen the great works abroad;—that I had no positive instructor, because Fuseli was no example;—taking into consideration my youth, my inexperience, my oppressions and distresses (helped as I was only by John and Leigh Hunt, to the best of their limited means), I must say I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of the artists, the public or the nobility. Yet what did this do for me? Nothing! Not a single commission, large or small, followed. The exhibition at Plymouth was a failure, as were those at Liverpool and at Birmingham.

ham. No corporation, no public body, no church, no patron ever thought the picture worth inquiring after, and, after scrambling about to be gaped at and forgotten, it was sold to a Mr Prideaux, who became a bankrupt, was left with me, was seized by my landlord, who offered to give it up to the assignees on payment of warehouseroom, which has been refused, and there it is at present (1844) with the leer of the wicked mother, and the agony of the real one—the curiosity of the negro prince—the interesting terror of the young matron, leaving the court with her two children in fright—the sympathy of the executioner—the Jew Rabbins—the keenness and majesty of the King—its colour, its tone and its expression, in a warehouse in Dean Street, a man wiping off the damp every week, lest it should rot.[1] And this is England, with its Royal Academy, its court painters, its knighthoods and empty spaces! Shame on those who have the power without the taste to avert such a fall; who let a work which was hailed as a national victory rot into decay and dirt and oblivion! But it will rise again; it will shine forth hereafter, and reanimate the energy of a new generation, when the falsehood of Germanism shall have ruined the school, and the rising youth are gasping for examples which may safely be imitated.

While I was at Hastings a Martello Tower at Bopeep was full of wounded soldiers from Spain. Returning to town outside the coach, I had one of the 95th, a desperate rifleman, by my side. He had yards of flannel wrapped round him. He was spare, pale, haggard, keen, and talked all the way. He had been wounded at Talavera, when Cuesta ran away, and the Duke was obliged to cross the Tagus, and the French entered. This fellow, and a corporal of the guards, hobbled out of the town, both wounded, bloody and lame. A man and two mules passed; they begged for help, but he disregarded them. "I say, rifleman, is your rifle loaded?" said the guardsman. "I have never looked since the battle." "Touch up that fellow, if it will go off." "Good God!" said a horror-stricken Cockney on the other side; "what did you do?" "Do! why, clapped up my rifle, to be sure; she never missed; down came my gentleman! We were too lame to mount, so we led the mules till we came to a ditch, and then slipped off the dyke on their backs, and, what's more, found three hundred dollars in the saddlebags!" "My God," said the Cockney, "you wretch!" "That may be," said the 95th man; "but why did not he help us, the rascal, wounded for his d——d country? We got gloriously safe to

[1] It is now (1853) in the possession of Sir Edwin Landseer, by whom its merits are appreciated, and whose appreciation carries that of many after it.—Ed.

Elvas,

Elvas, and many good drinks we had of the three hundred dollars."

This fellow was a complete rascal. He told stories that made one's flesh creep, and boasted of villainies as evidence of talent in a way that was dreadful. He had brought off, he said, fifty-six men, prisoners, safe to Lisbon, and then, by the Duke's order, got a dollar a man. They had undermined a wall, and the exploit, I remembered, was in the papers at the time. He was a keen dog, who evidently advised his officer if he knew better, but shrunk from command. He gave us a description of the adventures of the advance; most entertaining. He said one Irish regiment took off all their buttons, and passed them for shillings. They had changed clothes so often with the dead, enemies and English, that, on meeting the Duke once, he did not know what regiment they were.

On my arrival in town, with natural vanity, I called on Northcote, who was a native of Plymouth. He could not bear my presence. "Ah, the freedom is nothing," he said; "my grandfather was mayor one hundred years ago."

I now set vigorously to work; but, as usual, my resources soon failed. Wilkie was hard at work, too, and we drove away, meeting now and then, and relishing in memory our exploits at Paris.

I find in my Journal of November 8th of this year that I had painted the head of Jairus, which was considered an advance by all.

The year 1814 now came to its last day. It was a year in which I had suffered every extremity of misery and every elevation of success, in which I had enlarged my mind and confirmed my views by seeing the great easel works of the old masters.

I concluded the year as I began it—in prayer—and opened my eyes in 1815 praying also for protection and blessing.

Journal

January 4th.—In consequence of being perpetually about M—— F——, I saw a great deal of actors and actresses, and I cannot say it increased my respect for them. When once a woman has tasted public applause, domestic life becomes lifeless and insipid in the comparison. Actresses get the energy and spirit of men. They have active duties to perform and feel the sweets of exertion; but public applause is no compensation for loss of caste. They know and feel they have stepped out of the limits of womanly delicacy, and still they are, after all, helpless women, without the respect which is due to their sex.

Raffaele wanted that comprehensiveness in representation that he had in expression; by the side of Correggio he suffered.

At

At the moment of execution you suffer agony at your inability to complete the idea which the imagination shot forth at the moment of conception. This goes so much beyond the efforts of the hand, that not till days afterwards, when the imagination has cooled and nature is absent, do you begin to relapse into approbation of your own achievements.

I was never satisfied with anything till I forgot what I wanted to do.

January 14th.—In all daring attempts nothing should be left to chance but what cannot be provided for by human skill and foresight.

19th.—Certain delightful qualities in women are usually attended with certain tendencies to vice. If you love the one you must risk the other.

31st.—The art of Miss Edgeworth's stories is, I think, too apparent. The follies and vices of the actors bring them too regularly to ruin. They act in circumstances arranged for them, and do not, as in Shakespeare, produce the circumstances in the development of their characters.

February 3rd.—Designing my Entry into Jerusalem. In the left-hand corner I will have a penitent girl, pale, lovely, shrinking, yet entreating pardon of her Saviour, protected by her mother, who is clasping her in an agony of apprehension, yet with a gleam of hope through her tears, and encouraged by her virtuous sister, who gently presses her shoulder to give her hopes. Christ shall regard this penitent girl with intense and tender compassion, pointing to Heaven with His hand.

I thank God for this conception, and pray Him to grant I may execute it with exquisiteness.

Sunday.—I am full of aspiration and glowing elasticity of imagination, the result of a week spent vigorously and successfully, in which I have strained my faculties and body to the greatest stretch, without injury or weakness.

O God Almighty! I bless Thee for this with all my heart. Grant me strength of mind and body to realise all my views before I die, and take me before my powers are gone. Take me before the imbecility of age has numbed my sensations and deadened my conceptions. But Thy will be done. To Thy merciful and inexhausted goodness I trust with confidence.

My enthusiasm at this time was intense. I held intercourse only with my art and my great Creator. I shunned society. I looked on myself as called to produce a great reform, and I devoted myself to it with the passionate self-seclusion of an ascetic.

Eastlake

Eastlake about this time went to Paris. He felt my success in Solomon as sincerely and deeply as a younger brother. I gave him letters to our friends in Paris, and often heard from him.

About this time I had a most singular dream. I dreamt Wilkie and I were both climbing up an immensely high wall, at the top of which were sweet creatures smiling at and welcoming us. He could scarcely keep hold, it was so steep and slippery; when all of a sudden he let go, and I saw him wind and curve in the air, and felt the horrible conviction that his body would be dashed to pieces. After a moment's grief, I persevered and reached the top, and there found Mrs Wilkie and his sister, lamenting his death.[1]

All this time I went on hard with my picture, till I found my resources exhausted as usual.

February 25th.—The more I reflect on my nature, the more I am convinced of my adaptation to great difficulties. I am once again without one farthing. I have paid off the greatest part of my debts. The price of Solomon was so inadequate, that my models and journey have swept off most of the rest. So far from being depressed, my breast broadens at the contemplation of conquering. I look upon all difficulties as stimulants to action.

I have £200 to pay the twenty-first of next month. As yet I have not a sixpence towards it; but in God I trust, who has always relieved me. Let me but be successful in realising my conceptions in my day's labour. and what shall subdue me but extinction?

In this mood of defiance I finished the Samaritan woman in a way which excited a great sensation in the art. She held the garment in the foreground, opposite the centurion, for Christ to ride over.

I had now seen the great Venetian works, and had settled principles of execution which I was not certain about in Solomon.

As it illustrates my character, the following note must be endured.

April 29th.—This week has really been a week of great delight. Never have I had such irresistible and perpetual urgings of future greatness. I have been like a man with air-balloons under his armpits, and ether in his soul. While I was painting, walking, or thinking, beaming flashes of energy followed and impressed me. O God! grant they may not be presumptuous feelings.

[1] This is recorded in my Journal for February 15th, 1815, and is like a presentiment of his dying first.—B. R. H. 1843.

Grant

Grant they may be the fiery anticipations of a great soul born to realise them. They came over me, and shot across me, and shook me, till I lifted up my heart and thanked God.

May 2nd.—Went to the Institution last night to see the Vandykes and the Rembrandts lighted by lamps. Was amazingly impressed with the care, diligence, and complete finish of the works of these great men. Came home, and looked at my own picture. It must be done so, and there is an end. The beauty of the women, the exquisite fresh, nosegay sweetness of their looks, their rich crimson velvet, and white satin, and lace, and muslin, and diamonds, with their black eyes and peachy complexions, and snowy necks, and delicious forms, and graceful motions, and sweet nothingness of conversation, bewildered and distracted me. What the nobility have to enjoy in this world! What has not the prince? But they do not seem happy; they want the stimulus of action: their minds preying on themselves seek refuge in novelty, and often sacrifice principle to procure it.

It was about this time that that admirable system of exhibiting the great works of the old masters was begun at the British Institution, and nothing showed so much the want of noble feeling on the part of the Academy as the way in which its members received the resolution. Lawrence was looking at the Gevartius when I was there, and as he turned round, to my wonder, his face was boiling with rage as he grated out between his teeth, "I suppose they think we want teaching." I met Stothard in my rounds, who said, "this will destroy us." "No," I replied, "it will certainly rouse me." "Why," said he, "perhaps that is the right way to take it." On the minds of the people the effect was prodigious. All classes were benefited, and so was the fame of the old masters themselves, for now their finest works were brought forth to the world from odd corners and rooms where they had never perfectly been seen.

It was also about this time that whispers and rumours began to spread in the art against the Elgin Marbles, and very quickly reached my ears. I was up in a moment, and ready to fight to the last gasp in their defence, for having studied them night and day it was natural that I should feel astonished at hearing from various quarters that their beauty, truth, and originality were questioned by a great authority in matters of art. As this difference of opinion eventually led to a great battle, I may as well in this place give a slight memoir of these divine fragments.

Lord Elgin, who was a man of fine taste, on receiving his appointment as Ambassador to the Porte, in 1800, consulted with Harrison of Chester how he could render his influence at Constantinople

stantinople available for the improvement of art, with reference to the glorious remains of Athens.

Harrison told me (in 1821) that he immediately advised his Lordship to procure, if possible, casts from the Ionic columns at the angle of the pediment, to show how the Greeks turned the volute round at that point, and also suggested that sculpture would be greatly benefited by casts from any fine works remaining. Lord Elgin, thus advised, having first failed in obtaining the support of the Government (who with all their love for the arts did not feel themselves at all justified in advancing the public money for such objects), and being unable to meet the enormous demands of English artists and moulders, proceeded to obtain on his road the assistance of foreign artists, who were more moderate in their terms. After much trouble he at last established at Athens six moulders and artists to draw, cast, and mould everything valuable in art, whether sculpture, architecture, or inscription.

So far Lord Elgin entertained no further notions, but when his artists informed him of the daily ravages of the Turks, and added that, during their stay, several works of sculpture had been injured, fired at, and even pounded into lime to build houses with; —when he found that of a whole temple existing in Stuart's day, near the Ilissus, not a stone was then to be seen;—when he learnt that all the English travellers who came to Athens, with their natural love of little bits, broke off arms or noses to bring home as relics;—he naturally concluded that in fifty years' time, at such a rate of devastation, scarce a fragment of architecture or sculpture would remain.

His position was a delicate one. Suspended between the desire of saving from ruin and enriching his country with works which he felt were unequalled in beauty, and his dread of that which he knew would be immediately imputed to him, viz. having taken advantage of his public power and position to further private and pecuniary objects, he was tormented, as all men are tormented who, contemplating a service to their fellow-creatures, feel the sad certainty that, for a time, they will stir up their hatred and provoke persecution instead of receiving legitimate gratitude and reward.

With the energy of a daring will he resolved that the bold step was the only rational one, and having made up his mind he directly applied to the Porte for leave to mould and remove, and for a special licence to dig and excavate. Who will censure his resolution and decision? No one will now; but everyone did then. A hue and cry was raised. It was swelled by Byron. Lord Elgin was lampooned, abused, and every motive imputed to him but the one by which alone he was impelled.

But

But Lord Elgin was a man not easily daunted; he put up his scaffoldings in spite of epigrams, and commenced removing what remained of the sculptures and architecture. After nearly five years of constant anxieties and disappointment those remains of matchless beauty, the glorious Elgin Marbles, were at last got down to the *Piræus*,—at last they were embarked,—at last the ship set sail, and while, with a fair wind and shining sun, she was scudding away for old England, the pilot ran her on a rock, and down went marbles and ship in many fathoms water! Here was a misery; but Hamilton, Lord Elgin's secretary, who was with them, did not despair. He hired a set of divers from the opposite coast of Asia Minor, and after immense perseverance recovered every case. Not a fragment was missing; again they started; again the winds blew, and the sun shone, and after many weeks they were at last safely landed and lodged in Richmond Gardens, to set the whole art in an uproar.

Lord Elgin, who little knew the political state of art, was not prepared for any opposition. Innocent noble! he believed that the marbles had only to be seen to be appreciated! He little knew that there was a Royal Academy which never risked injury to its preponderance for the sake of art. He little knew that there were societies of dilettanti, who frowned at any man who presumed to form a collection unless under their sanction, so that they should share any repute which might accrue. He little knew that an eminent scholar, who was forming a collection of bronzes, which he meant to leave to the nation, and who having, like most eminent scholars, an intense admiration of what was ancient, believed that nobody but himself knew anything of art or nature, would become jealous at this sudden irruption into what he considered his exclusive domain.

However little poor Lord Elgin knew of these matters, he soon discovered that we *had* a Royal Academy, that we *had* societies of dilettanti, and that we *had* an eminent scholar collecting bronzes, whose *ipse dixit* no one dared dispute, be he what he might in rank, station or talent; and Lord Elgin soon discovered also that this eminent scholar, with the natural jealousy of a collector, meant to take the field against the originality, beauty, nature and skill of his Lordship's marbles. At the first dinner-party at which Lord Elgin met him, he cried out in a loud voice, "You have lost your labour, my Lord Elgin; your marbles are overrated; they are not Greek, they are Roman of the time of Hadrian." Lord Elgin, totally unprepared for such an assault, did not reply, for he did not know what to say.

If Payne Knight had no foundation but historical evidence for such an opinion, his evidence was shallow indeed, and if it proceeded

proceeded from his knowledge as a connoisseur, the perfection of the works he wished to traduce at once proved that his judgment, taste, and feeling, were utterly beneath notice. But such was the effect of Payne Knight's opinion, that the marbles went down in fashionable estimation from that hour. Government cooled, and artists became frightened because an eminent scholar, jealous of their possessor, denied the superiority of these glorious remains. Lord Elgin, feeling this, in utter despair removed them to Park Lane, built a shed over them and left them, as he feared, to an unmerited fate. Many melancholy, many poetical moments did I enjoy there, musing on these mighty fragments piled on each other, covered with dirt, dripping with damp, and utterly neglected for seasons together. But I gained from these sublime relics the leading principles of my practice, and I saw that the union of nature and idea was here so perfect, that the great artist, in his works, seemed more like an agent of the Creator to express vitality by marble than a mere human genius.

Yet notwithstanding the excellence of these divine works, notwithstanding that their faithfulness to nature was distinctly proved by comparison with the forms of the finest boxers of the day, notwithstanding that their beauty was proclaimed by the mighty voice of public approbation, the learned despot of dinner-parties would not be beaten, and eight years passed over in apathy on the part of the British Government.

CHAPTER XV

Journal

April 13th.—I had a cast made yesterday of Wordsworth's face. He bore it like a philosopher. John Scott was to meet him at breakfast, and just as he came in the plaster was put on. Wordsworth was sitting in the other room in my dressing-gown, with his hands folded, sedate, solemn and still. I stepped in to Scott and told him as a curiosity to take a peep, that he might say the first sight he ever had of so great a poet was in this stage towards immortality.

I opened the door slowly, and there he sat innocent and unconscious of our plot, in mysterious stillness and silence.

When he was relieved he came in to breakfast with his usual cheerfulness and delighted us by his bursts of inspiration. At one time he shook us both in explaining the principles of his system, his views of man, and his object in writing.

Wordsworth's faculty is in describing those far-reaching and intense feelings and glimmerings and doubts and fears and hopes of man, as referring to what he might be before he was born or what he may be hereafter.

He is a great being and will hereafter be ranked as one who had a portion of the spirit of the mighty ones, especially Milton, but who did not possess the power of using that spirit otherwise than with reference to himself and so as to excite a reflex action only: this is, in my opinion, his great characteristic.

We afterwards called on Hunt, and as Hunt had previously attacked him and had now re-formed his opinions the meeting was interesting.

Hunt paid him the highest compliments, and told him that as he grew wiser and got older he found his respect for his powers and enthusiasm for his genius increase.

Hunt was very ill or it would have been his place to have called on Wordsworth. Here, again, he really burst forth with burning feelings; I never heard him so eloquent before.

I afterwards sauntered along with him to West-end Lane and so on to Hampstead, with great delight. Never did any man so beguile the time as Wordsworth. His purity of heart, his kind-

ness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feelings with which he pours forth all he knows affect, interest and enchant one. I do not know anyone I would be so inclined to worship as a purified being.

Last night I had been at an insipid rout. The contrast was vivid. There the beauty of the women was the only attraction.

In speaking of Lucien Buonaparte as we sauntered along, I said of his poem, that the materials were ill-arranged as referring to an end. "I don't care for that," said Wordsworth, "if there are good things in a poem." Here he was decidedly wrong; but he did not say this with reference to this particular poem, because he thought little of it.

May 23rd.—Breakfasted with Wordsworth, and spent a delightful two hours. Speaking of Burke, Fox, and Pitt, he said: "You always went from Burke with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and from Pitt with wonder at his having had the power to make the worse appear the better reason." "Pitt," he said, "preferred power to principle."

I say it is not so. Pitt at a crisis of danger sacrificed his consistency for the sake of his sovereign and country. Which is more just?

Wordsworth has one and perhaps the greatest part of the great genius; but he has not the *lucidus ordo*, and he undervalues it, which is wrong. In phrenological development he is without constructiveness while imagination is as big as an egg.

24th.—There is no sect, philosophy, religion, or law that has so much contributed to the public good as the Christian religion.

27th.—I have worked this week more intensely, and advanced my picture delightfully, my eyes strong, my mind in fine tone, practice increasing my power of hand and application increasing my power of practice. Have I not cause to be grateful to God? I have; I am; I will be more so.

In the history of the world never was there such a period as this of 1815. Buonaparte had returned from Elba and got possession of the throne by the most wonderful *coup de main* on record. Had he not wasted his time in trying to get possession of the King of Rome,—had he defied the Allied Powers instead of seeking to soothe them,—had he given full rein to the enthusiasm of the people, and sent them on during the revolution to the frontiers, it would at least have rendered the contest doubtful. But he let all evaporate; was guilty of violations of constitutional law, which he did not understand though he had sworn to maintain it; roused the suspicions of Benjamin Constant and the Liberal party, and the party of the people, so that, before the

the campaign in Flanders began, the whole thing had sunk from a national quarrel for the sake of a great principle to a party feeling in favour of his own dynasty, which the army, and the army alone, were interested to preserve. In fact, morally, Napoleon was beaten before the battle of Waterloo. When he landed at Cannes, "he will soon give an account of Master Wellington," said Hunt to me. "Will he?" I replied; "I'll bet this will all be a working up for Wellington's glory." Hunt treated the thought with the greatest contempt; but my feelings about the Duke amounted to the supernatural since Vimiero.

I was now working hard at Jerusalem. My Journal records:

June 19th.—Went down to the Gallery to consult the fine pictures as I worked. Sir George Beaumont called and sat with me as I painted the sleeve of the centurion. He had the greatest delight. Jackson called and said the Duchess of Wellington came in to Lord Mulgrave's last night, and they began talking anxiously about the Duke. "What does she say?" said I. "She said," Jackson replied, "that she felt perfectly tranquil as she knew he was now in his element."

22nd.—I went to the Institution and studied intensely. You feel the beauty of great works a great deal more when you see them at the time you are making similar attempts yourself; you enter into all the feelings of the artist; you recognise the same views of nature as you have seen yourself; and you see their attempts at imitating what perhaps you have been trying the same day. The sympathy is delightful.

How did I enter into Rembrandt, how drink in his excellence, how profit by his beauties! How did I recognise effects of shadow on arms, gradations of colour, softness and tones which I have seen in nature often, and which lie in my mind like substances! I shall go to work again to-morrow with God's blessing stimulated to the most extraordinary effort. I will rival and if possible exceed them: possible it is, because they are but mortals, and great and beautiful as their efforts are how feeble are they to the beauty of life!

What a wonderful creation is the world; how beautiful in ornament, how intensely deep in principle, how simple in arrangement! How delightful that the elements of our physical being should afford materials for the exercise of our intellectual powers!

Rembrandt is not vulgar though his characters are mean; there is such a refinement in his surface and colour.

23rd.—I had spent the evening with John Scott who lived in the Edgeware Road. I had stayed rather late, and was coming home to Great Marlborough Street, when in crossing Portman Square

Square a messenger from the Foreign Office came right up to me and said: "Which is Lord Harrowby's? The Duke has beat Napoleon, taken one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and is marching to Paris." "Is it true?" said I, quite bewildered. "True!" said he; "which is Lord Harrowby's?" Forgetting in my joy this was not Grosvenor Square, I said: "There," pointing to the same point in Portman Square as Lord Harrowby's house occupies in Grosvenor Square, which happened to be Mrs Boehm's where there was actually a rout. In rushed the messenger through servants and all, and I ran back again to Scott's. They were gone to bed but I knocked them up and said: "The Duke has beat Napoleon, taken one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and is marching to Paris." Scott began to ask questions. I said: "None of your questions; it's a fact," and both of us said "Huzza!"

I went home and to bed; got up and to work: Sammons my model and corporal of the 2nd Life Guards came and we tried to do our duty; but Sammons was in such a fidget about his regiment charging, and I myself was in such a heat, I was obliged to let him go. Away he went, and I never saw him till late next day, and he then came drunk with talking. I read the *Gazette* the last thing before going to bed. I dreamt of it and was fighting all night; I got up in a steam of feeling and read the *Gazette* again, ordered a *Courier* for a month, called at a confectioner's and read all the papers till I was faint.

How singularly success operates on our minds! When Napoleon was at Moscow one thought of him as a tremendous being. I recollect arguing with Wilkie he could not stop. "Ah but," said he, "he has got there!" One felt contempt when he abdicated, but when he left Elba and rushed to Paris, one shrunk as if in presence of a comet. Madame de Stäel said in 1814: "*Il n'est pas un homme, il est un système*," and she acknowledged herself completely vanquished.

One could not think of the Duke and the British troops without tears. Their constancy and firmness, his genius and prudence, the manner in which they had worked their way to their splendid reputation against the prejudice of Europe and the insolence of the French was passionately interesting.

"Now," thought I, "will the Imperial Guard say again to me '*Napoléon n'était jamais battu'?*" I believe not. Even the French, vain and impudent as they are, must acknowledge it; and if the Allies do not think us too powerful and negative our influence his destruction approaches.

"Have not the efforts of the nation," I asked myself, "been gigantic? To such glories she only wants to add the glories of my

my noble art to make her the grandest nation in the world, and these she shall have if God spare my life."

24*th*.—How this victory pursues one's imagination! I read the *Gazette* four times without stopping.

25*th*.—Read the *Gazette* again, till I now know it actually by heart. Dined with Hunt. I give myself great credit for not worrying him to death at this news; he was quiet for some time, but knowing it must come by and by and putting on an air of indifference, he said: "Terrible battle this, Haydon." "A glorious one, Hunt." "Oh, yes, certainly," and to it we went.

Yet Hunt took a just and liberal view of the question. As for Hazlitt, it is not to be believed how the destruction of Napoleon affected him; he seemed prostrated in mind and body: he walked about unwashed, unshaved, hardly sober by day, and always intoxicated by night, literally, without exaggeration, for weeks; until at length wakening as it were from his stupor, he at once left off all stimulating liquors, and never touched them after.

Hazlitt's principle was, that crimes, want of honour, want of faith, or want of every virtue on earth, were nothing on the part of an individual raised from the middle classes to the throne, if they forwarded the victory of the popular principle whilst he remained there. I used to maintain that the basis of such a victory should be the very reverse of the vices, and cruelties, and weaknesses of decayed dynasties, and that in proportion as a man elevated as Napoleon was in such a cause deviated from the abstract virtue required, in the same proportion he injured the cause itself and excused the very dynasties he wished to supplant and surpass.

Leigh Hunt said there was less excuse for Napoleon than for hereditary princes, because they were educated in hatred of the very constitutional government they affected to wish for, whilst Napoleon had risen on the shoulders of revolution, and that he was deservedly punished by his misfortunes. I always maintained that the Duke would be considered by posterity to have saved for this age the intellect of the world. Had Napoleon triumphed we would have been brought back to barbarism. Great and glorious Wellington! how quietly did he bear all the ridicule and sneers when he went to Portugal. Even the ministry who sent him out did not seem aware of the extent of his powers; they cramped his means and neglected to send him succours; and it was only on his showing how much he could do without means that they gave him means to do more. I heard Lord Mulgrave say he would be a second Marlborough. But what had Marlborough to do in comparison with him? Princes did not then fight for thrones, people for their rights, or the world for

for its existence. Napoleon's system was inspired by all the genius and energy of a demon. Gradual progress and gradual enlightenment might have reformed the rottenness of corrupt theories. Hazlitt and Hunt, and Byron and Shelley wished their end to be brought about by means which would have entailed consequences more dreadful to human liberty and intellect than the extreme of corruption in old governments.

Napoleon pressed intellect into his service; the brighter the mind the more baneful the result. He seemed desirous to sap youthful susceptibility and make one being the engine of another's reduction till he was the dreaded deity of this lower world.

Any people might by degrees have been corrupted by such a system, but how terrible its operation on a nation like the French! Vain, insolent, thoughtless, bloodthirsty, and impetuous by nature,—so susceptible to glory as to have their little sense blinded by that bubble,—a people who are brilliant without intensity, have courage without firmness, are polite without benevolence, tender without heart,—pale, fierce, and elegant in their looks, depraved, lecherous, and blasphemous in their natures! Good God! Napoleon the being and the French the people to be the instruments of liberty to the world! Power is to be again placed into their hands because they were so moderate before! Their character to be a guarantee for Europe's repose! Napoleon to be reformed by misfortune! He certainly gave beautiful symptoms of it during the Hundred Days.

I was pleased to hear the Duke was excessively affected at the loss of so many friends, for sympathy is the only good quality I feared he was without.

Charles Bell went directly to Belgium, and I thought of darting away; but when I looked at my picture of Jerusalem and reflected on my character I thought it better to go on with my studies, which I did earnestly and well.

About this time £500,000 was voted for a Waterloo monument. Painting, sculpture and architecture were to have been united. The committee wrote to the Academy to ask their advice; no answer was returned. Lord Castlereagh and the committee were so thoroughly disgusted that notwithstanding hundreds of models were sent in at their call the whole thing was given up. Many artists were nearly ruined; but the fact was never known publicly till the committee on the Royal Academy (in 1836), when the Academicians were, at my instigation, asked by Ewart the chairman what was the reason of such conduct. Shee had accidentally confessed to me that he had advised no reply, in revenge for the Government having returned no answer to them when they as a body had at some time drawn up a statement how High Art might be advanced.

It

It was very wrong of Lord Liverpool or His Majesty to treat a public body with such disrespect, and it was still more wrong for that body, at such a great opportunity to resent the slight, because High Art which both might wish advanced was thus sacrificed and kept struggling for years after.

I was so excited by the idea of this monument that I went to Hampton Court, and after studying the cartoons all day stayed from sunset in the fields a great part of the night planning a series of national subjects, and it was here I settled my series on the principle that to illustrate the best government for regulating without cramping the liberty of man was the thing; making Napoleon the exception and his ruin the moral. Afterwards, when the scheme of a Waterloo monument went to the ground, I adopted this series for the old House of Lords, where it had occurred to me in 1812 when the Prince Regent was speaking.

Wilkie had been out of town, and on my return I found a letter from him requesting me to participate with him in his satisfaction at the sale of his picture, Distraining for Rent, for which the directors of the British Institution had unanimously voted six hundred guineas.

Sir George Beaumont and I had now made up our differences. He called, and said he must have a picture, and advanced me fifty guineas. I said I hoped he would not wish for anything less than life. He replied certainly not, and at a price not to exceed 200 guineas. Sir George's heart was always tender, but he was capricious.

July came, and the people began to quit town. I do not know if the pleasantest part of a London season be not the last fortnight after Parliament is up. Business is over. People lounge long and late after dinner; the arts, the opera, the session, the court, the intrigues, the courtships, the marriages are all discussed, till one by one each drops away by the 1st of September, and then takes place that *lull*, to use a word of Lord Palmerston's which exquisitely expresses the thing, and London harass is succeeded by country duties, steward's accounts, coal-mines, Irish estates or a contest for a vacant borough, till Christmas comes and then hey for the new year!

Before Sir George left town he sent me a letter which I recommend to the youthful student, as I do all his letters, as models of sound advice both on Art and conduct.

He wrote (July 1st, 1815):

"As your sincere well-wisher I earnestly require you to abstain from all writing except on broad and general subjects, chiefly allusive to your art. If any severe or unjust remarks are made on you or your works *paint* them down. You can. But if you retort in words, action will produce reaction, and your whole remaining

remaining life will be one scene of pernicious contention. Your mind, which should be a mansion for all lovely thoughts, will be for ever disturbed by angry and sarcastic movements, and you will never be in a state to sit down to your easel with that composed dignity which your high calling demands."

I answered this by assuring him that since my attack on the Royal Academy (in which I shall glory to the day of my death) I had never written a line in attack, nor would I ever again; that I had long been thoroughly convinced that to paint my way to my great object was the only plan.

I find the following in my Journal:

July 24th.—Made a cast of Wilkie's face, with Wyburn, our Paris friend: never had such fun, as Wilkie lay on the ground looking like a Knight Templar on a monument. We quizzed him till we roared. We gave him leave to laugh if he could; all he could do was to clasp his hands to express his participation in the fun.

25th.—Spent the evening with West, looking over his exquisite collection of drawings by Raffaele and Michel Angelo. I had painted ten hours, and looking at drawings till eleven at night brought on a weakness of my eyes again.

August 6th.—Spent a delightful evening with my old friends, Maclaggan, John Scott, Du Fresne and Liz. When they were gone I felt the solitude of the scattered chairs. Why must we separate to relish meeting? Why must we sleep to relish waking? Because this life is a life of duty, not pleasure; a life of effort to deserve another.

All this time I worked very hard without leaving town, and got in the penitent girl, with the mother, sister and brother.

I was glad to receive Wilkie's letter about the purchase of the Distraining for Rent, because at the Exhibition, beautiful as the picture was acknowledged to be, the aristocracy evidently thought it an attack on their rights. Sir George was very sore on the private day, and said Wilkie should have shown why his landlord had distrained; he might be a dissipated tenant. I defended Wilkie as well as I could, but there was a decided *set* at the picture.

At five that day Wilkie and I sojourned to John O'Groat's, Rupert Street, he looking pale and mortified. In the course of dinner he said to me: "Do not you be surprised if I change my whole style." I said: "I hope not; you'll sell it notwithstanding." I never knew why it was to be sold and do not know now if it ever was begun for anybody. But Wilkie was easily cowed. He would have been a pretty fellow to fight the battle of High Art!

One morning whilst I was at work, and as usual in want of money, Mr G. Phillips, of Manchester, introduced himself, and gave

gave me a commission for 500 guineas, paying me at once £100 down. It came like a flash of lightning. I was deeply touched and could almost have cried. He said: "Excuse me, but with such works as these you cannot be rich."

I now went on like a hero, and the £100 was soon visible in the centurion's nape, hand and armour, which I think the completest evidence of the reality of my style in my practice.

But why talk of painting in such times as these were? England was all again in an uproar. Buonaparte, after giving evidence in Paris that he was not the man of the 18th Brumaire, had surrendered to Captain Maitland, and was now in Plymouth harbour, cheered by thousands. I resolved to go. But my picture—was it manly to desert it? I should break in on my £100, and it was meant for my picture. After an acute struggle Art was victorious.

Sammons, my old corporal, whom I had lost sight of, now appeared again. Wilkie, and I, and Scott had got up several of the wounded to my room, and Sammons brought a genuine letter from the field and give it to me to read, if I could, for the benefit of the company. Here it is.[1]

"Brussels, June 23rd, 1815.

"Respected Friend,

"I take this opportunity of sending these few lines hoping they will find you in good health, as this: only I received a wound on my left arm by a cannon ball which has took off part of the flesh, but missed the bone. Dear friend I witnessed the most dreadful slaughter what was ever known by the oldest soldier in the army.

"From Friday we advanced, and Saturday we retreated by being overpowered; but the first regiment was engaged, and got great applause, but thunder lightning and rain prevented us from being engaged till Sunday. The French kept advancing till ten o'clock, then we opened our fire with our cannon and infantry, and hard fighting till three, when our artillery retreated with infantry, and then we was forced to charge them though five to one, and some say eleven to one, but they turned for bold Life Guards to pursue. The slaughter is more than I can describe. They run like a hare before the hounds, but our horses getting faint, and troops of French coming up with cannon, cut our men off very fast, and still they fought like lions more than men, determined to conquer or die to a man. I saw many of my comrades fall, before I got the wound, but we got three eagles, and Lord Wellington said that gained the applause of the whole of the British. The numbers of killed and wounded is more than can at present be told on both sides. Our regiment mounted twenty-five to go on with, the rest is wounded and missing. Shaw is no more; Hornwood, and many that I cannot insert;—there will be many widows in our regiment—you will hear when the returns

[1] The spelling is corrected, but the language unaltered.—Ed.

come,

come,—and many wounded. Shepherd is billeted with me, and wounded with a ball in his arm, and with a lance in his side; Walker is killed; Dakin is severely wounded;[1] Burgeon is prisoner, and Sunderland killed; Shepherd was took prisoner on the plains of Waterloo, and drove to a large town called Shalligarow,[2] and which is twenty-four miles from where we was engaged; the blood was running from his wounds in torrents, and used like a dog, but he made his escape from them, and got here on Monday and came to Brussels; his horse was shot, then mounted a French one, and that was shot: he was forced to yield prisoner, being wounded in three places in his side, and in his arm. I cannot hear that Dendy is killed, for he was with the baggage. We took 154 pieces of cannon, and all the waggons for miles, and our army is now passing a hill without firing a gun; and they will be soon in Paris; the French was only nine miles off, and Boney said he would dine by four o'colock. The town was to be plundered, and now he is 100 miles off and we have his brother safe prisoner. Williams is safe and Barker prisoner, and we have no account of him.

"I hope you have got the money from the colonel. Please remember me to Jane, and I shall be glad to see you safe again; give my love to brother and sister, and tell them to write to my father.

"I have no more to say at present.

"I remain, your obedient friend,

"William Chapman,

"2nd Life Guards."

Sammons was a favourite model;—a living Ilissus;—a good soldier;—had been through the war in Spain, and was very angry he had not been at Waterloo.

Whilst the wounded were describing the battle, Sammons explained what was military, and thereby kept up his command, he being a corporal and they being privates. Wilkie was always amused with my corporal, and Hazlitt held regular discussions with him about Spain and Napoleon, but Sammons was proof, and always maintained the Duke was the better man.

Sammons was a soldier in every sense of the word. He would have brought a million safe and sound from Portsmouth to the King's Mint, but he popped his hand into King Joseph's coaches at Vittoria and brought away a silver pepper-box. He was an old satyr, very like Socrates in face, faithful to me, his colonel, and his King; but let a pretty girl come in the way and the Lord have mercy on her!

The description of the men was simple, characteristic and poetical. They said when the Life Guards and Cuirassiers met, it was like the ringing of ten thousand blacksmiths' anvils. One

[1] Killed. [2] Charlerois.

of

of them knew my models, Shaw and Dakin. He saw Dakin, while fighting on foot with two Cuirassiers also on foot, divide both their heads with cuts five and six. He said Dakin rode out foaming at the mouth and cheered on his troop. In the evening he saw Dakin lying dead, cut in pieces. Dakin sat to me for the sleeping groom on his knees in Macbeth.

Another saw Shaw fighting with two Cuirassiers at a time. Shaw, he said, always cleared his passage. He saw him take an eagle but lose it afterwards, as when any man got an eagle all the troops near him on both sides left off fighting and set on him who had the eagle. He went on himself very well, but riding too far was speared by a Lancer and fainted away. Recovering, he sat upright, when three or four Lancers saw him, rode at him, and speared him till they thought him dead. He remembered nothing till revived by the shaking as they carried him to the yard at La Haye Sainte. There he heard someone groaning and, turning round, saw Shaw, who said: "I am dying; my side is torn off by a shell." His comrade told us how he had swooned away, and being revived by their taking him up to be carried to Brussels at daybreak he saw poor Shaw dead with his cheek in his hand.

Corporal Webster of the 2nd Life Guards saw Shaw give his first cut. As he was getting down the rising ground into the hollow road a Cuirassier waited and gave point at his belly. Shaw parried the thrust, and before the Frenchman recovered cut him right through his brass helmet to the chin, and "his face fell off him like a bit of apple."

Another, Hodgson (a model, and the finest of all, standing six feet four inches, a perfect Achilles), charged up to the French baggage. He saw artillery driver-boys of sixteen crying on their horses. In coming back a whole French regiment opened and let him pass at full gallop, then closed and gave him a volley, but never hit him or horse.

The first man who stopped him was an Irishman in the French service. He dashed at him and said: "D——n you, I'll stop your crowing." Hodgson said he was frightened as he had never fought anybody with swords. Watching the Cuirassier, however, he found he could not move his horse so quickly as he could; so letting go the reins and guiding his horse with his knees as the Cuirassier gave point at his throat Hodgson cut his sword-hand off and dashed his sabre through his throat, turning it round and round. The first cut he gave him was on his cuirass which he thought was silver lace. The shock nearly broke his own arm. "D—— me, sir," he added, "now I had found out the way I soon gave it them." As Hodgson rode back after being fired at an officer encountered him. Hodgson cut his horse at the nape, and

and as it dropped dead the officer's helmet rolled off and Hodgson saw a bald head and white hairs. The officer begged for mercy, but at that instant a troop of Lancers was approaching at the gallop, so Hodgson clove his head in two at a blow and escaped. The recollection of the white hairs, he told us, pained him often. Before he got back to the British lines a Lancer officer charged him, and missing his thrust came right on Hodgson and his horse. Hodgson got clear and cut his head off at the neck, at one blow, and the head bobbed on his haversack where he kept the bloody stain.

Wilkie, I, and Scott kept the poor fellows long and late, rewarded them well, and sent them home in charge of Corporal Sammons, as proud as the Duke, for they were under his command for the evening. Sammons always seemed astounded that the battle of Waterloo had been gained and he not present.

Meanwhile Sir George Cockburn had taken Napoleon on board and sailed. But before this, Eastlake, being at Plymouth, went out in a boat and made a small whole length. Napoleon seeing him, evidently (as Eastlake thought) stayed longer at the gangway. The French officers gave him this certificate: "*J'ai vu le portrait que M. Eastlake a fait de l'Empéreur Napoléon, et j'ai trouvé qu'il est très rassemblant, et qu'il a en outre le mérite de donner une idée exacte de l'habitude de corps de S. M.*"

(Here follows their names and Captain Maitland's.)

In the letter mentioning this circumstance Eastlake wrote: "I cannot resist telling you a story characteristic of the French, which I had from a naval officer who was prisoner at Boulogne. One fine but windy day, an English ship was obliged to put into the mouth of the harbour, under shelter of a hill, but out of the reach of the batteries. The commandant of the place, just preparing to take his morning ride, ordered out some of their large praams, which we have heard of, to take her. It was represented to him that they would certainly be lost, if they ventured without a certain part of the harbour. However, the governor would not be swayed by this advice, and was obeyed accordingly. As he returned to dine in the afternoon, he met people carrying along some drowned men. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" "*Monsieur, ce sont les corps de ces malheureux qui ont péri en obéissant à vos ordres.*" "*Ah!*" (taking a pinch of snuff) "*eh bien, on ne peut pas faire des omelettes sans casser les œufs,*" and so went to his dinner.

August was now drawing to a close, and Waterloo was getting an old story.

My eyes from imprudent work had again given way, and I determined on a change to the sea.

I went to Brighton, and invited Wilkie to come down, as I had met with a singular character in a friend of Prince Hoare's, the Rev.

Rev. Mr Douglas, author of *Nænia Britannica*, an antiquary and an original.

In a few days down Wilkie came and found me weak in eyes and body. Wilkie was delighted with Douglas, who put him in mind of the Vicar of Wakefield. Prince Hoare, Douglas and we two spent many pleasant days, and as Douglas greatly excited our curiosity about urn burials, we plagued him till he agreed to get leave to open the great barrow on the hill close to the church. We got leave, and also, by permission of the colonel of the 10th, some of his men to dig for us, and early in the morning we set to work. Douglas, being commander, told us to let the men dig carefully till they found an urn upside down, and then to dig round it most carefully till it was removed. We did so, and about noon came to an urn of unbaked clay, graceful in form and ornamented like a British shield: against Douglas's arrival it was ready for him; up he took it. "There's iron," said I; "I hope not," thundered Douglas. He was so nervous to examine he broke the urn and out rolled the burnt bones of a human skeleton.

Douglas's theory was that at that early period brass was only in use; had it been iron I took up there would have been an end of his theory. By this time people crowded up the hill, and, it being Cockney season, the Cockneys who flocked round began to steal the bones. Wilkie was in ecstasies; Hoare shrunk always at a crowd; I took care of the urn, bought a muffin-basket of a boy, and put it in under Hoare's care. Douglas, now his antiquarian theory was safe, jumped into the grave and addressed the people on *the wickedness of disturbing the ashes of the dead*. Wilkie was delighted and kept saying, "Dear, dear; look at him." The effect of his large sack of a body, his small head, white hair and reverend look, his spectacles low down on his nose, and his grave expression as he eyed the mob over them, was indescribable. After a long harangue he persuaded the vulgar rich to stand back, and ordered the hussars to cover up the bones with respect. I believe in the long run there was only a finger or two missing, for many threw back their pilferings at the solemn injunctions of the antiquary.

He was one of the most singular and irregular characters I ever met.

One day he lost a black horse out of his orchard. I said: "Why don't you go to the magistrate?" "Ah, my dear," said Douglas, "perhaps God Almighty thinks I have had him long enough."

He invited us once to breakfast at nine—Hoare and I were punctual: luckily I had breakfasted before I went. When we came there was no cloth laid, no breakfast ready. "What shall we do?" said Hoare, who was a peevish man. "What you like; I have breakfasted." We sat down in despair, when all of a sudden out

out plumped Douglas from his bed in the room over our heads, and after a struggle to put on something, we heard him thunder out, " Betty, where is my other stocking? "

Prince Hoare told me an amusing anecdote illustrative of his passion for urns. He and Douglas had a conversation about St Paul preaching at Athens. " I wonder who that Damaris was," said Douglas. " I do not know," said Hoare. " Ah," said Douglas with perfect gravity, " I wish we could find her urn."

Shortly after Wilkie and I returned to work for the winter, having been greatly benefited by the trip. Hoare took care of the memorable urn and had it put together.

While Wilkie and I were at Brighton we got a letter from John Scott who had rushed over to Paris after Waterloo. At the end of it he wrote: " I must tell you that on Friday last I made a catalogue of the works in the Louvre—a gigantic job—two hundred and seventy form the whole collection. In the Italian division sixteen remain. The Transfiguration is *not* one of them. I saw the Venetian horses go. I was most lucky in getting to the top of the arch. I sat in the car. I stood in the car. I plundered the car. I have brought with me a ram's horn from it,[1] to blow down the walls of the first Jericho I have a chance of being dispatched to by you when I bother you in busy hours."

Wilkie was not sorry at the dispersion of the Louvre. He said in a letter to me, " The works will be seen by fewer who have no relish and will be less liable to absurd comment."

After my return from Brighton I was still weak, irritable and nervous. I had never recovered the bitter sufferings I had endured during the painting of Solomon. As I tottered again into my old painting-room I saw my Elgin drawings. " Ah," I thought, " those were glorious times." I could then sit twelve hours at it—no weak eyes then: now I shrunk at every gust of wind, and feared the blessed light of heaven. I had torn up my strength by my paroxysms of application: I was so deranged by fasting and often forgetting to dine that my whole frame seemed going to pieces.

My Journal records this state of depression.

November 6th.—I look back on my days of early devotion with melancholy enthusiasm—what glorious times! O God, that ever I should be obliged to yield to anything!

There I sit with my hand trembling as I look at my picture and call to mind it was in the same state three months ago.

With what intensity was I proceeding, rapt, abstracted, in easy circumstances! And now comes this melancholy debility

[1] He bought it for 1s. 6d. of an English artilleryman.

of

of sight and stops me half-way. I have no philosophy—I hate it; I am very wretched and I will complain.

I had made a positive improvement; I had begun to have clearer views. O God, restore me to vigour, I humbly entreat Thee!

7th.—Passed a miserable and bitter morning in comparing myself to Raffaele. At my age he had completed a room of the Vatican.

10th to 16th November.—I got leave to mould some of the Elgin feet. It took up my attention. It was not trying to my eyes so I flew at it with a gusto not to be described. I gave a hearty cheer and set to work.

Could I have believed seven years ago that I should be allowed to take casts! I got leave to-day for a figure. I thanked God, and hope to turn their beauties into my nature.

I hurried away for a plaster-man. As I was passing Prince's Street I passed two inside a shop moulding—Mazzoni and Sarti, his apprentice. I darted in and said: "Get some sacks of plaster, and a cart, and follow me—I'll put money in your pocket." They obeyed me directly. As we got down to Burlington House, I said: "Now, my lads, as soon as this gets wind we shall be stopped, so work away." They took fire, for with Italian quickness they perceived the truth.

We began on the Ilissus. I left them at dark and urging the value of time went home to bed. I dreamt I was in Rome. I told them all they had not a statue to compare with the Ilissus: I thought I saw the Pope, and dreamt of Raffaele and Heaven knows what. I got up like a fish out of water.

17th.—Mazzoni by great exertion got the mould made in large pieces by four o'clock and off home. Hurrah! Rossi called, for it had soon got abroad that Haydon was moulding the Elgin Marbles. I wished I had been there. I fully expected a row before it was over, for I knew they would say I was injuring Lord Elgin's property.

*

So far all was safe, though artists came and gaped unutterable things.

I pushed the man so, we got Theseus, Ilissus, Neptune's breast, and hosts of fragments, three or four metopes, and all home, for I dreaded a reverse, and we were going on gloriously.

So we went on up to the 8th of December when they alarmed Lord Elgin, and in the midst of our victory down came an order to stop moulding for the present.

It was too late—the cream of the collection was secured. My eyes got better from the excitement and I rubbed in a head of Maria Foote.

Never was such fun. Lord Elgin's steward, called Thompson, had

had advised it, but believing the pieces which are joined on to make "safe moulds" to have been broken bits, had thrown away the whole, and thus entirely ruined the moulds of the Theseian bas-reliefs which had cost Lord Elgin so much.

I was in the clouds. My Theseus and Ilissus were come home with all my fragments and I walked about glorying. My painting-room was full and so was my ante-room; crowds came to see them, and in the midst of my glory who should make his appearance but Canova!

Wilkie, who saw him first, came to me and said he did not think highly of the Elgin Marbles. "Not think highly?" said I. "No," said Wilkie. "It is your d——d French makes you think he said so." Wilkie maintained it, but could not recollect what he said. I wrote to Hamilton to ask for an introduction, and on the Saturday after called at the Foreign Office, from which Hamilton and I at once walked to Bennet's Hotel where we found Canova. I was deeply interested, and said at once: "*Ne croyez-vous pas que le style qui existe dans les marbres d'Elgin est supérieur à celui de tous les autres marbres connus?*" "*Sans doute*," was his reply, "*la verité est telle, les accidents de la chair et les formes sont si vraies et si belles, que ces statues produiront un grand changement dans les arts. Ils renverseront le système mathématique des autres.*"

I was in raptures, and turning to Hamilton, said: "*N'ai-je pas toujours dit la même chose depuis six ans?*" My victory was now complete.

The next day Canova called to see my Jersualem. He expressed great admiration at Jairus's daughter, and repeatedly said: "*Charmante, charmante.*" After looking some time in silence (his brother the Abbé was with him) he turned round and said: "*Venez à Rome, M. Haydon, vous y verrez la véritable democratie de l'art.*"

The unexpressed inference was obvious. He found the only man painting history at work in a room where he had not room to turn.

He then got into conversation; his observations were exquisite; he was the great artist in fact—a thing I knew not here. It was delightful to find his mind had come to conclusions like my own, so far apart. "*Vous verrez*," said he, "*des divisions dans le ventre des statues de Monte Cavallo qui ne sont pas naturelles: vous ne les verrez pas aux Grecs.*" As I was determined to push him home, I said: "Do you think if the Apollo had been found without his head his figure would have stood so highly?" "*Peut-être non*," said Canova.

This was noble in him, after passing fifty years before he saw a superior style and seeing that first as it were in his old age.

Hamilton

PLATE IV

Benjamin Robert Haydon. By Sir David Wilkie.

Inscr.: "*A drawing of Sir David Wilkie of B. R. Haydon asleep. Lodgings, Clarence Place at Brighton*, 1815."

From the original in the National Portrait Gallery.

PLATE IV.

[*From the original in the National Portrait Gallery.*]

Hamilton said Canova told him that if the action of the Apollo were taken away his figure was common.

Canova looked over my studies and said: "*Vous êtes un brave homme.*" In one hand I had marked things too sharply. He said: "Never make parts equal—sharpness and softness are the thing." He said of my picture: "*La composition est très belle.*"

He told me all the copies from Praxiteles had the same fleshiness as the Elgin works (this, however, I dispute). On my again mentioning the Marbles he lighted up and said, "they were worth coming from Rome to see."

Hamilton said, after we came away the night before, he had never heard him go so far, as from delicacy in consequence of his (H.'s) connection with the Marbles he had never pushed him as I had.

Canova said the flesh of Rubens was like metal: Veronese's and Titian's was true flesh. Canova seemed to have great feeling for colour; he appeared to me thoroughly grounded and to deserve his fame.

The Academicians at first would pay no attention to him and swore he came for work. At last, mere shame obliged them to invite him to a dinner.

"As to coming for work," he said to me, "I have always had too much. I should not have given a colossal statue of Religion to St Peter's if I had wanted work."

One had a feeling about Canova as if he were a descendant of the great.

I felt extreme delight at finding my mind had come to the same conclusions as his own, from nature.

In my sketch of the dead child, now in Russia, he criticised one of the contours. "I had always," I said, "made a practice of copying nature as she was in my studies, because I had no basis to build on else, when I elevated." He replied: "*Vous avez raison.*"

Prince Hoare had the middle part of the cartoon of the Murder of the Innocents (now in the National Gallery). Hoare's father bought it at a sale in Westminster. Fearing the price would be large he got a rich friend to back him and share. He bought it for £26, and his friend said: "I don't care for such a thing. Paint my wife and children and I give it up"; which he did. I wrote to Brighton to Hoare, to show Canova the cartoon—a request with which he at once complied.

On the 27th I dined at Hamilton's to meet Canova, and spent a delightful evening. West was there, but his bad Italian annoyed us all.

Canova said in the course of the evening Raffaele's heads were neither Greek nor Roman, but "*veri dévote.*"

On the 28th, Hamilton kindly arranged I should show him the

lions. I showed him the Duke of Devonshire's, and setting aside all animosities took him to Turner's. "*Grand génie!*" he kept exclaiming. He had seen Wat Tyler, by Northcote, on whom we called and caught him in beard and dirt. Canova ran over his works. "Tell him," said Canova, "*Je préfère son ouvrage à la cité.*" Northcote, conscious of the presence in which he stood, shrunk up. I would not have exchanged my penniless condition for all his wealth.

Next day I met Canova at the Elgin Marbles. He was delighted to see me and pointed out all the beauties with the dash of unerring practice, saying, "*Come e sentito!*" He seemed a facetious man. Rossi, whom he knew at Rome, he called "*Un bon diable.*" "When they get a mould of this," said he, pointing to the fragment of the Neptune, "how will they be astonished at Rome."[1] In talking of Fuseli he said: "*Ve ne sono in li arte due cose, il fuoco e la fiamma. Fuseli n' ebbe che la fiamma; Raffaele il fuoco.*"

"How do you like West?" said I. "*Comme ça.*" "*Au moins,*" said I, "*il compose bien.*" "*Non, Monsieur,*" said Canova, "*il met des modèles en groupes.*"

"If any sculptor," he said, "had made such statues before these were seen, '*Sono troppo veri*' would have been the cry."

The time now coming for this great man to leave England, I bought a folio edition of Milton and sent it to him. He accepted it, and sent me a kind note in reply expressing his hope that we might meet in Italy.

He wrote Wilkie also a beautiful letter and shortly after embarked.

The only symptom I saw of jealousy was certainly at the name of Flaxman. When we talked of his designs there was an expression I did not like.

Canova's visit was a victory for me. What became now of all the sneers at my senseless insanity about the Marbles? My opponents among the Academicians shrunk up, but those of them who agreed with me (and there were many who did) were proportionally pleased. It was a great thing and checkmated the Government. I, unknown, with no station or rank, might have talked myself dumb; but Canova, the great artist of Europe, to repeat word for word what I had been saying for seven years! His opinion could not be gainsaid.

Payne Knight was in a fury. Lord Farnborough was more sublime than ever, and the only thing to do was to undervalue Canova's taste, and that was actually done in the clique.

A committee was promised early in the next session, and we all prepared for the last charge—victory or death!

[1] How delighted I am to remember that a cast from my mould given to Canova was the first which entered Rome.—B. R. H.

CHAPTER XVI

Canova went with my blessings. The excitement over, my shocking necessities and want of money came upon me again, for Mr Phillips' £200 was entirely paid away. I took again the state of my exchequer into review, and asked myself shall I paint for money, or by borrowing as I did when engaged on Solomon (having honourably discharged what I then borrowed), keep my mind in its high key, and go on watching, exciting, and regulating the public mind? The battle about to be fought (I said to myself) is a great battle. I cannot suffer my attention to be turned off. The question, however, is, if my attention was not more turned off by the harass of want than by the temporary devotion of time and thought to a portrait or a small picture now and then.

The first moral duty is honestly to provide oneself with bread and cheese; but is there any dishonesty in borrowing of friends you have paid before, that you may persevere in a great plan which is for the public benefit? No, certainly not. But the repayment is a contingency. But if your friend be willing, why not? But is it more manly to make a livelihood for yourself by a judicious exertion of your talents, than to depend on the earnings of your friend who may be more prudent?

Still the excitement of a noble object is so overwhelming that to paint smaller works in the intervals of great ones is not rest enough. I always felt, when I wanted rest, that the only thing to restore me was absence of all thought. This is my excuse for requiring that aid I asked; still it is a fallacious principle and one I deprecate in all other cases but my own.

For the present, I let the Elgin Marble question ferment, and advanced by snatches with my great work.

Shakespeare says

> " Our troubles never come in single files,
> But whole battalions."

He might have added, " and our successes always come in squadrons." Canova had hardly gone when a letter of which the following is an extract arrived from Wordsworth, and up I went into the clouds.

" Rydal

" Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, December 21st, 1815.

. . . . . .

" I was much hurt to learn that you still suffer much from weakness of sight, and continue to be impeded in your labours by the same cause. Why did you not tell me what progress you had made in your grand picture, and how you are satisfied with your performance? I am not surprised to hear that Canova expressed himself highly pleased with the Elgin Marbles; a man must be senseless as a clod, or as perverse as a fiend, not to be enraptured with them. . . .

" Now for the poems, which are sonnets; one composed the evening I received your letter; the other the next day, and the third the day following; I shall not transcribe them in the order in which they were written, but inversely.

" The last you will find was occasioned, I might say inspired, by your last letter, if there be any inspiration in it; the second records a feeling excited in me by the object it describes in the month of October last, and the first by a still earlier sensation which the revolution of the year impressed me with last autumn.

I

While not a leaf seems faded, while the fields,
With ripening harvests prodigally fair,
In highest sunshine bask, this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where winter wields
His icy scymitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware,
And whispers to the silent birds prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields;
For me a lone enthusiast not untrue
To service long endeared, this rustling dry
Through the green leaves, and yon crystalline sky
Announce a season potent to renew
'Mid frost and snow poetic ecstasy;
Joys nobler far than listless summer knew.

II

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright,
The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
Which strewn with snow as smooth as heaven can shed,
Shines like another sun on mortal sight
Upris'n! as if to check approaching night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head,
Terrestrial, but a surface by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying showers,
Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aerial powers
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,

Through

Through all vicissitudes, till genial spring
Have filled the laughing vale with welcome flowers.

III

High is our calling, Friend! Creative Art
(Whether the instruments of words she use
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)
Demands the service of a mind and heart
Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
Heroically fashion'd to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And oh when nature sinks, as well she may,
From long-liv'd pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weakmindedness,—
Great is the glory for the strife is hard.

"I wish the things had been better worthy of your acceptance, and of the careful preservation with which you will be inclined to honour this little effusion of my regard.

"With high respect,

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM WORDSWORTH."

Now, reader, was this not glorious? And you, young student, when you are pressed down by want in the midst of a great work remember what followed Haydon's perseverance. The freedom of his native town,—the visit of Canova,—and the sonnet of Wordsworth,—and if these do not cheer you up, and make you go on, you are past all hope.

I felt, as it were, lifted up in the great eye of the world. I then relapsed into a melancholy sensitiveness.

My heart yearned in gratitude to God as my protector, my divine inspirer, the great Spirit who had led me through the wilderness, who had fired my soul when a boy unconscious of my future fate.

The end of the year now approached; it had been indeed a wonderful year to me. The Academicians were silenced. In high life they dared not speak. All classes were so enthusiastic and so delighted that though I had lost seven months with weak eyes, and had only accomplished the penitent girl, the mother, the centurion, and the Samaritan woman, yet they were considered so decidedly in advance of all I had yet done, that my painting-room was crowded by rank, beauty and fashion and the picture was literally taken up as an honour to the nation.

I resume the extracts from my journal.

January,

January, 1816.—Began to paint again after four months' misery from weak eyes. My fingers seemed to revel as they touched their old acquaintances!

The colours stood up in buttery firmness. I seized my maulstick, put my palette on my thumb, and mounting my table dashed in a head, inwardly thanking the Great Spirit and praying for success.

I got the head ready for the model to-morrow, and completed a capital sketch with a new arrangement of light and shadow. Truly this has been the happiest day I have spent for months. I sang, shouted and whistled alternately the whole time.

My physician, Dr Darling, has hit the causes of my weakness of sight. They are, indigestion and derangement of liver, from hard thinking, bad feeding, and the foul air of a small painting-room. He has advised regularity in food and a good walk every day in pure air.

February 7th.—During the vacation, the Elgin Marble question had gone on fermenting in the clique of connoisseurs most pleasantly. Canova's decided opinion, and his letter to Lord Elgin, were so direct a blow at the opinion of Payne Knight and his supremacy, that his friends, with Lord Aberdeen at their head, determined to bolster him up or at least to do their best to make his fall as soft as possible.

23rd.—The committee appointed by Government to take a survey of the Marbles at Burlington House met to-day. Hamilton was there on Lord Elgin's behalf, and I was there by Lord Elgin's desire. Payne Knight's opinion seemed to have made but little impression on any of the members, and from conversing with many of them I found on the contrary that they were fully alive to their beauty and truth. Seeing this I posted off to Gloucester Place and quieted Lord Elgin's fears, for he was in a great state of anxiety and agitation. I told him that I was certain there was no fear about their ultimate fate, and I added, "If Payne Knight or his clique continue in their abuse, I will demolish them." I shall never forget Lord Elgin's smile of incredulous amiability. I saw what it meant. "Do you, a poor, penniless artist, presume to imagine that you can upset the opinion of Richard Payne Knight, Esquire? My good friend, consider Mr Knight's position, rank and fortune."

At this critical moment the Phygaleian Marbles arrived. I saw them. Though full of gross disproportions they were beautifully composed and were evidently the designs of a great genius, executed provincially.

In all societies of taste and literature the strongest interest was aroused.

Knight and his pupils, Lord Aberdeen and Wilkins, mortified by

by Canova's frank admiration of the Elgin fragments, seized this opportunity of a blow at these grand works; and in the *Morning Chronicle* appeared this exquisite little bit of their composition, which I replied to and destroyed in the *Champion*.

I have put the articles together as they appeared in the *Champion*. John Scott, editor of that journal, at the same time wrote two capital leading articles for the Elgin Marbles, and as his paper was much read by the Ministry, the effect was very great.

"The interesting Grecian sculptures discovered in the Temple of Apollo, in Phygaleia, by Mr Cockerell and other artists, and which have been bought by the British Government, are at length arrived in London and deposited in the British Museum, where they are now arranged from the drawings of Mr Cockerell taken on the spot. They contain an hundred figures, in alto-relievo, above two feet, forming two complete subjects of combat,—viz. between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and between the Amazons and Hellenians. They are believed to be the only examples extant of entire subjects of the admirable school of Phidias, and exhibit the sublimity of poetic imagination, united to the boldness and power of execution, resulting from extensive practice in the greatest school of antiquity. The energy and force displayed in the action of the figures are wonderful, and the variety and unity in the composition show how far the arts must have been carried in the refined age of Pericles, and will be a most valuable addition to the studies of British artists."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"This is written, I suspect, by the same hand who said 'the Elgin Marbles were the work of journeymen, not worthy the name of artists in a less fastidious age.'[1] Now so far from these Phygaleian Marbles being the only works of Phidias, they have not the slightest pretensions to be considered by his hand at all. They do not exhibit the sublimity of poetical imagination, but the extravagance of wild mannerism; they do not unite the boldness of execution resulting from practice influenced by principle, but the rashness of violence. Their energy and force are not wonderful, because they overstep the simplicity of temperance; and the composition is not universally fine, because it is often very bad, and therefore proves, when it is fine, it is from accident, and not from foresight. Instead of showing how far the arts were carried in the age of Pericles, there are sculptors in England who would show how much further they could be carried in the age of British power. They are evidently the production of some country sculptor, one who forgot hands were not longer than faces; and heads never bigger than a fifth or sixth of the figure. In point of fact, I know not whether the temple from which they were taken was erected after the Parthenon or not, but from the style of the marbles, I should say it was; when the Parthenon had made a

[1] *Specimens of Ancient Sculpture*, p. xxxix, art. 74. Dilettanti Society.

noise

noise throughout the country,—when every town must have been eager to have its temple, and every sculptor eager to imitate its example,—and thus, like all imitators, they carried the fire and beauty at which they aimed to a vicious excess. As to the taste of those who hesitated to acknowledge the beauty of the Elgin Marbles, and decided at once without hesitation on the Phygaleian ones, nothing need be said. Visconti has settled—by the quotation from Aristotle, of '*σοφος λιθουργος*,' being applied to Phidias,—whether or not he worked in marble; and,—setting aside the intense evidence of their being by a great mind, first, from the ease of their execution, proving that practice had given his hand power,—then from the principles of life, proving the science of the mind that directed it,—and, lastly, from the beauty of the conception, proving the genius that governed the whole,—where would it be more likely for Phidias to put his hand, than on the finest temple in Athens, built by his patron, Pericles, when he (Phidias) was director of all public works? There are one or two groups very fine in these Phygaleian Marbles, but still approaching to manner; and, in most instances, they are entirely mannered. United with the Elgin collection, their errors will do no injury to the student, and both together will form the finest museum in Europe."

As the day for examination before the committee approached, Lord Elgin was allowed to name his friends. With three others he named me, but day after day passed and I was never called. Lord Elgin became impatient, because his other friends had been called and dismissed after a very few words, while all witnesses inimical to the marbles were questioned and cross-questioned at a length which gave them a full opportunity of impressing their peculiar opinions on the members of the committee. At last Lord Elgin received a promise that I should be called, but the day passed and I was never sent for. "This is Knight's influence," said I to Hamilton. "I have seen it is," said he: "Bankes says that you will not be examined out of delicacy to Knight." "Very well," I replied, "I'll appeal to the public. It is unjust and unfair to Lord Elgin, and to myself also, and I'll appeal to the public."

I told Lord Elgin I would make Knight remember the Elgin Marbles as long as he lived; Lord Elgin smiled incredulously, but I knew my power, and retiring to my painting-room with my great picture of Jerusalem before me I dashed down on the paper thoughts and truths which neither nobility nor patrons ever forgave.

I sent my article to both the *Examiner* and *Champion*; its effect in society was tremendous. Lawrence said: "It has saved the Marbles, but it will ruin you."

I introduce this article here as it affected all my future destiny.

"*On*

" On the Judgment of Connoisseurs being preferred to that of Professional Men—The Elgin Marbles, etc.

" Ceci s'adresse à vous, esprits du dernier ordre,
Qui n'étant bons à rien cherchez sur tout a mordre,
Vous vous tourmentez vainement.
Croyez-vous que vos dents impriment leurs outrages
Sur tant de beaux ouvrages ?
Ils sont pour vous d'airain, d'acier, de diamant.

" That the nobility and higher classes of this country have so little dependence on their own judgment in art is principally owing to a defect in their education. In neither University is painting ever remembered. Its relations, its high claim, the conviction that taste is necessary to the accomplishment of a refined character, and to complete the glory of a great country, neither the public tutors of the nobility, or the private tutors of the prince ever feel themselves, or ever impress upon their pupils. Thus, the educated, the wealthy, and the high-born grow up, and issue out to their respective public duties in the world, deficient in a feeling, the cultivation of which has brightened the glory of the greatest men and most accomplished princes. But, soon feeling their defects, and soon anxious to supply them, they either fly to that species of art which they can comprehend,—the mere imitation of the common objects of our commonest perceptions,—or, if they be desirous to protect elevated art, being too proud to consult the artist of genius, they resign their judgment to the gentleman of pretension. He that is learned in antiquity, and versed in its customs, is supposed to be equally learned in nature and sensible to its beauties. To know one master's touch, and another master's peculiarity, to trace the possessors of a picture as we trace the genealogy of a family, to be alive to an error, and insensible to a beauty are the great proofs of a refined taste and a sound judgment; and are sufficient reasons to induce an amiable nobleman, desirous of protecting art, to listen to advice and to bow to authority. In no other profession is the opinion of the man who has studied it for his amusement preferred to that of him who has devoted his soul to excel in it. No man will trust his limb to a connoisseur in surgery; no minister would ask a connoisseur in war how a campaign is to be conducted; no nobleman would be satisfied with the opinion of a connoisseur in law on disputed property; and why should a connoisseur of an art, more exclusively than any other without the reach of common acquirement, be preferred to the professional man ? What reason can be given why the painter, the sculptor, and the architect should not be exclusively believed most adequate to decide on what they best understand, as well as the surgeon, the lawyer, and the general?

" I have been roused to these reflections from fearing that the committee of the House of Commons on the Elgin Marbles will be influenced by the opinion of Mr Payne Knight, and other connoisseurs, in the estimation of their beauty. Surely they will not

not select this gentleman to estimate the beauty of these beautiful productions! Are they aware of the many mortified feelings with which he must contemplate them? Do they know the death-blow his taste and judgment have received in consequence of their excellence being established in public opinion? Have they been informed that at first he denied their originality? Surely they never can be so little acquainted with human nature as to expect an impartial estimate from any human being under such circumstances. Perhaps they never heard that Mr Payne Knight at first denied their originality; then said that they were of the time of Adrian; then that they were the works of journeymen, not worthy of the name of artists; and now being driven from all his surmises, by the proper influence of all artists and men of natural taste, admits at last they may be original, but are too much broken to be of any value!

"Far be it from Mr Payne Knight to know that the great principles of life can be proved to exist in the most broken fragment as well as in the most perfect figure. Is not life as palpable in the last joint of your forefinger as in the centre of your heart? On the same principle, break off a toe from any fragment of the Elgin Marbles, and there I will prove the great consequences of vitality, acting externally, to be. The reasons are these:—All objects animate and inanimate in nature, but principally men and animals, are the instruments of a painter and sculptor, as influenced by intention or passion, acting on feature or form, excited by some interesting object or some powerful event. Man being the principal agent, and his features and form being the principal vehicle of conveying ideas, the first thing to ascertain is the great characteristic distinction of man, in form and feature, as a species, and as an intellectual being, distinguished from animals. The next thing to be ascertained is the great causes of his motion as a machine, directed by his will: and the last, what of these causes of motion are excited at any particular passion or intention. We know not how an intention acts by the will on the frame, any more than we know what vitality is; we only know it by its consequences, and the business of the artist is to represent the consequences of an idea acting on the form and feature, on the parts which it does influence, and the parts which it does not, so truly, as to excite in the mind of the spectator the exact associations of the feeling intended to be conveyed. The bones are the foundation of the form, and the muscles and tendons the means by which he moves them as his passions excite him. Each particular intention or passion will excite a certain number of these means, and none more or less than are requisite; the rest will remain unexcited. The bones,—the things moved,—and the muscles,—the things moving,—are all covered by skin; and the mechanism of the art is to express the passion or intention, and its consequences, by the muscles that are and those which are not influenced, and to exhibit the true effect of both, acting beneath, and showing above the skin that covers them. When the mind is

is thoroughly informed of the means beneath the skin, the eye instantly comprehends the hint above it; and when any passion or intention is wanted to be expressed, the means and their consequences, if the artist be deeply qualified, will be as complete in form and as true in effect as nature; and the idea represented will be doubly effectual by the perfection of the means of representation. If the character be a god, his feature and form must be built on these unalterable principles; for how can we represent a god, but by elevating our own qualifications?

"These are the principles, then, of the great Greek standard of figure: First, to select what is peculiarly human in form, feature and proportion, then to ascertain the great causes of motion; to remember that the opposite contours of a limb can never be the same, from inherent formation, nor of a trunk, if the least inclined from the perpendicular; that the form of a part varies with its action or its repose; and that all action is by the predominance of some of the causes of motion, over the others,—for if all were equally to act, the body would be stationary. The peculiar characteristics of intellect, and causes of motion—and none more or less—being selected, as external shape depends on internal organisation, acting on the external covering, the forms will be essential. This is the standard of man's figure as a species, and the principle by which to estimate the period of all the works of antiquity. The various characters of humanity must be left to the artist's own choice and selection, and an ideal form must never be executed without the curb of perpetual and immediate reference to nature.

"It is this union of nature with ideal beauty,—the probabilities and accidents of bone, flesh, and tendon, from extension, flexion, compression, gravitation, action, or repose, that rank at once the Elgin Marbles above all other works of art in the world. The finest form that man ever imagined, or God ever created, must have been formed on these eternal principles. The Elgin Marbles will as completely overthrow the old antique, as ever one system of philosophy overthrew another more enlightened. Were the Elgin Marbles lost, there would be as great a gap in art as there would in philosophy if Newton had never existed. Let him that doubts it study them as I have done, for eight years daily, and he will doubt it no longer. They have thrown into light principles which would only have been discovered by the inspiration of successive geniuses—if ever at all—because we had, what the Greeks had not, an antique and a system to mislead us, and misplaced veneration, and early habits to root out. In painting, on the same principles, they will completely annihilate that strange system, that colour, and light, and shadow, though a consequence of the nature of things, are incompatible with the expression of a refined passion and beautiful fancy, or a terrible conception by the imitation of natural objects; as if they were not more likely to detract from the intellect in either by being execrable, than by being consistent with the subject or expression displayed.

"Every

" Every truth of shape, the result of the inherent organisation of man as an intellectual being ; every variation of that shape, produced by the slightest variation of motion, in consequence of the slightest variation of intention, acting on it ; every result of repose on flesh as a soft substance, and on bone as a hard,—both being influenced by the common principles of life and gravitation ; every harmony of line in composition, from geometrical principle,—all proving the science of the artist ; every beauty of conception proving his genius ; and every grace of execution proving that practice had given his hand power,—can be shown to exist in the Elgin Marbles.[1] And yet these are the productions, the beauty, the workmanship and originality of which Mr Payne Knight denied ! It is of these works that he thus writes in *The Specimens of Ancient Sculpture by the Dilettanti Society*, p. xxxix, art. 74 :

" ' Of Phidias's general style of composition, the friezes and metopes of the temple of Minerva at Athens, published by Mr Stuart, and since brought to England, may afford us competent information ; but as they are merely architectural sculptures, executed from his designs under his direction, probably by workmen scarcely ranked among artists, and meant to be seen at the height of forty feet from the eye,—they can throw little light on the more important details of the art.'

" Now, I should wish to ask the most unskilful observer that ever looked at one of the friezes, or at a horse's leg, or a rider's arm, or even a horse's ear, in it,—what he thinks of such a modest assertion ! Does Mr Knight remember that divine form in a metope, grappling a Centaur by the throat, and heaving up his chest, and drawing in his breath, preparing to annihilate his enemy :—or the one, in all the loosened relaxation of death under the Centaur's legs, who prances in triumph ;—or the other, who presses forward, while he dashes back his opponent with tendinous vigour, as if lightning flashed through his frame ? Yet Mr Payne Knight is listened to by the nobility, and referred to by Ministers. These are the productions which Mr Payne Knight says may be original ! May be ! There are some men who have that hateful propensity of sneering at all which the world holds high, sacred

[1] There is a supposition, that because the Greeks made the right use of anatomical knowledge in showing only the consequences of internal muscular action on the skin, and not displaying it, as it is when the skin is off, that they are unacquainted with it. Is it likely that a people so remarkable for acting on principle in everything connected with the arts, should in this most important point act without it ? I will defy an eye, ten times more refined than even a Greek's ever was, to execute the infinite varieties of a human body, influenced by internal and external organisation, mutually acting on each other, without being first thoroughly versed in its structure—of what use would be names to cavities and projections on the surface of the body, which vary in form at every hair's-breadth motion—till the mind is informed how little does the eye see ? Mengs said, fifty years ago, that we had not got the works which the ancients estimated as their best ; and had Mengs seen the Elgin Marbles he would have been convinced of it.

or

or beautiful; not with the view of dissipating doubt, or giving the delightful comfort of conviction, but to excite mysterious belief of their own sagacity, to cloak their own envy, to chuckle if they can confuse, and revel if they can chill the feelings: according to them, love is nothing but lust; religion is nothing but delusion; all high views and elevated notions, wild dreams and distempered fancies. No man leaves off from what they have written, but with the dark starts of a nightmare—a distaste for beauty, a doubt of truth, an indifference towards virtue, and a confusion about religion: but most of all, a pang, and a deep one, to see the mistake nature made, in giving a portion of capacity to beings of such heartless propensities. When I exposed Mr Knight's sophisms on art, and his mistakes from Pliny, four years ago, I was told as a reason why I should not have done so, that he was a leading man at the Institution! Why, this was one of my strongest reasons for doing it. It was because he was a leading man, and because he possessed influence, that I was determined to show the futility of his principles in Art. When a man, possessing influence, holds pernicious opinions, he becomes an example to thousands whom cowardice and timidity would for ever keep in awe without such a sanction. While I live, or have an intellect to detect a difference or a hand to write, never will I suffer a leading man in Art to put forth pernicious sophisms without doing my best to refute them; or unjustly to censure fine works by opinions, without doing my best to expose them; that is, if they are of sufficient consequence to endanger the public taste,—and really, such opinions as those quoted on works so beautiful, so intensely exquisite—works which will produce a revolution in both arts—to which Canova was inclined to kneel and worship; opinions, too, uttered in such despotic defiance of all candour and common sense are not to be borne. I should consider myself a traitor to my art, and my country's taste, and the dignity of my pursuits if I suffered them to pass unnoticed; to these divine things I owe every principle of Art I may possess; I never enter among them without bowing to the Great Spirit that reigns within them; I thank God daily I was in existence on their arrival, and will ever do so to the end of my life. Such a blast will Fame blow of their grandeur, that its roaring will swell out as time advances; and nations now sunk in barbarism, and ages yet unborn will in succession be roused by its thunder, and refined by its harmony; pilgrims from the remotest corners of the earth will visit their shrine, and be purified by their beauty. B. R. Haydon.

"P.S.—There is a supposition that feeling alone enabled the great Greek artists to arrive at such perfection: but surely the capacity to feel a result is very different from the power to produce the sensation of it in others, by an imitative art. After feeling a result, to produce the same feeling in others, you must exercise your understanding, and practise your hand: you then begin immediately with the why and the wherefore, the how and the what;

what; your understanding is thus stored with reasons and principles. The first great requisite, of course, is a capacity to feel a result; the next an understanding to ascertain the means of producing in others what you have felt yourself; and the third is the feeling again, to tell you when you have done what you wanted to do. The understanding being thoroughly stored with principles of the means of imitation, and the hand thoroughly ready from practice, a result is no sooner felt than the understanding at once supplies the principle on which it is to be executed by imitation, and the hand instantly executes it, till at last, feeling, understanding and hand go so instantaneously together as not to be perceived, in their respective departments, by the possessor: and all resolve themselves into feeling, which at first was the instigator and then becomes the director. A result having the appearance of being easily produced induces the world to conclude that feeling alone is the cause, ignorant what effects of the understanding and hand were at first requisite before they could so completely obey the feeling as to be identified with it.

"I most sincerely hope, that this fatal proof of Mr Payne Knight's complete want of judgment in refined Art will have its due effect: that it will show they are the most likely to know an art to its foundation who have given up their life to the investigation of its principles; and will impress noblemen with this truth, that by listening to the authoritative dictates of such men they risk sharing the disgrace of their exposure."

Lord Elgin saw Knight was done up, and done up was the whole clique.

I believe the committee now felt they had better have let me be examined. What delicacy was due to Knight who had shown so little to Lord Elgin? What had I done? I had refuted him on a passage in Pliny, which he knew as well as I did, but which he had suppressed; supposing no artist would take the trouble or had the knowledge to find him out.

The public voice so completely and enthusiastically responded to my letters that the patrons were afraid to let me see their hatred, but I saw pride and revenge lurking beneath the smoothness of their manner; they had found out I must still depend on them and they resolved to let me feel it.

In a week my painting-room was again crowded with rank, beauty and fashion, to such excess that I ordered the front doors to be left open.

Lord Mulgrave, always regarding me, had at the very moment the letter appeared laid a plan before the directors of the Institution to send me out to Italy. It would have been done, but the moment the letter appeared he sent for a friend. "What the devil is Haydon about?" "Upon my word I don't know, my lord." "Here have I been planning to get him a handsome income

income for three years and send him to Italy, and out comes this indiscreet and abominable letter."

The letter was translated into Italian and French, and was dispersed over Europe. Rumohr found it and another upon the Ilissus in the Magliabecchian library, Florence, and Lord Elgin told me Danneker showed it to him. In Germany it prepared the way for an enthusiastic reception for Lord Elgin. The great Goëthe spoke of it when he noticed my essay on the Venetian Horses, and the criticism may be found in his works.

My views were now completely before the world. Wilkie said I should carry all before me. I was an object of curiosity whenever I appeared in a public place. My vanity was tickled; and the Academicians when I met them at a conversazione, or a rout, slunk by, pale and contemptible, holding out a finger as they passed.

The committee proceeded: Lawrence, Westmacott, West, Nollekens and Chantrey did themselves great honour, and yet so great was the influence of the clique that in spite of Canova's opinion, in spite of the sanction of these eminent artists, and in spite of my letter, they prevailed so far against Lord Elgin as to induce the committee to vote him a sum less than the money he had laid out.

The charge of artists and expenses of the original moulding, etc., was proved to be (139,000 piastres)	£10,700
Expense of subsequent removing, etc. (224,700 piastres)	17,300
Expense of further removals	12,000
Expense of loss and recovery of cargo . .	5,000
Expenses in England.	6,000
Cost of removing them from Park Lane to Piccadilly	1,500
Knight valued them at	25,000
Hamilton	60,000
Lord Aberdeen	35,000

which sum was recommended [1] (because it was between the maximum and minimum) and paid, and thus Lord Elgin, who might have had double from Napoleon, was £16,000 out of pocket from his love of his country. This is the style (I regret to say) in which old England always pays those servants who love her better than themselves, and though Lord Elgin was accused of making this matter a money speculation, that accusation is no reason whatever why he should not have had the money he had spent. He was in my opinion and that of his friends very badly treated, to gratify a malevolent coterie of classical despotic dilettanti devoid of all genuine taste or sound knowledge of Art.

[1] See Official Report on Elgin Marbles, 1816.

CHAPTER XVII

THUS ended the great Elgin Marble question. I had won golden opinions from all sorts of people, and secret denunciations of vengeance from all connoisseurs.

One evening, just after the sun had gone down in its gold and crimson glory, as I was lying in my armchair lost in meditation on my day's labour, my past uproar and my future success, dreaming of Raffaele and the Greeks, the door opened without the least ceremony and like a vision there stood M—— F——. She had been shopping with a young friend, had stayed later than usual, and called to beg I would protect them home. As we were on terms of family intimacy I was delighted at the request, and marched forth. Not far from my house she requested me to stop a moment whilst she left a letter with a lady who was going into Devonshire. I waited; a servant came down, and requested I would walk up. I walked up into a neat, small drawing-room, and in one instant the loveliest face that was ever created since God made Eve smiled gently at my approach. The effect of her beauty was instantaneous.

On the sofa lay a dying man, and a boy about two years old by his side. What did it all mean? We shortly took leave. I never spoke a word, and on seeing M—— home, returned to the house and stood outside in hopes she would appear at the windows.

I went home, and for the first time in my life was really, heartily, thoroughly, passionately over head and ears and heart in love. I hated my pictures. I hated the Elgin Marbles. I hated books. I could not eat, or sleep, or think, or write, or talk. I got up early, examined the premises and street, and gave a man half a crown to let me sit concealed and watch for her coming out. Day after day I grew more and more inextricably enraptured, till resistance was relinquished with a glorious defiance of restraint. Her conduct to her dying husband, her gentle reproof of my impassioned and unrestrained air, riveted my being. But I must not anticipate. Sufficient for the present purpose, O reader, is it to tell thee that B. R. Haydon is and for ever will be in love with that woman, and that she is his wife.

My necessities, in consequence of my enthusiasm for Art so

entirely

entirely occupying my time, became dreadful and harassing. More than a year before the moneylenders had intimated to me that as I was a young man they had heard highly of, they would be happy to aid me at any time provided I would pay a little more interest than usual.

I had borrowed of them and paid them, and had resolved to have done with such dangerous aids, but this year I found myself without commissions, employment, or money; for all my devotion to Art and my attempts to raise the taste of the country had not procured me one shilling. I therefore had recourse in an evil hour to moneylenders, the bane, the curse, the pestilence of indigent genius.

Never shall I forget the agitated wrench of my frame as I first crossed the threshold of a moneylender, and stopped before the inner door, a shelter from notice till the door is opened, which the thief, the profligate, the murderer, the pickpocket, the seducer, the necessitous, and the ruined know well the value of.

As I stood, after knocking, till the door opened, my knees shook under me. I had resisted a father's and a mother's tenderest affections; I had sacrificed an established business for the pursuit of Art, and after eleven years of hard and devoted study, and the attainment of great fame, I was now standing at the door of a moneylender like a culprit, poor, sinking fast to ruin, and in debt, though at the height of reputation.

A head at this moment peeped through the glass over the door: the door was cautiously opened, and a mean, skinny, malicious face said, "Walk in." I entered, and as the door closed I felt as if in a condemned haunt of villainy. "Walk in there," said the face. I went in and found his wife, who seemed quite accustomed to receive people in want.

The wretch came in, surveying me under his little eyelids, which were red, inflamed, without lashes, and pendent. "Well, you want £100." "I do." "Humph! I don't think I can do it." This was the usual artifice. He saw my anxiety, and with the wary practice of a villain hung back to raise the terms. I left him with a curse.

Want staring me in the face, I became solitary and crestfallen. I called again. I carried him a bill indorsed by a friend. The fellow was shaving, and talking as he shaved: "I don't like to do anything with gentlemen. If I lend money, you must buy something; walk upstairs." I walked up and saw a miserable copy of Rubens placed in a good light. I came down and said, "I'll take that Rubens. How much?" "£20." "I'll give it." "Leave the bill." I did—for £122, 10s., £5 per cent. at 3 months. He then smiled as if delighted, and took me into a sort of dusty

secret place full of boots, hats, prints, shirts, breeches, pictures, jewellery, guns, pistols, frames, everything wanted by a family or saleable in the inhabited world. There he gave me my cheque for the money, deducting interest and the price of the picture, and away I went as if out of the regions of the devil. How I was to pay this debt I did not know, but I had commissions at the time and hoped for an advance. If I had taken Sir George Beaumont's sensible advice I would not have anticipated my reward.

My passion for Art blinded me, and the seeds of all my ruin were sown the day I entered the den of this reptile.

I was too proud at this time to borrow of the rich, and when I was forced to do it, it was to replace the advances of such reptiles as this.

The ice was thus broken. The fine edge of a feeling of honour was dulled. Though my honourable discharge of what I borrowed (by the sale of Solomon) justified my borrowing again, yet it is a fallacious relief, because you must stop sooner or later; if you are punctual and can pay in the long run, why incur the debt at all?

Too proud to do small, modest things, that I might obtain fair means of existence as I proceeded with my great work, I thought it no degradation to borrow, to risk the insult of refusal and be bated down like the meanest dealer.

Then I was liberal in my art: I spared no expense for casts and prints, and did great things for the Art by means of them. This is true; yet to be strictly correct, you should do nothing, however necessary, which your income does not warrant you in doing.

But ought I, after such efforts as I had made, to have been left in this position by the directors of the British Institution or the Government? Under any other government in Europe, after what I had done, I should not have been allowed to remain one moment in necessity.

The stern habits of England are different. I had conducted myself as I pleased, as if I had a fortune: very well then, if you do as men do who are independent, we are not to suppose you want help.

The cause of my immediate necessity was a bill I gave my landlord for £200, the balance of rent due to him.

I borrowed £100 to make it up, and paid £22, 10s. for the favour. Thus I increased my rent by £22, 10s., and this is the anatomy of all such detestable transactions. When this bill of £122, 10s. came due, I had received £100 on a commission, so I was obliged to borrow £22, 10s. to make up the total; for this I paid

I paid £5 or £6, so here again was £6 added to £22, 10s., making £28, 10s. on £200 rent.

I got such repute amongst this class of heartless robbers that reports reached me of a gentleman in Poland Street wishing to see me, who had a great respect for my genius and would accommodate me at a less rate.

I called, and was shown into a parlour where sat a little scrofulous-looking figure with law papers before him. In the most insinuating tone he began the old seductive tale; he understood I wanted to see him. "No," said I; "you wanted to see me, I understood." The fact was, he found my bills were met, and he could accommodate me at 40 per cent., 20 less than any other of the trade. £100 was directly advanced for £10 at three months.

When you deal with a rascal turn him to the light. The effect is unquestionable. I got him to the light; his eyes shrank; his face was the meanest I ever saw; the feeble mouth and little nose, brassy eyes, blotched skin, low forehead, and fœtid smell, all announced a reptile.

I was now regularly involved, with a large picture half done. A commission or public employment would have saved me, but nothing of the sort arrived, and I was left to struggle on, and struggle on I did, greatly and gloriously.

In April I addressed a letter to the directors of the British Gallery,[1] on the proper mode of gradually eliciting the genius of the country, by a plan for the distribution of premiums, which if persevered in with consistency would (I said in my letter) essentially contribute to advance the great interests of British Art and the objects for which the directors were assembled.

Historical painting	For the best	100	guineas.
	second	50	do.
Poetical landscape	For the best	80	do.
	second	50	do.
Subjects of peasant-life and humour	For the best	80	do.
	second	40	do.
Landscape, class of Cuyp and Ruysdael	For the best	60	do.
	second	30	do.
Poetical heads	For the best	60	do.
	second	30	do.
Heads—studies from statues	For the best	40	do.
	second	20	do.

[1] The British Institution.

By

By this plan (I pointed out), all parts of the Art would be essentially benefited and no part neglected. A good exhibition would be secured to the British Gallery, and the young student in historical painting would look forward to the prize as his first assistance after his preparatory studies, and as a certain and assured means of interesting the public in his favour.

I expressed my belief that if the noble directors would pledge themselves regularly to bestow such prizes for five or six years, and then reconsider the plan and remodel it according to its failure or success, the artists would come forward with more confidence and rely on their decisions with more security than when the directors reserved to themselves the right of withholding the premiums for one year; for though no man could dispute such right, yet the uncertainty resulting from the prospect of its exercise was a sufficient reason to induce many men of talent to abstain from the contest when employment and sale of works are more attainable elsewhere.

I gave as my reason for recommending that no prize should be higher than one hundred guineas, because the great object of prizes should be to assist young men till their talent be sufficiently matured to deserve employment.

Mr R. Gillam, the secretary, acknowledged my letter, and said it would be considered at a future meeting of the directors.

Sir George now came to town. I called, and as I foresaw I should have a great deal of trouble with his new commission, I, as delicately as I could, alluded to the former picture of Macbeth, showed him the irreparable injuries I had suffered, and concluded by saying: "My dear Sir George, you have my interest at heart. Take the Macbeth for two hundred guineas." He asked time to reflect, and on May 20th, 1816, I received his letter accepting my offer.

In June the Gallery issued a circular, giving notice that they proposed in the ensuing year either to offer gratuities (!) to artists who should produce at their next exhibition pictures which they might think of sufficient merit, or to purchase them, or to give commissions for painting them on a larger scale for some public building.

This was nothing but that usual want of confidence in their own judgment which has ever fettered, and will ever fetter, the directors of the Gallery and all committees or commissioners composed of the same class.

High bred, and feeling that the patronage of Art is a part of their duty as an aristocracy, they are very much to be pitied for their want of knowledge of Art as a class. With no Art-tutors at Oxford (in spite of Aristotle's γραφική), they leave college just as

as wise in Art as they enter it. Your committees and Art institutions, too happy to lean on anyone for instruction, become the tools of an academic clique. More money has been spent on Art in Britain, and more money voted for it, than in any other two countries, with the least possible effect. One-quarter the money so voted applied with energy and largeness of view would have long since raised the Art of England to be the glory of the age.

At the end of the war ours was the soundest school in Europe, and had the war continued and a blockade been kept up against French impurities and German inanities, the British school would have been by this time the greatest and the noblest.

The following letter from Wilkie is of interest, as containing a long account of the honour done him by the Duke of Wellington in calling and giving him the commission for the Chelsea Pensioners.

I was at that time on a visit to my sister in the country.

" Kensington, August 18th, 1816.

" My dear Haydon,

" I should not perhaps have been disposed to break through the etiquette of writing you before you have written me from the country, had it not been that I have a piece of intelligence to give you of an event that is to me more gratifying than any honour or compliment I have yet had conferred on me. It is that of being waited on by His Grace the Duke of Wellington for the purpose of giving me a commission to paint him a picture. As you will no doubt feel a keen interest in everything relating to such a man, and may be pleased also by the particulars of this mark of his attention to me, I shall proceed to relate the circumstances of his call as they happened.

" Yesterday morning Lord Lynedoch (Sir Thomas Graham that was) called upon me, and said that if I should be at home at four o'clock, the Duke of Wellington and a party that came to meet at his house previous to that would then call on me with him. Upon this information I set to work for the rest of the day to get my rooms put to rights, put all my pictures in order for view, and last, though not least, had to arrange it so that my mother and sister might see the great man from the parlour windows as he came in.

" Matters being thus settled, we waited in a sort of breathless expectation for their arrival, and at half-past four they accordingly came. The party consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lady Argyle and another lady, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lynedoch, to all of which the latter introduced me as they came in. When they went upstairs they were first occupied in looking at the pictures severally, but without entering into conversation further than by expressing a general approbation. The

The Duke, on whom my attention was fixed, seemed pleased with them, and said in his firm voice, ' Very good,' ' Capital,' etc., but said nothing in the way of remark, and seemed indeed not much attended to by the company, of whom the ladies began to talk a good deal. They went on in this way for a considerable time, and I had every reason to feel satisfied with the impression my works seemed to make on the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and the others, but though the Duke of Wellington seemed full of attention, I felt disappointed with his silence. At last Lady Argyle began to tell me that the Duke wished me to paint him a picture, and was explaining what the subject was, when the Duke, who was at that time seated on a chair and looking at one of the pictures that happened to be on the ground, turned to us, and swinging back upon the chair turned up his lively eye to me and said that the subject should be a parcel of old soldiers assembled together on their seats at the door of a public-house chewing tobacco and talking over their old stories. He thought they might be in any uniform, and that it should be at some public-house in the King's Road, Chelsea. I said this would make a most beautiful picture, and that it only wanted some story or a principal incident to connect the figures together : he said perhaps playing at skittles would do, or any other game, when I proposed that one might be reading a newspaper aloud to the rest, and that in making a sketch of it many other incidents would occur. In this he perfectly agreed, and said I might send the sketch to him when he was abroad. He then got up and looked at his watch, and said to the company his time was nearly out, as he had to go and dine with the Duke of Cambridge.

" After they had proposed to go, he made me a bow, and as he went out of the room he turned to me and said, ' Well, when shall I hear from you ? ' To which I replied that my immediate engagements, and the time it would take to collect materials for his Grace's subject, would prevent me being able to get it done for two years. ' Very well,' said he, ' that will be soon enough for me.' They then went downstairs, and as they went out our people were all ready to see him from the parlour windows : when he got to the gate, he made me a bow again, and seeing at the same time my family at the parlour windows he bowed to them also. As he got upon his horse he observed all the families and the servants were at the windows, and I saw two lifeguardsmen, the rogues, just behind the pillar at the corner, waiting to have a full view of him.

" The sensation this event occasioned quite unhinged us for the rest of the day. Nothing was talked of but the Duke of Wellington, and the chair he happened to sit upon has been carefully selected out, and has been decorated with ribbons, and there is a talk of having an inscription upon it, descriptive of the honour it has received.

" With respect to the appearance of the man, none of the portraits of him are like him. He is younger and fresher, more active

active and lively, and in his figure more clean-made and firmer built than I was led to expect. His face is in some respects odd; has no variety of expression, but his eye is extraordinary, and is almost the only feature I remember, but I remember it so well that I think I see it now. It has not the hungry and devouring look of Buonaparte, but seems to express in its liveliness the ecstasy that an animal would express in an active and eager pursuit.

"With respect to the commission, I felt in the highest degree proud of it. The subject has most probably originated with himself, and Lord Lynedoch has merely recommended me to be employed, but his taking the trouble to come and talk to me himself about it shows a respect for our art that others as well as myself may be delighted to see in such a man.

"The subject he has chosen seems to reflect on him, from its reference to the good old English companions of his victories; and to me it is a gratification to find that even my peaceful style of Art should be felt necessary as a recreation to a Wellington.

"I am, dear Haydon,

"Yours,

"D. Wilkie."

Wilkie about this time made a tour in Belgium and the Netherlands, and wrote me letters full of fresh and close observation.

As much has been said of the treatment experienced at the cleaner's hands by the pictures taken to Paris, it may be worth while to extract Wilkie's opinion from one of his letters from Rotterdam (25th September, 1816):

"To the Hague I brought an introduction to an English artist who had been settled there for twenty years. It seemed to be a feast to him to meet with me, and I certainly derived great advantage from him. He took me to see the pictures belonging to the King which had just come back from Paris. They were not put up, and here I had another treat. The Ostades and Jan Steens are of the very finest quality. I only wish I could say they were in the best preservation, but they have received considerable damage; and it is the same with the pictures that have come back to Antwerp. This, however, has not arisen from their removal, as the admirers of Buonaparte would have us believe, but from a set of picture-cleaners who had already done the mischief here, and are now at Antwerp completing the glorious work of reform. The large picture of the Bull by Paul Potter has had a most thorough scouring, and the high lights in Ostade and Jan Steen are rubbed into the very bone. The beautiful picture of the Dead Christ (Vandyke) has a large patch of raw colour quite bare. I expressed great indignation to the *conservateur*. His views and mine, however, were very different, and it seemed a delicate subject; but I saw the same thing was threatened to some of the others, and I kept renewing the subject at every picture we came to.

to. An intelligent traveller told me that the Taking Down from the Cross was most confoundedly rubbed before it was put up. If you could come to Antwerp we would make a row about it."

1816 was now rapidly drawing to a close. I had exerted myself well and advanced my picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. In 1815 Mr Landseer, the engraver, had brought his boys to me and said: "When do you let your beard grow and take pupils?" I said, "If my instructions are useful or valuable, now." "Will you let my boys come?" I said, "Certainly." Charles and Thomas, it was immediately arranged, should come every Monday, when I was to give them work for the week. Edwin took my dissections of the lion, and I advised him to dissect animals—the only mode of acquiring their construction—as I had dissected men, and as I should make his brothers do. This very incident generated in me a desire to form a school, and as the Landseers made rapid progress I resolved to communicate my system to other young men, and endeavour to establish a better and more regular system of instruction than even the Academy afforded.

One morning, while visiting the Elgin Marbles (then at Burlington House), I saw a youth with a good head drawing in a large way. I spoke to him and was pleased by his reply. It ended by an invitation to breakfast. The next day he came and told me his name was Bewicke; that he came up from Darlington to find me out, and that after I was gone somebody told him who I was, and he was very much agitated. He entered my school at once, was introduced to the Landseers, proceeded to copy all my dissection drawings and soon became the most prominent pupil of the whole set. William Harvey followed him shortly after, and then another well-educated, accomplished youth, Edward Chatfield. All these young men looked up to me as their instructor and their friend. I took them under my care, taught them everything I knew, explained the principles of Raffaele's works, in my collection of his prints, and did the same thing over again which I had done to Eastlake, without one shilling of payment from them any more than from him. They improved rapidly. The gratitude of themselves and of their friends knew no bounds.

About the same time a periodical work was begun by my old friend Elmes, the architect, called the *Annals of Art*. Thinking to help my views of founding a school, and to put the editor in the right road of sound Art, I flung some of my best writing into it, and upheld through its pages the necessity of public encouragement. Elmes backed my views with all his might, and as the *Catalogue raisonné* which came from the Academy had sneered

sneered at me the instant it appeared, I opened my battery against that stumbling-block and coiled snake.

Elmes encouraged me, of course, and I was too ready to listen to him. Elmes was a man of considerable talent, of great good-nature, and a thorough admirer of mine. He had been the very first to notice and criticise my early works; but he was extremely thoughtless, full of imagination, always scheming and very likely to bring himself and his friends into scrapes. I cared nothing for his peculiarities. I hated the Academy, and was very glad of the use of a publication where I had unlimited control. Elmes republished my original attack on this institution, which announced at once his principles and creed. The Art was soon in an uproar, and the quarterly appearance of the *Annals* was watched for with the same sort of anxiety as a shell in the air during a siege. "Here it comes; now for it." The state of my eyes gave me leisure for meditation. I was perpetually dictating when I could not paint, while Elmes was always ready to copy. It was a pity I allowed my mind to act again through the pen when the pencil was my real instrument, but the temptation was irresistible; and then I thought of doing good by implanting sound principles of patronage in a proper quarter. I might perhaps have done this without irritating and exasperating the Academicians. Yet, regarding them as a great body who influenced and prejudiced the aristocracy, it was impossible to touch on Art without finding the Academy at every point checking, misleading, and obstructing. Every weapon of attack was resorted to—ridicule, sarcasm, allegory and insinuation—with such success that a member said: "By and by a man will be afraid to become an Academician." Once when Wilkie was with me, and an Academician came in, Wilkie seeing the *Annals* on the table said, in absolute horror, "Just take away that publication."

The best things in it were my defence of Reynolds and the "Dreams of Somniator." In the "Dreams" I imagined a deputation from the French Academy to the English, to consult on the principles of Greek form, and I made each Academician give his opinion according to his own mode of dialect and practice; it was irresistible. Lord Mulgrave read it in the evening; Sir George enjoyed it; the Academicians shrunk from it. At a particular period of the discussion I raised Michel Angelo's ghost, who, in anger at the perversion of a good institution, changed the members into animals and objects expressive of their characters. One was transformed into a vinegar cruet; another into a viper; Fuseli was sent to hell as a place congenial to his genius; West was turned into a chameleon; Shee into a magpie; Wilkie and Mulready were spared, and so was Turner. I had said in my dream

dream " Turner bowing withdrew " ; at which Beechy remarked, " He withdrew without bowing, I'll answer for that."

The " Dream " made such a noise that the circulation of the *Annals* increased because people hoped to see other dreams. But the object of the publication was to advance the taste of the people and the principles of the student, and to bring the Academy into its just position. A *jeu d'esprit* of this sort was well enough now and then, but to feed human malignity on principle was what I had no idea of doing, nor Elmes either. When the public found no more dreams the circulation fell back again. Sound principles of science and simple truth are not pungent enough to rouse an interest in the ordinary reader who is not professionally interested.

Besides these polemic articles I extracted valuable things from Coypel's *Discourses*, compressed much useful information from Adam's *Antiquities*, and marked or pointed out passages in authors which might do the student good; in fact, I made my reading and experience conducive to the improvement of the young artist. But such was the animosity generated by my terrific truths about the Academy that the good which was really in the work was rendered nugatory by the violence and injustice of those it skinned.

Hardly any publisher continued it beyond a year, and Elmes and I used to lay our heads together at the end of one year how to start it the beginning of another. Elmes, who had a great deal of tact, always succeeded in animating a fresh publisher with new hopes, and in convincing him the last did not understand the value of the work and the state of the question, and used to come in great glee with his success. So at it again we would go for another year, prepared to look out for a new publisher the year following.

All this, though it fed my revenge on the Academy, told perniciously on my interests. It turned aside my mind from its right direction. Yet it had its good too, because it brought out my pupils, who have all since become eminent men, and it brought me other pupils, who paid me premiums, and thus in some measure repaid the loss of the time bestowed without remuneration on my first set.

On the other hand, the combined fury, ridicule, sarcasm and truth of my writing, understanding the subject as I did, indisputably stirred the public mind in favour of High Art and laid the foundation of the great move which afterwards took place. I may have sacrificed my interests, and I did; but I kept the art in motion; I prevented stagnation; I laid open the pretences of a set of men who were masking their real views by the grossest hypocrisy,

hypocrisy, and prepared the people and the Government for what was their duty, if they wished the country to take its proper rank. The Academy never recovered this just exposure, and it never will. Sooner or later reform will be forced on it either by the uproar of artists or the convictions of the Sovereign. Never until its power of mischief be diminished and its power of good increased can High Art have fair play or be developed in proportion to the genius of the country.

During the progress of the picture of Jerusalem I resolved to put into it, in a side group, Voltaire as a sneerer and Newton as a believer—an anachronism, of course, yet not a greater one than Virgil bringing Dido and Æneas together, who were three hundred years apart. The anachronism, however, was not what was complained of, but the cruelty to Voltaire! Leigh Hunt received a letter from Norwich complaining of the injustice, and I received one from Oxford complaining of the absurdity. It was evident the conception had hit; and therefore I determined to keep him in at all hazards.

I foresaw attack on this score. I read Voltaire to be up to the mark, and found myself strengthened rather than intimidated as to my plan.

If Christ was an impostor, Voltaire would be the hero. If Christ was (as I believe him) divine, Voltaire surely would not have been ashamed to appear as an *incrédule*. Where, then, was the injustice?

I was accused of appealing to the passions of the million. I deny it: I appealed to their common sense.

About this time I met John Keats at Leigh Hunt's, and was amazingly interested by his prematurity of intellectual and poetical power.

I read one or two of his sonnets and formed a very high idea of his genius. After a short time I liked him so much that a general invitation on my part followed, and we became extremely intimate. He visited my painting-room at all times, and at all times was welcome.

He was below the middle size, with a low forehead, and an eye that had an inward look, perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions. The greatest calamity for Keats was his being brought before the world by a set who had so much the habit of puffing each other that every one connected with it suffered in public estimation. Hence every one was inclined to disbelieve his genius. After the first criticism in the *Quarterly* somebody from Dartmouth sent him £25. I told Mrs Hoppner this, and begged her to go to Gifford and endeavour to prevent his assault on *Endymion*. She told me she found him writing with his green

green shade before his eyes, totally insensible to all reproach or entreaty. "How can you, Gifford, dish up in this dreadful manner a youth who has never offended you?" "It has done him good," replied Gifford; "he has had £25 from Devonshire." Mrs Hoppner was extremely intimate with Gifford, and she told me she had a great mind to snatch the manuscript from the table and throw it in the fire. She left Gifford in a great passion, but without producing the least effect.

One evening (19th November, 1816) after a most eager interchange of thoughts I received from Keats his sonnet, beginning "Great spirits now on earth are sojourning."[1] I thanked him, and he wrote, "Your letter has filled me with a proud pleasure, and shall be kept by me as a stimulus to exertion. I begin to fix my eye on one horizon. The idea of your sending it to Wordsworth puts me out of breath. You know with what reverence I would send my well wishes to him."

As I was walking one day with him in the Kilburn meadows, he said: "Haydon, what a pity it is there is not a human dusthole."

His brother (who died in a consumption, and to whom Keats alludes in the lines in his beautiful "Ode to the Nightingale," "and youth grows pale and spectre thin, and dies") told me some interesting things about his infancy, which they got from a servant whom they were obliged to find out to ascertain his brother's age before he could come to his property.

He was when an infant a most violent and ungovernable child. At five years of age or thereabouts, he once got hold of a naked sword and shutting the door swore nobody should go out. His mother wanted to do so, but he threatened her so furiously she began to cry, and was obliged to wait till somebody through the window saw her position and came to her rescue.

An old lady (Mrs Grafty, of Craven Street, Finsbury) told his brother George—when in reply to her question, "what John was doing," he told her he had determined to become a poet—

[1] "Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing:
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for freedom's sake:
And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raffaele's whispering.
And other spirits there are standing apart,
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another heart,
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?—
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

that

that this was very odd, because when he could just speak, instead of answering questions put to him he would always make a rhyme to the last word people said, and then laugh. As he grew up he was apprenticed to an apothecary, in which position he led a wretched life, translated Ovid without having ever been properly taught Latin, and read Shakespeare, Spenser and Chaucer. He used sometimes to say to his brother he feared he should never be a poet, and if he was not he would destroy himself. He used to suffer such agonies at this apprehension that his brother said they really feared he would execute his threat. At last his master, weary of his disgust, gave him up his time. During his mother's last illness his devoted attachment interested all. He sat up whole nights with her in a great chair, would suffer nobody to give her medicine or even cook her food but himself, and read novels to her in her intervals of ease.

Keats was the only man I ever met with who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling, except Wordsworth. Byron and Shelley were always sophisticating about their verses: Keats sophisticated about nothing. He had made up his mind to do great things, and when he found that by his connection with the *Examiner* clique he had brought upon himself an overwhelming outcry of unjust aversion he shrunk up into himself; his diseased tendencies showed themselves, and he died a victim to mistakes on all hands, alike on the part of enemies and friends. Another acquaintance I made about this time was Horace Smith. Where I first met him I have no recollection, but there never was a more delightful fellow, or a kinder or sounder heart. It was now, too, I was first invited to meet Shelley, and readily accepted the invitation. I went a little after the time, and seated myself in the place kept for me at the table, right opposite Shelley himself, as I was told after, for I did not then know what hectic, spare, weakly yet intellectual-looking creature it was, carving a bit of brocoli or cabbage on his plate, as if it had been the substantial wing of a chicken. —— and his wife and her sister, Keats, Horace Smith, and myself made up the party.

In a few minutes Shelley opened the conversation by saying in the most feminine and gentle voice, " As to that detestable religion, the Christian——" I looked astounded, but casting a glance round the table easily saw by ——'s expression of ecstasy and the women's simper, I was to be set at that evening *vi et armis*. No reply, however, was made to this sally during dinner, but when the dessert came and the servant was gone, to it we went like fiends. —— and —— were deists. I felt exactly like a stag at bay and resolved to gore without mercy. Shelley said the Mosaic and Christian dispensations were inconsistent. I swore they

they were not, and that the Ten Commandments had been the foundation of all the codes of law in the earth. Shelley denied it. —— backed him. I affirmed they were—neither of us using an atom of logic. Shelley said Shakespeare could not have been a Christian because of the dialogue in *Cymbeline*.

"*Gaoler.* For look you, sir, you know not the way you should go.

"*Posthumus.* Yes indeed I do, fellow.

"*Gaol.* Your death has eyes in his head then, and I have never seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some who take upon themselves to know, or take upon yourself that I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed on your journey's end, I think you will never return to tell me.

"*Post.* I tell ye, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

"*Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness."

I replied, that proved nothing; you might as well argue Shakespeare was in favour of murder because, when he makes a murderer, he is ready to murder, as infer he did not believe in another world, or in Christianity, because he has put sophistry about men's state after death in the mouth of his gaoler.

I argued that his own will might be inferred to contain his own belief, and there he says, "In Jesus Christ hoping and assuredly believing, I, W. Shakespeare, etc. . . ." Shelley said, "That was a mere matter of form." I said, "That opinion was mere matter of inference, and, if quotation were argument, I would give two passages to one in my favour." They sneered, and I at once quoted:

> "Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
> That in the course of justice none of us
> Should see salvation."

And again:

> "Why all the souls that are were forfeit once,
> And he that might th' advantage best have took,
> Found out the remedy."

Neither ——, Keats nor —— said a word to this; but still Shelley, —— and —— kept at it till, finding I was a match for them in argument, they became personal, and so did I. We said unpleasant things to each other, and when I retired to the other room for a moment I overheard them say, "Haydon is fierce." "Yes," said ——; "the question always irritates him." As the women were dressing to go, —— said to me with a look of nervous fear

fear, " Are these creatures to be d——d, Haydon? " " Good Heaven," said I, " what a morbid view of Christianity."

The assertion of —— that these sort of discussions irritated me is perfectly true; but it was not so much the question as their manner of treating it. I never heard any sceptic but Hazlitt discuss the matter with the gravity such a question demanded. The eternity of the human soul is not a joke, as —— was always inclined to make of it, not in reality—for the thought wrenched his being to the very midriff—but apparently that he might conceal his frightful apprehensions. For he was by nature gloomy, and all his wit and jokes, and flowers and green fields were only so many desperate efforts to break through the web which hung round and impeded him. Luckily for me I was deeply impressed with the denunciations, the promises, the hopes, the beauty of Christianity. I received an impression at an early age which has never been effaced, and never will, and which neither the insidious efforts of —— nor the sophistry of Shelley ever for a moment shook. My irritation proceeded not from my fear of them, but from my being unable to command my feelings when I heard Voltaire almost worshipped in the very same breath that had called St Paul, Mister Paul, and when, with a smile of ineffable superiority, it was intimated that he was a cunning fellow. I used to say, " Let us go on without appellations of that kind. I detest them." " Oh, the question irritates you," was the reply. " And always will when so conducted," was my answer. " I am like Johnson; I will not suffer so awful a question as the truth or falsehood of Christianity to be treated like a new farce, and if you persist I will go." It was singular to watch the fiend that had seized ——'s soul trying with the most accomplished artifices to catch those of his friends. Often, when all discussion had ceased and the wine had gone freely round—when long talk of poetry and painting had, as it were, opened our hearts— —— would suddenly (touching my arm with the most friendly pressure) show me a passage in the Bible and Testament, and say, as if appealing to my superiority of understanding, " Haydon, do you believe this? " " Yes," I would instantly answer, with a look he will remember. He would then get up, close the book, and ejaculate, " By heavens, is it possible! " This was another mode of appeal to my vanity. He would then look out of window with an affected indifference, as if he pitied my shallow mind; and, going jauntily to the piano, strike up " *Cosi fan tutti*," or "*Addio il mio cuore*," with a " Ring the bell for tea."

After this dinner I made up my mind to subject myself no more to the chance of these discussions, but gradually to withdraw from the whole party.

My

My pupils being now well advanced in drawing, and, by demonstrations on a subject at Bell's, thoroughly versed in human construction, I thought it a good plan to get up to the British Gallery two Cartoons from Hampton Court. I mentioned it to Seguier, who spoke of it to Lord Stafford and Lord Farnborough. They were so pleased that they went to the Prince Regent, who immediately ordered West (as keeper of the King's pictures) to go down and send up two Cartoons to the Gallery. The portrait-painters were in a rage, and swore the Cartoons would be ruined, broken, smoked and never get back safe. West, however, though he said the same, was obliged to obey orders, got cylinders made, and the Cartoons came up; Seguier and I dying with laughter at making the venerable President do the thing.

I was immediately accused of being at the bottom of this, as, I am happy to say, I always was when the good of the Art was concerned; and I came in for a double share of abuse for my impudence. However, up came the Miraculous Draught of Fishes and Paul at Athens. I moved in directly, and drew full-size all the heads and the figure of Paul. My pupils came in after me, and we all set to work and made such studies and cartoons as had never been seen in England before. The excitement was tremendous. Bewicke, Harvey, C. and T. Landseer and Chatfield had all fine heads, and the way in which they stood up and manfully drew attracted the attention and wonder of all.

The Academy were in a fury. I got, I really may say, dozens of anonymous letters all threatening me with vengeance. Behnes was the only one not my pupil who drew, and when the whole collection were hung up at the end of the season, my Paul in the centre and my pupils' work around me, the nobility were all highly delighted. Had there been no Academy the Art would have gone on from that moment for ever. But their bile was roused; and by ridicule and abuse, by attributing the basest motives to me (that I wanted the Gallery to buy my picture) they succeeded in so alarming the directors that all the good was rendered nugatory; and, though the people rushed in thousands till the doors were obliged to be shut, nothing ever came of it; and nothing ever will, whilst that body, under the mask of doing good to Art, seek only their own predominance, and by standing between the nobility and the people baffle every attempt to enlighten either upon Art. If you ask their assistance they thwart the best plans by diplomacy; if you leave them out they destroy the best prospects by malignity. The result was so far good that the people were roused and interested and proved their relish for High Art.

I find in my Journal for December 23rd of this year: "Wilkie spent

spent the evening with me; he seems to be getting rid of his prejudices. I never saw him so affected before by my picture. He dwelt on it with mute eagerness; and at last, completely conquered, he said, 'It will make a decided impression.' 'God grant it may,' said I. 'It is very imposing,' said Wilkie, 'and a great advance beyond Solomon.' We then examined every head with a candle, and criticised each with the severity of the most acrid critics." This is true human nature. After either had expressed a decided approbation of what the other had done, each could bear fault-finding; we could not bear it else. Often, when he has failed in a head, and I have told him so bluntly, he has defended every error even to irritability.

In my own case, if Wilkie did not begin by praising, I always defended myself against his censures; but if either praised first, the other generally acquiesced on his discovery of error.

And now came the last day of 1816, the year in which the Elgin Marbles were bought, and which, therefore, should stand marked as an era in Art. I always concluded the year with a review and a thanksgiving to God, and always opened it with a prayer for His blessing. I have no pleasure so great as the belief in the perpetual and secret intercourse with my Creator.

I ushered in the new year with prayer and gratitude to my great, my beneficent leader through the wilderness. I blessed Him with fullness of heart for His mercies. I reviewed with the rapidity of intuition the events of the past year, and my heart yearned to God for His goodness. I prayed with all my might that no disease or weakness of sight might hinder me from bringing my present picture to a glorious and magnificent conclusion.

Many people may smile at the simplicity which dictated these pourings forth, as well as the vanity which has induced their publication. My view is to give my readers a notion of my character, temperament, virtues, vices and infirmities.

About this time I had written to Sir George Beaumont for pecuniary assistance. In his reply, after granting me the aid I wanted, he wrote:

"Pray excuse me if I again take the opportunity of recommending some profitable mode of practice. I know you object to portraits, although the dignity you would be able to give them, so far from degrading, would greatly add to your reputation; and the greatest artists have not considered the practice as beneath their notice.

"Again, painting fancy heads, and other smaller works, would be a relief from severer studies, and be very likely to answer the purpose.

"Indeed, my dear sir, you must attend to this necessary concern,

cern, or circumstances more mortifying than what I recommend cannot fail to attend you. Recollect how immediately the head of the Gipsy sold!"

This letter was prophetic; but all my friends were always advising me what to do instead of advising the Government what to do for me. Now a different course, I have no hesitation in saying, would have prevented my necessities and developed what powers I had.

Dear Sir George's advice was kind and good, but it was yielding the question of public support; and as I had made up my mind to bring that about by storm, I disdained Sir George's timid caution and flew at my picture, come what might.

There was in town at this time a Russian artist, named Sauerweid, who had been living in Paris when the allied armies entered it. He was known to the Czar and the Imperial family. He made admirable sketches of Cossacks and of the allied troops in which he distinguished the different nations with very great truth. He came over to England and was employed here when the Grand Duke Nicholas arrived. As Sauerweid admired my picture much, he said he would bring the Grand Duke to see it, and to pave the way begged me to come to the British Museum the next day where the Duke was to be, when he would present me.

As this was my first prospect of a royal connection, I went, and on my arrival was taken into the Holy of Holies, and presented by Sauerweid to his Imperial Highness as "*Un peintre d'histoire distingué.*"

The Grand Duke was a very tall, graceful and fine young man, with high-bred manners and a frank carriage. In a loud voice, as if giving the word of command, turning to the Ilissus he thundered out, "*C'est un superbe fragment*"; to which I replied, not in the gentlest voice, "*Oui, Altesse Impériale.*" He then said, "*Vous êtes un peintre d'histoire?*" I bowed. "*Où sont vos tableaux; dans quel édifice publique?*" This was a poser, but with a bitter smile I replied, "*Altesse Impériale, dans ce pays-ci, à present, on ne place pas des tableaux d'histoire dans les édifices publiques.*" He stared and turned to the Theseus.

So far all was well. I had been favourably received and should have waited; but my natural eagerness to press an advantage urged me to say to the Grand Duke: "*J'ai un oncle au service de votre Frère Impériale.*" "*Quel nom?*" said the Grand Duke. "*Cobley,*" said I. His face lighted up, and he replied, "*Cobley! Je le connais très bien; c'est un commandant distingué. J'ai passé trois semaines avec lui à Odesse.*" He now treated me *à merveille*, and there was an enormous curiosity in the circle: a Calmuc-looking man seemed bursting to speak to me; but I was not to be

be spoken to! The Grand Duke lingered round the marbles. As the officials in attendance could not answer one-half of the Duke's questions about the marbles and I could, before we got through I was the real official. The moment the Grand Duke turned to go, the Calmuc squeezed over to me and in very good English said: "What pleased the Duke so?" "Oh," said I, like an ass, "I have an uncle in the Russian army." Sauerweid seemed to eye me with a sort of fear. We all descended into the yard of the Museum where the Grand Duke got into his carriage. As he did so Young Kutusoff (the nephew of the celebrated general) came to Sauerweid, on whose arm I was leaning, and spoke in Russ. Whatever it was, Sauerweid gave a negative, and hurried me away. The carriage drove off, and as it passed through the gate I received a gracious bow.

His Highness had begged me to send him my drawings of the marbles, which I did; and Sauerweid brought me word he would call and see my picture. I found out afterwards that the drawings were never laid before him, nor did he ever send to say he would call. It was an artifice to keep me from calling on him; and when his Imperial Highness was gone, the drawings came back with a very peculiar knot in the cord which tied up the roll, and which I had remarked before sending them.

So ended my first introduction to royalty. I advise young painters, when their first step has been successful with such exalted personages, to let the next step come from them. It was grossly imprudent in me to say one word about connections till I had his Highness alone. Had I been quiet and allowed Sauerweid to keep the lead as he desired, he would have brought me to the Grand Duke's presence again, and then my great reserve (my family connections) might and should have been brought up at the proper time, when his Highness had got interested. He would have been delighted to find this out then, in confirmation as it were of his good opinion.

I was told, and I believe, that when he sent Kutusoff to Sauerweid, it was to take me with him to Stratford House as a compliment to a nephew of Cobley. Nothing, however, came of it.

The honour paid to the marbles by this visit was glorious. A temporary building had been erected to shelter them, and I had accompanied the first visit of a royal personage to works which I had studied when they were in a pent-house, damp, dusty and obscure. Before the Duke came I gave three hearty cheers, and taking off my hat thanked God inwardly I had lived to see that day.

The Calmuc was a Dr Hamel, a very intelligent agent of the Russian

Russian Government, whom I afterwards got acquainted with, and who told me what I have mentioned about my drawings and Sauerweid after the Duke was gone.

I now was a very great man in my own eyes. I had a notion at one time of wearing mustachios, but that went off. I set to work and advanced my great picture well and heartily. The interest about it was so intense that my room was always full of English or foreigners. The presentation to the Grand Duke had made a great noise. Wilkie said it would be nothing unless a good commission followed. He was right in part, but still it annoyed me to find he was never satisfied.

I now put Hazlitt's head into my picture looking at Christ as an investigator. It had a good effect. I then put in Keats in the background, and resolved to introduce Wordsworth bowing in reverence and awe. Wordsworth was highly pleased, and before the close of this season (1817) the picture was three parts done. The centurion, the Samaritan woman, Jairus and his daughter, St Peter, St John, Newton, Voltaire, the anxious mother of the penitent girl and the girl blushing and hiding her face, many heads behind, in fact the leading groups were accomplished, when down came my health again, eyes and all. Shaking like an aspen leaf I was obliged to stop, to the regret of everybody. My room was so small, the air so confined, the effluvium of paint so overpowering, that many people of fashion advised me to move if I wished to save my life. This was all very fine talking: but how was it to be done? I was deeply in debt to my worthy landlord. I had no money. I had been anticipating my commission from Mr Phillips. I was in the clutches of money-lenders. I was passionately in love, and dared not marry. I was, in fact, so surrounded by difficulties that it required all my skill and tact to carve out time to work and advance my picture.

Yet there was this consolation; nobody else in the art was doing any important thing, so that exactly as I was alone, and the undertaking desperate, so did I glory, and pray, and work and trust.

Horace Smith said he would help me if he could. He asked me about my connections. I said I had tried them and tired them. I happened to mention I knew Harman. He said, "Why not tell him your exact condition? If you stay here you cannot live. Many people say they become faint after a few minutes." I calculated the cost of removing and furnishing, and found that to do it under £300 was impossible. I really had not courage to ask for such a sum merely because Harman was a good man and I had crossed him by accident. I made up my mind to go on, and at it again I went, till one evening after severe application I was

I was seized with a convulsion in my midriff from working too long without food; not that I could not get it, but that I forgot it, such was my delight in my work.

I still applied, but became feebler and feebler, and at last it became impossible to bear it. I took lodgings out at Somers Town, near where Bailey, the sculptor, was living, and where he made his first bust. Campbell, the sculptor, was then his journeyman. Hunting for a house, and calling in at Rossi's, he offered me his gallery for a painting-room, and to fit the rooms near it into a house large enough for a bachelor, for marriage in my circumstances was still a distant hope. I then wrote Mr Harman. I laid my case before him. I offered him my picture as security, and to insure it and place the policy in his hands. The next day I received his reply.

He told me the claims upon him were so great that he must return an unfavourable answer. He seemed from the note to have been called away while writing, to have returned, and then reading over his refusal to have thought it cruel with his vast wealth, and to have written in a hurry, "However, after this if you still choose to call, you may." This part was blotted, and therefore written after the other. I saw immediately there was hope; I called the next day on this good man; he felt for my wretched health and ill-treatment. He hoped, he said, that £300 would be of all the utility I expected, and gave me a cheque, hurrying away, and appearing unwilling to let me express my gratitude. I insured the picture and lodged the policy with him, and in a very short time left 41 Great Marlborough Street, where I had passed so many happy and so many painful moments, praying God to bless my dear and worthy landlord and his wife, who had behaved with such extraordinary forbearance. I had paid within the last three years £400 and more, but a balance was still owing. I had been with them ten years and left them with affectionate regret.

I now removed to Lisson Grove North, and became tenant to an Academician, Rossi.

Seven years before, in 1810, I had called on Rossi as a youth and candidate for an associateship, and he received me then with great vulgarity and almost pushed me from the door; now he was glad to have me as tenant; appealed to me for an advance to help him to make the alterations, to which, out of sheer sympathy, I consented, and advanced him £60 (two quarters' rent), for he and his family were most wretchedly off.

Rossi was a singular man. He had made by commissions £10,000, but he had such an appetite for bricks and mortar he would let no tenant repair his house. In my lease it was by his own desire literally specified that all alterations should be made by

by the landlord! He sunk the whole of his money on this place, and built a parlour-kitchen that he might have a beef-steak hot from the fire on to his plate. He told me he always regretted his apprentice days when he dined in that way, and was determined to revive them. Early habits are never rooted out: my landlord in Marlborough Street, after he became a monied man, never washed his face and hands in his bedroom, but came down to the servants' sink, and did as he always had done in early days. He told me he liked the water fresh from the cistern. Such is habit, which (as the Duke told Sir Astley in my presence) is "ten times nature."

The pure air of this part of the town, the escape from the continued rush of fashion, which never left me any rest in Marlborough Street, the quiet and peace of having a painting-room and a parlour to live in with my books around me was heavenly. I thought of my love, but it would have been wrong to involve her with her infants: I therefore only guided her with respect to their education, and as she had an income from her marriage settlement, she was happy and spent her time in improving herself. All depended upon the success of Jerusalem, which from my bad health was still incomplete. It was now the only object of my life to bring it to an end.

I soon began to regain my health, and drove at my picture once again. The subject grew on my imagination. I used to retire to rest positively weighed down by the scene: the tumultuous roaring of the crowd—the moving Deity in the midst—filled my soul to positive aching. I daily arose and worked with an intensity hardly to be credited.

Some time before this the infamous *Catalogue raisonné* made its appearance. This work was one of the most singular productions that ever appeared in the literature of Art. Its production was owing to the apprehension of the Academicians that the directors of the British Institution entertained the notion of opening the eyes of the people and thereby lowering and depreciating their supremacy. They were so very angry they could not control themselves. With their usual diplomacy they gave vent to their irritability through this work in the most gross scurrility against the nobility, the pictures and the plans of the directors. As I had been loud in my delight I came in for a share in their abuse. I fired up in an instant; told Elmes I would help him, and did help him in his review, adding some of the strongest things I ever wrote in all my life. Hazlitt called this singular publication (the *Catalogue raisonné*) the most extraordinary which ever appeared in a country making pretensions to civilisation.

So

So conscious were the authors of the iniquity of their proceedings that neither writer, printer, nor publisher put his name to the work. The Duke of Sutherland, Lord Mulgrave, Sir George Beaumont, West, Seguier and all who were supposed to have planned these exhibitions of fine works, were caricatured under nicknames. Hazlitt made an onslaught upon it with a gusto that did him honour, and by our united efforts the injury likely to accrue to the budding Art knowledge of the people was effectually prevented.

At the first appearance of the *Catalogue* the Academy hailed it, and Northcote told me he was so delighted he ordered a long candle and went to bed to read it in ecstasy.

Hazlitt took it up as the work of a body of low traders, who feared exposure of their fraudulent impositions through the success of a sounder article, and decried the superior manufacture instead of rivalling it by higher skill. He considered the work a gross attack on human genius, permanent reputation, and liberal Art. He said most truly that it asserted in so many words that the knowledge of High Art in England is inconsistent with the existence of the Academy, and that their success as a body instituted for the promotion of the fine Arts requires the destruction or concealment of all works of acknowledged excellence. "The Academicians hereby avow," said Hazlitt,[1] "their rankling jealousy, hatred and scorn of all Art, and the great names in Art, and require the keeping down the public taste as the only way to keep up the bubble of their reputation."

"The day after it came out," he continues, "it ought to have been burnt by the common hangman. A society for the encouragement of Art has no right to exist a moment, if it profess to exist in wrong of Art, by its suppression, in contempt of its genius, or in defiance of all manly sentiment."

The object of its vile authors was to mislead the people. They were just beginning to take an interest in the art. They had rushed with extraordinary feeling to the noble works the directors had laid before them, and the bad passions of some disappointed artists had been roused. This is the only key to this extraordinary production, a copy of which is now hardly to be got. Indeed I am not certain whether it appeared this year (1817) or the year before, but the exact date is of no consequence. It certainly arose out of the exhibition at the Gallery which gave such mortal offence to the Academy.

Sir George Beaumont asked an Academician who was the author. He said: "I don't know. I am not, but I approve

[1] *Examiner*, 1816, p. 697.

of

of everything in it." Its effect was deadly. It cut both ways. It annoyed the patrons; so that little employment was given for some years in historical painting. But what did the authors care for that? They were sure of the work of portrait-painting going on. Vanity, folly and wealth would be painted, and painted they were. Portraiture is always independent of Art and has little or nothing to do with it. It is one of the staple manufactures of the empire. Wherever the British settle, wherever they colonise, they carry and will ever carry trial by jury, horse-racing and portrait-painting.

As soon as Parliament was up and town empty I felt the usual irresistible disposition to go somewhere because everybody else did. So, wishing always to make my pleasures subservient to my art, I went to Oxford and Blenheim. At Oxford, not having seen a college before, I was deeply interested, and at Blenheim still more affected, for here were the finest works of Rubens I had seen. One, the Rape of Proserpine, has never been excelled. The Nymph Arethusa, with her back towards you, is the purest form of woman he ever painted.

I returned to town much benefited, though my eyes still continued weak, and Horace Smith in a letter of this date alludes to this in his usual strain. "Take care of your twinklers, and tell your landlord if he give you such another notice to quit you are determined not to wink at it, for it not only offends you but your pupils."

There was no speaking, writing or talking to Horace Smith without a joke in reply.

My pupils were advancing admirably with their drawings from the Cartoons, and finding them quite *au fait* I got leave and sent them at once to the Museum to draw from the Elgin Marbles.

The astonishment of the people was extraordinary; they would not believe they were Englishmen; they continually asked if they were Italians. Their cartoons (drawn the full size) of the Fates, the Theseus and the Ilissus literally made a noise in Europe. An order came from the great Goëthe at Weimar for a set for his own house, the furniture of which having been since bought by the government of Weimar, and the house kept up as it was in Goëthe's time, the cartoons of my pupils are thus preserved, whilst in England the rest were lying about in cellars and corners. There is only one left, I believe, and that one was bought by Hamilton of Bewicke. Hamilton found it a nuisance, gave it to me, and I gave it to the Mechanics' Institute at Liverpool. Still this was triumph, a great triumph, a very great national triumph, because it showed the people could be made to feel Art. If

Englishmen

Englishmen were educated in Art like foreigners they could soon equal or surpass them.

In England, however, nothing followed. Except the one from Hamilton, not one order came in. The Academy set their face against the whole scheme of a school, abused and nicknamed it. *Blackwood* assaulted it, calling me and my pupils by every species of offensive epithet. Still this was a proof the thing was taking root, and I resolved next year to make a greater push than before, and bring the efforts of my pupils to a test by a public exhibition for money.

Nothing is ever effectually victorious in England till it brings money. What people will pay for (Bull argues) they care about, and what they care about must have something valuable to attract them; and after all, however expressive of a commercial habit this may be, it is no bad test of merit.

Some time before this a coolness had grown up between Leigh Hunt and myself. Accidentally meeting him at a friend's, he was so exceedingly delightful I could not resist the dog. We forgot our quarrels and walked away together, quoting, and joking and laughing as if nothing had happened.

The assaults on Hunt in *Blackwood* at this time under the signature of Z. were incessant. Who Z. was nobody knew; but I myself strongly suspect him to have been Terry the actor. Leigh Hunt had exasperated Terry by neglecting to notice his theatrical efforts. Terry was a friend of Sir Walter's, shared keenly his political hatreds, and was also most intimate with the Blackwood party, which had begun a course of attacks on all who showed the least liberalism of thinking, or who were praised by or known to the *Examiner*. Hunt had addressed a sonnet to me. This was enough; we were taken to be of the same clique of rebels, rascals and reformers, who were supposed to support that production of so much power and talent. On Keats the effect was melancholy. He became morbid and silent, would call and sit whilst I was painting for hours without speaking a word. As I was on a great work it did not affect me, but it had its effect on my connections who were all High Tory and indirectly backed the Academy, which I was trying through the *Annals* (read principally in high life) to bring into contempt and level to the ground in public opinion.

War is war; and if you carry it on you must not complain of its inconveniences; but I considered it hard, because I proved a nest of portrait painters were ruining public taste, to be accused of designs against the throne and the altar. All this, however, I ought to have foreseen. The Academy was a royal institution, one of the institutions of the country, and so imbedded in the habits

habits and weaknesses and pleasures of people of fashion, that it would have been foolish to expect that every effort would not be made to support the institution and to blacken the characters of its enemies. Touch a link of the chain from the people to the Crown, and you risk destroying the equilibrium of both.

On this principle it was that I was considered a member of that party who wanted to reform the constitution and make no scruple to avow it. It was only natural I should be so considered. They were my companions; they dined with me. How were others to know it was the pleasure I had in their literature, their conversation, that was the bond of sympathy between me and them, and not their politics or their religious opinions?

I had got myself into a difficulty with my eyes open. But this does not excuse the heartless mode of attack adopted by the writers in *Blackwood*. The greater the lie and the more fatal the consequence the greater the joke for them. No character could escape if attacked with such a defiance of truth as marked the assaults of this publication.

L[ockhart], when we became acquainted, felt so strongly how little I deserved what had been said of me, that his whole life has since been a struggle to undo the evil he was at the time a party to. Hence his visits to me in prison, his praise in the *Quarterly*, and his opinion expressed so often on what he thinks my deserts. This shows a good heart, and a fine heart L[ockhart] has; but he is fond of mischief and fun, and does not think of the wreck he has made till he has seen the fragments.

All this time I was terribly hampered for money.

And now one word as to my applications (too frequent, alas!) for pecuniary assistance.

It would hardly be believed that I had brought myself to consider that I had, by my public devotion to High Art, a claim on all the nobility and opulent in the kingdom.

This was no crime, and it was perhaps reasonable; but it was not delicate or manly. There can be no doubt I ought to have been helped by the State, and I should have been if the Academy had not existed, which obstinately intrigued against a vote of money either to individuals or bodies, where Art was concerned. No doubt there were means of earning what I wanted by occasionally devoting myself, as Sir George suggested, to portraits and small subjects. But that always divided my mind. While a great work was in progress I always dwelt and mused, and eternally, as it were, kept my attention on it; so that I began again, after an interval, as eagerly as ever. It was not so, I found, when I painted small things. I never, I must confess, tried the plan fairly, and for that I deserve censure. Be that as it may, I

was

was resolved to go through my work,—to raise loan after loan to complete it,—to set my life upon a chance, and to bear the hazard of the die. But had I a right to make others share the risk? I did not deceive them. I told the rich my condition—that I had no chance of repaying anything unless my work sold.

Fuseli told me Coutts had behaved to him about his picture of the Lazar-house in a princely way. Mr Harman, as I have mentioned, had nobly advanced me £300.[1] This advance being gone I wrote to Mrs Coutts. An answer came from Mr Coutts peculiarly touching and characteristic, and as it is an honour to his head and his heart I insert it in full.

"Strand, December, 1817.

"Sir,

"I have considered with attention your letter, and I confess though my feelings tell me I ought not to consent to the request it contains, considering the great number of a similar kind that are at this very time before me (many of them from people who have superior claims on me for relationship and connexions of various kinds), and the impossibility of satisfying one quarter part of them, and the great doubt of any of them succeeding in any adequate manner to the expectations of the parties, or the hopes I can even imagine myself, yet I feel an inclination to put the sum of £400 in your power, and to indulge the flattery of seeing by that means your picture finished, and your fortune established in the manner you have pictured, so pleasing a matter to be accomplished, and the sum I have advanced repaid.

"On the other hand past experience almost blasts all hopes, as I have assisted several in your line in the course of a long life, and have never succeeded; on the contrary I have seen *their* prospects disappointed, and *my money lost.*

"That your case may prove contrary, and that I may see you successful, will give me great pleasure, but Indeed I must look to it with very doubtful eyes. But the trial shall be made. All depends on your exertions, and I shall say no more on the subject now, but conclude with my good wishes.

"Sir, your faithful, humble servant,

"T. Coutts."

Here was the letter of another as benevolent and as rich as Mr Harman. I had known Mrs Coutts when Miss Mellon, and dined with her with Maria Foote at Holly House, where she was living then under the protection of Mr Coutts, but certainly not in vice.

It was a curious scene! so exactly what is described in *Gil Blas*. The rich banker and the gay actress, splendour and vul-

[1] It appears from a subsequent passage in the Journals that this sum was afterwards increased to £1000.—Ed.

garity,

garity, charity and extravagance, fun and frolic. There was a room at Holly House called the "fun-room," without chair or table. It was for dancing and romping: here we all played at blind-man's buff. It is my honest conviction there was nothing in Harriet Mellon but a girlish, romping, full-hearted, rich enjoyment at seeing every man, woman and child about her as happy as herself.

She was thoughtless in caring nothing about appearances.

After this kindest of all kind letters, and after her marriage to Mr Coutts, a day was appointed for me to call in Piccadilly. I did call, and after a reasonable time Mr Coutts came in leaning on her arm.

A look from her at once told me all was altered. No more "fun-rooms." I bowed with stately gravity, and he welcomed me and shook my hand. We then walked into the dining-room where he had got a very fine copy from Guido's Aurora in the Rospigliosi palace. All went on with gravity and decorum till we came to a bust of Mr Coutts by Nollekens. Nolly was a character. Harriet Mellon's love of humour made her forget Mrs Coutts' sense of dignity. She went off like a rocket and mimicked Nolly's manner to perfection. But times were altered; she was the great banker's wife, I his suppliant for cash; freedoms must be over. Mr Coutts gave her a look which iced her. In a minute or two she curtsied low to me, and swept out of the room; but she could not help turning that eye of hers as she went. A glance was enough to convince me she was Harriet Mellon still.

Mr Coutts now began—solemn and kind; he had placed the money to my account. I gave him my note-of-hand, and shortly took my leave with unaffected gratitude.

As I was coming out a poor negro beggar stood on the steps and asked for help. "Stand aside," said the porter, "and let the gentleman pass." He fell back in sorrow. "Ah, my poor fellow," I thought, as I gave him a shilling, "in the eye of God, who is the greater beggar of the two? I asked for £400, and was received in the drawing-room; you for a bit of bread, and were spurned from the door." I went home up Park Lane, lost in meditation on life and all its varieties—death and all its hopes; but I entered my painting-room and looked at my picture. "I have £400 at Coutts'," thought I, never thinking how I was to return it, but trusting in God for all.

In December Wordsworth was in town, and as Keats wished to know him I made up a party to dinner of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Keats and Monkhouse, his friend; and a very pleasant party we had.

I wrote to Lamb, and told him the address was "22 Lisson Grove,

Grove, North, at Rossi's, half way up, right hand corner." I received his characteristic reply.

"My dear Haydon,

"I will come with pleasure to 22 Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's, half way up, right hand side, if I can find it.

"Yours,

"C. LAMB.

"20, Russel Court,
Covent Garden East,
half way up, next the corner,
left hand side."

On December 28th the immortal dinner came off in my painting-room, with Jerusalem towering up behind us as a background. Wordsworth was in fine cue, and we had a glorious set-to—on Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and Virgil. Lamb got exceedingly merry and exquisitely witty; and his fun in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion. He made a speech and voted me absent, and made them drink my health. "Now," said Lamb, "you old lake poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?" We all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire would be dull. "Well," said Lamb, "here's Voltaire—the Messiah of the French nation, and a very proper one too."

He then, in a strain of humour beyond description, abused me for putting Newton's head into my picture; "a fellow," said he, "who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle." And then he and Keats agreed he had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to the prismatic colours. It was impossible to resist him, and we all drank "Newton's health, and confusion to mathematics." It was delightful to see the good humour of Wordsworth in giving in to all our frolics without affectation and laughing as heartily as the best of us.

By this time other friends joined, amongst them poor Ritchie who was going to penetrate by Fezzan to Timbuctoo. I introduced him to all as "a gentleman going to Africa." Lamb seemed to take no notice; but all of a sudden he roared out: "Which is the gentleman we are going to lose?" We then drank the victim's health, in which Ritchie joined.

In the morning of this delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends, had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought

I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come.

When we retired to tea we found the comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up and said to Wordsworth: "Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?" Keats looked at me, Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb who was dozing by the fire turned round and said: "Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?" "No, sir; I asked Mr Wordsworth if he were not." "Oh," said Lamb, "then you are a silly fellow." "Charles! my dear Charles!" said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire.

After an awful pause the comptroller said: "Don't you think Newton a great genius?" I could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself: "Who is this?" Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said: "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted:

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on."

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory: "I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr Wordsworth." "With me, sir?" said Wordsworth, "not that I remember." "Don't you, sir? I am a comptroller of stamps." There was a dead silence, the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out:

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle."

"My dear Charles!" said Wordsworth.

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,"

chaunted Lamb, and then rising, exclaimed: "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs." Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting-room, shut the door and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irreconcilable. We soothed and smiled and asked him to supper. He stayed though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being

being a good-natured man, we parted all in good humour, and no ill effects followed.

All the while, until Monkhouse succeeded, we could hear Lamb struggling in the painting-room and calling at intervals: "Who is that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more."

It was indeed an immortal evening. Wordsworth's fine intonation as he quoted Milton and Virgil, Keats' eager inspired look, Lamb's quaint sparkle of lambent humour, so speeded the stream of conversation, that in my life I never passed a more delightful time. All our fun was within bounds. Not a word passed that an apostle might not have listened to. It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age, and my solemn Jerusalem flashing up by the flame of the fire, with Christ hanging over us like a vision, all made up a picture which will long glow upon

"that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Keats made Ritchie promise he would carry his *Endymion* to the great desert of Sahara and fling it in the midst.

Poor Ritchie went to Africa, and died, as Lamb foresaw, in 1819. Keats died in 1821, at Rome. C. Lamb is gone, joking to the last. Monkhouse is dead, and Wordsworth and I are the only two now living (1841) of that glorious party.

At last came the last day of the current year. In the usual review in my Journal I say I have more to thank God for than in any previous twelve months.

I resolved to acquire the fundamental principles of perspective, of which I did not know enough. I earnestly prayed that I might conceive and execute such a head of Christ as would impress the Christian world,—that my life might be spared till the public mind was moved to the commemoration of Art, and the art advancing steadily and gloriously.

CHAPTER XVIII

1818 COMMENCED.

Almost immediately after the year began, I received a letter from the President of the Imperial Academy of St Petersburg, in answer to an offer of mine of my services in procuring for the Academy casts from the Elgin Marbles. This was brought about by the very Russian artist who entirely thwarted my prospects with the Grand Duke Nicholas. Such is human nature. It has always its redeeming point, or rather we have all a conscience which induces us to remedy an injustice we have done. This was a very delightful bit of triumph. I was chosen to select casts for Russia and to appoint whom I pleased to send them. —— was a very worthy little man, fond of money and always ready to turn his hand to anything for an honest penny. I asked him to take tea with me, and to bring an estimate with him that we might go over it together, and that I might send word to the President of the Academy what the expenses would be. —— had been appointed to make our Government casts, after Lord Elgin gave me leave to make moulds, with which I had already supplied myself and Edinburgh. It was a very wet, snowy night when my Academician came. I welcomed him like a gentleman. We had tea and then proceeded to business. I soon saw how men make money who never borrow it. On my remonstrating on the exorbitancy of his charge for extra packing, by a slash of the pen he struck off half. After an hour's chat on Art and other things he took his leave, evidently annoyed. I had made him come to me, promising to send his estimate in writing, which in a few days he did. In the meantime I had casts made from my own moulds as a private present to Olenin, the President; and soon shipped off at my own expense the Theseus, Ilissus, and various fragments with the casts from the negro's body; they arrived safe and were the first casts of the Elgin Marbles which ever entered Russia.

——'s charges were sent up, but the insurance, freightage and other additions at least trebled the cost of the casts. So I thought it right to send over his list before proceeding any further in the business.

I glorified in making England as it were a benefactor to the

PLATE V

THE TEMPORARY ELGIN ROOM IN 1819. By A. ARCHER.

NOTE.—*The figure on the extreme left in the background, with head in profile, is B. R. Haydon. The two seated figures in the centre foreground are respectively, Benjamin West, P.R.A. (left), and Joseph Planta, principal librarian at the British Museum.*

From the original painting in the British Museum.

PLATE V.

[*From the original painting in the British Museum.*]

arts of Europe. In my letter to Olenin I said: "You will now be able to judge of the principles of these divine works. You will see that in them nature, and the inherent properties of things, are never sacrificed to that false and affected beau-ideal which was the corrupt characteristic of a subsequent age."

About this time a large sum of money was voted for a great many additional churches. I saw at once that if, whilst the churches were building, I could induce the building committee to approve of one altar-piece for every church, and the Government to allow a percentage out of the money voted for the purpose, a great benefit must accrue to High Art, and a certain prospect of reward be established for those who devoted themselves to it. I wrote a pamphlet directly, which everybody praised and nobody bought, and addressed a letter to Lord Farnborough (then Sir Charles Long).

Sir Charles Long, who viewed everything with reference to keeping up the supremacy of the Academy, laid my letter before Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—I have no doubt, with certain hints of his own—and I received a reply informing me that he had laid my letter before Mr Vansittart, but had not received any positive answer, though from a conversation with Mr Vansittart he feared there was no chance of the proposal being adopted.

I called on Sir C. Long and had a long conversation with him.

He told me Mr Vansittart said: "Let us build churches first, and think of decorating them afterwards," *i.e.* let us build churches without a thought about pictures, and then when churches are built without any reference to pictures, let us think of hanging up pictures in churches where there are no lights to see them. Sir C. Long said he gave it up. I said: "I never would." He smiled, but replied there was nothing of which public men knew so little as Art.

The Marquess of Stafford, as if he thought the idea quite a good joke, said: "You'll never persuade the House to vote one per cent. for pictures." I walked up St James's Street in a fury and determined to try Canning. At any rate he was a man of genius. I wrote to him as soon as I got home.

"London, Lisson Grove North,
"March 5th, 1818.

"Sir,

"I had the honour of being introduced to you some years since by Lord Mulgrave. I am most anxious, with your leave, to impress you with the importance of the public encouragement of painting, and earnestly beg you not to consider it a question of mere ornament.

"Could

"Could one of your genius and fame be induced to take it under your protection in Parliament, depend upon it it would be worthy of you and not tarnish either.

"Everything cannot be done at once. Great changes in taste are effected only by gradation, and if you would, when the subject of new churches comes before the House, prepare the minds of the members, by recommending that the architects in their plans should be ordered to arrange the altars so that they might be fit for the reception of any pictures which in future Government might think worthy to be hung there, it would be the first step, and could not be considered as abruptly bringing the subject into notice.

"Indeed, Sir, you must permit me to assure you that the first minister who moves towards the public encouragement of painting will create an era in a department of intellect yet to be filled, and which must be filled greatly and gloriously before the country will completely take its stand with Italy and Greece.

"Indeed I do not overrate from professional enthusiasm the value of Art. It will not carry a nation down to posterity alone: it is but a component part of its greatness, but a component part of such importance that no nation has ever been refined or intellectual without it, nor ever can be. Excuse the great liberty I thus take with you, Sir. If I could be allowed, at any time most agreeable and convenient to your occupations, a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, I should consider myself very highly honoured. As I have no right to ask such a favour, so I can have no right to complain if it be not granted to me.

"I am yours faithfully,

"B. R. Haydon.

"Right Hon. George Canning, M.P."

"Ah but," said the icy ones, "it is such uphill work." Of course; if it were not, all the blockheads would be trying; was it not uphill work for Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon and Wellington?

What is there in the world, great, glorious or grand, that is not, ever has been and ever will be uphill work? The incapacity or capacity to breast the brow of the hill marks the man.

I was now in correspondence with Keats, then in Devonshire. I make no apology for introducing one of his letters in reply to the following from me:

"March, 1818.

"My dear Keats,

"I shall go mad! In a field at Stratford upon Avon, that belonged to Shakespeare, they have found a gold ring and seal, with the initials W.S. and a true lover's knot between. If this is not Shakespeare, who is it?—A true lover's knot! I saw an impression to-day, and am to have one as soon as possible: as sure

sure as that you breathe, and that he was the first of beings, the seal belonged to him.

" O Lord ! " B. R. Haydon."

" Teignmouth, Saturday morning.

"My dear Haydon,

" In sooth I hope you are not too sanguine about that seal, in sooth I hope it is not Brummagem, in double sooth I hope it is his, and in triple sooth I hope I shall have an impression. Such a piece of intelligence came doubly welcome to me while in your own county, and in your own hand, not but what I have blown up the said county for its watery qualifications. The six first days I was here it did nothing but rain, and at that time having to write to a friend, I gave Devonshire a good blowing up ; it has been fine for almost three days, and I was coming round a bit, but to-day it rains again. With me the county is on its good behaviour. I have enjoyed the most delightful walks these three fine days, beautiful enough to make me content.

1

Here all the summer could I stay,
For there's Bishop's Teign,
And King's Teign,
And Coomb at the clear Teign's head,
Where close by the stream
You may have your cream
All spread upon barley bread.

2

There's Arch Brook,
And there's Larch Brook,
Both turning many a mill ;
And cooling the drouth
Of the salmon's mouth
And fattening his silver gill.

3

There's the wild wood,
A mild hood
To the sheep on the lea o' the down,
Where the golden furze
With its green thin spurs
Doth catch at the maiden's gown.

4

There's Newton Marsh
With its spear grass harsh,
A pleasant summer level,
Where the maidens sweet
Of the Market Street
Do meet in the dark to revel.

There's

5
There's Barton rich,
With dyke and ditch,
And hedge for the thrush to live in,
And the hollow tree
For the buzzing bee,
And a bank for the wasp to hive in.

6
And O and O,
The daisies blow,
And the primroses are wakened,
And the violets white
Sit in silver light,
And the green buds are long in the spike end.

7
Then who would go
Into dark Soho,
And chatter with dark-hair'd critics,
When he can stay
For the new-mown hay
And startle the dappled crickets ?

"There's a bit of doggerel; perhaps you would like a bit of botheral.

1
Where be you going, you Devon maid,
And what have ye there in the basket ?
Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it ?

2
I love your meads, and I love your dales,
And I love your junkets mainly,
But behind the door I love kissing more,
O look not so divinely.

3
I love your hills, and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating,
But oh, on the heather, to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating.

4
I'll put your basket all safe in a nook,
Your shawl I'll hang on the willow,
And we will sigh in the daisy's eye,
And kiss on a grass green pillow.

"I know

"I know not if this rhyming fit has done anything; it will be safe with you, if worthy to put among my Lyrics.

"How does the work go on? I should like to bring out my Dentatus, at the time your epic makes its appearance.

"I expect to have my mind clear for something new. Tom has been much worse, but is now getting better: his remembrances to you. I think of seeing the Dart and Plymouth; but I don't know; it has yet been a mystery to me how and where Wordsworth went. I can't help thinking he has returned to his shell, with his beautiful wife and his enchanting sister. It is a great pity that people by associating themselves with the finest things spoil them. Hunt has damned Hampstead with masks and sonnets and Italian tales; Wordsworth has damned the Lakes; Milman has damned the old dramatists; West has damned wholesale; Peacock has damned satire; Hazlitt has damned the bigoted and the blue-stockinged; how durst the man? He is your only good damner, and if ever I am damned, I should like him to damn me. It will not be long ere I see you, but I thought you would like a line out of Devon.

"Remember me to all we know.

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN KEATS."

Now came the effects of my appeal to Sir C. Long.

"Downing St., March 6th, 1818.

"Mr Vansittart's compliments to Mr Haydon, and begs to acknowledge his letter of the 4th instant."

Brilliant promise of Mr Vansittart's impassioned interest for High Art.

Disgusted with the ministers, I thought it would be a good thing to get Southey to review my pamphlet in the *Quarterly*. I wrote him, and had a reply at once (27th March, 1818), in which he told me:

"I have arrived at that time of life and that state of mind in which men learn and know their own weakness, and their own ignorance, if they are ever capable of attaining to that knowledge. In matters of Art I am entirely ignorant; for although I never should be pleased with a bad picture, and can feel, I believe, the full merit of certain pictures as far as relates to their conception and effects, other works which are acknowledged to be of the highest excellence have little or none to me—a decisive proof that I have not the faculty required for relishing them.

"This, however, is in my power. I can take your pamphlet for my text, repeat its arguments, and enforce them as well as I am able; and then cast the bread upon the waters. Furnish me therefore with the needful facts, and then no time shall be lost.

"The

"The light you have followed has been light from Heaven, and let happen what will, you are on the summit.

"Oh never let us doubt the elevation of this glorious country in Art as well as in arms, and in general happiness as well as in arts, if we can but preserve it from the bestial mob rule."

I sent Southey my pamphlet and a clear statement of the state of the art: from Canning I had not yet heard, but Southey got excited, wrote a capital article in the *Quarterly* and brought in my pamphlet on churches in a very good manner; but he complained of Gifford having cut out the best parts (as editors always do).

One of my pleasantest and most constant correspondents at this time, and indeed for long before this, and one of my truest and kindest friends, now and always, was Mary Russell Mitford. God bless her warm heart!

Two letters of Wilkie and Eastlake of this date deserve insertion, as mentioning names then little known but now distinguished. Wilkie wrote me (April 3rd, 1818), "I am going to-morrow morning to the Royal Academy, and shall be there, I may say, all the week. We were let in yesterday for the first time. I cannot yet form an idea of it, but it appears that Jackson, Stothard, Mulready, Ward, Hilton and Raeburn are stronger than usual.

"Geddes has a good head, and Etty has a clever piece, and young Landseer's Jackasses are also good."

And Eastlake, now (March 22nd, 1818) at Rome, starting for a tour in Greece, writes:

"I am accompanied by a young Irishman called Barry,[1] more an amateur than an artist."

At this time there befell me an opportunity which thousands would have seized and which thousands will blame me for not seizing. One evening in October I received an offer from my constant friend W. Hamilton (then of the Foreign Office), that if I had a mind to go to Italy free of expense I could be accommodated with a bag of dispatches as far as Naples. If I agreed I was to call on Hamilton in a day or two. My imagination fired up at the thought. But then my picture would be delayed. My heart and soul were bent on completing it. I had formed a school depending on my direction. I was involved in pecuniary matters. My health was delicate and the journey would have done me good. I was so tortured with conflicting feelings that before I decided I got another note from Hamilton, who was more impatient than I appeared to him to be, telling me that there would be no

[1] Eastlake is at this moment secretary to the Commission, and Barry architect of the Lords. (1845.).—B. R. H.

need

need for me to travel with courier rapidity, nor by night, as it was not an affair of life and death; and that I would be paid the full expenses of a post-chaise. Still I could not make up my mind. I had suffered much for the cause of High Art in England. I was bringing things really and truly to a point. The public was interested. C. and T. Landseer, Harvey and my other pupils had proved the capacity of Englishmen to draw largely. I feared if I left them now in the very crisis of the struggle the whole thing might cool before I returned. My picture was coming to a close though there was much to do. After pacing my painting-room long after midnight, till like Columbus I thought I heard voices and saw faces, I made up my mind on a principle of duty not to leave my country at such a moment. I wrote to Hamilton to tell him so; and I believe he thought my conduct unintelligible and myself cracked.

During the summer the Grand Duke Michael came over. Hammond presented me, and he and Baron Nicholai called to see the picture. He was the brother of Nicholas, and a fine grenadier-looking youth. Dr Hamel, who had attended Nicholas, was in attendance on the Grand Duke. The great delight of Michael was to torment Hamel; sometimes he would sit down upon him with all his weight, as if he did not see him behind. Sir Thomas Hammond told me royal people have great delight in torturing those who dare not complain. One day Hamel rushed out of the room saying, in a fury, "*Il faut souffrir!*" However, on his return to Russia he got promoted as he deserved: he was a most intelligent man, and knew more about the statistics of England than half the ministers of the country.

My eyes had by this time recovered, and I set to work again in earnest, at first for half an hour a day, then for an hour. My studio was open every Sunday from two till five and generally crowded by visitors—from the citizen up to the prince. Mr Harman and Mr Coutts had been my great aids when I was in bad health. They had, in fact, saved my life by their noble generosity; and I was now able to prove my gratitude by my devotion to my picture. I felt such assurance inwardly of being able to go on to conclusion, after so many years, that I engaged the great room upstairs at the Egyptian Hall for a year from March 1st, 1820. It was singular how the bad passions of the Academy reached me in every move in life. When I called on the landlord, Bullock, I met an Academician there. The next time he saw Bullock (so Bullock told me) he inquired what Haydon wanted. "To hire a room," was Bullock's answer. "Hire a room! Take care of your rent," said the Academician with a laugh.

Bullock

Bullock told me he was so disgusted that even if he had believed such a caution necessary he would have let me the room at once. We concluded our bargain, and I took the room for a year at £300 without a shilling in my pocket, my capability to pay depending entirely on my success. But my landlord was a fine fellow and loved the game of ruin or success—Westminster Abbey or victory—as well as myself.

Being now certain of a resting-place I daily proceeded, and at the end of January, 1820, finished (except glazing) this work which had been visited by Canova, Cuvier, Horace Vernet, the Grand Duke Michael and most of the eminent men of all nations who came to England during its progress.

My great anxiety was about the head of Christ, which at last I believed I had succeeded in, but in swerving from the traditional type I had shocked some devout Christians, as if it were not like him! Wilkie thought it completely successful. I painted it six times before I succeeded. I endeavoured to combine in it power and humbleness, but power took the lead, and by overdoing the intellectual a little, I injured, I fear, the simplicity of that divine mildness which should always be the ruling expression in the Saviour's face.

My Jerusalem was thus this year (1820), after six years' of struggle, ill-health and pecuniary distress, by the help of Jeremiah Harman, Mr Coutts, Watson Taylor and Thomas Hope, brought to a successful conclusion. It might at this time be called a solitary effort. West's Christ healing the Sick and his Death on the Pale Horse had lost their novelty, and enthusiasm was cooled about them. The Elgin contest had really raised a higher opinion of me than was ever entertained of him, and I know he said of my letter on that subject that I should have greater influence on the art than either he or his predecessors had ever had. As the time approached for the exhibition of this work, this venerable and good old man was stretched on his dying bed, and expired just before it appeared or directly after, and was buried in St Paul's when my picture was in the full tide of popularity. In fact, enthusiastic criticisms on it were preceded in the same paper by an account of his funeral. Such is human life.

The time came for rolling and moving this work, which during its progress had been visited by fashion, beauty and rank, by genius and by royalty, and the expectation was very high indeed.

It got down safely, rolled, and carried on the shoulders of three lifeguardsmen, my factotums, Colonel Barton having given me leave to employ them.

It was framed and put up. The frame weighed 600 lbs., and at the first attempt to hang snapped an iron ring, strong enough,

enough, we thought, to carry anything. The strongest soldiers were as nervous as infants, but at last we lifted it by machinery and pitched it without accident right on its proper support.

The picture was tipped and ready for glazing, when lo! my money was all gone.

As I was in bitter anxiety how to provide the means of opening the exhibition, Sir George, who with his usual goodness of heart had anticipated this chance, without any application on my part sent me a cheque for £30. This soon went, and now with upholsterers, soldiers and journeymen in full work, the picture up and looking gloriously, everybody waiting for the word of command to buy hangings and begin fittings, myself ready to glaze, oil staring me in the face, picture reproaching, the sun shining, my palette set, the landlord peeping in now and then, as if half suspicious, there was a halt. Sir George's gift was gone!

The picture was up; the private tickets all out; the public on the qui vive. I was in good health, but no cash. I went right down to Coutts' and saw old Sir E. Antrobus and Mr Marjoribanks. I said, "I am going to exhibit a picture which has taken six years to paint." They stared. "Six years over a picture?" said Sir Edmund. "Yes, sir." "Well, what do you want?" "Why I am ashamed to say I have no money left, and am overdrawn." "How much do you want?" said Mr Marjoribanks, putting on the banker look, which means "No effects!" I thought it was all over. "Poor Jerusalem!" thought I, "I must mortgage more yet." "Why," said I, "£50 would do." "You shall have it," said both; "give us your note." I rushed out for a stamp to a stationer's close by, and never wrote "I promise to pay" with such inspired fury before. I was back again in two minutes, had the note signed in two more, and in five more took out £50 by cheque. I went off to a wholesale house, bought all the fittings wanted of the right colour (purple brown), galloped back to the Egyptian Hall, where whispers were already beginning to be heard. Sammons, though 6 feet 3 inches high, was like a child in a fright. Bullock was looking at the picture with all the air of a landlord who scented no rent. Binns, the upholsterer, was half in suspicion all was not right. But my appearance with my mouth clenched five times fiercer than ever, the rolls of fittings actually bringing up, my stamping walk, my thundering voice, put fire into all. Women began to sew, boys cleared away and bustled, fittings were tearing right and left, while I mounted the ladder, palette in hand, ordered the door to be locked, and let fly at the foreground figures with a brush brimming with asphaltum and oil, and before dark had toned richly one-third of the picture.

Glorious

Glorious days! The opening of the exhibition of a picture of mine was relished by none so much as by my pupils. To them I trusted for writing and dispatching tickets for the private days, and it was a time of general fun and enjoyment in my house and painting-room. In the evening I returned and signed, till they amounted to 800, I having previously marked the Court Guide. All the ministers and their ladies, all the foreign ambassadors, all the bishops, all the beauties in high life, the officers on guard at the palace, all the geniuses in town, and everybody of any note, were invited and came.

I got through the glazing in three days; covered up the picture and finished the room by Friday night, promising the men a guinea to drink. Never did fine fellows prove themselves more thoroughbred.

Ah those days! Whilst the excitement lasts it is all very well, but then come the reaction and the exhaustion. The tickets were all out. Saturday came at last. I stayed over at Hatchett's Coffee Room, went into the hall before the hour I had fixed, and seeing servants all at their posts, chairs all in a row, thought it odd nobody had come before twelve. I felt at any rate somebody ought to have been over-anxious. Then I got wretched and said, "Perhaps nobody will come. Yes, nobody will come, that's clear." I went over to the coffee-room again, watching the clock inside the bar. At half-past twelve I stole over again. Sammons looked knowing. "Anybody come?" said I. "Yes, sir; Sir William Scott is just gone in." "That will do; he always goes to every exhibition on earth, and brings everybody." Away I went and had a good lunch, drank a couple of glasses of sherry, and sallied forth about half-past three, ready for anything. As I turned my anxious eyes towards the Hall a crowd of carriages was blocking up Piccadilly. "Ha, ha, that will do," said I, and bounding over, I found the whole passage full of servants, and all the bustle and chat, and noise and hallooing of coachmen, of a regular rout at noon-day! Up I went, proudly. Sammons was 7 feet high; there was no speaking to him. The room was full. Keats and Hazlitt were up in a corner, really rejoicing. At this moment in came the Persian ambassador and his suite; his fine manly person and black beard, with his splendid dress, made a prodigious show, and he said, in good English and in a loud voice, "I like the elbow of soldier."

By five all was enthusiasm, especially amongst the women. Pretty dears! when were their hearts shut against enterprise, pathos, or passion?

Still the Christ's head was certainly not successful. The penitent girl, blushing and hiding her face, brought to Christ by

by her anxious mother; the Samaritan woman and centurion spreading their garments in the road; Wordsworth's bowing head; Newton's face of belief; Voltaire's sneer; the enormous shouting crowd, and the action and position of our Saviour, with Peter and John, were decided favourites. The Christ's head startled people. It was not the traditional head; not the type; not orthodox. Everybody seemed afraid, when in walked, with all the dignity of her majestic presence, Mrs Siddons, like a Ceres or a Juno. The whole room remained dead silent, and allowed her to think. After a few minutes Sir George Beaumont, who was extremely anxious, said in a very delicate manner: "How do you like the Christ?" Everybody listened for her reply. After a moment, in a deep, loud, tragic tone she said: "It is completely successful." I was then presented with all the ceremonies of a levee, and she invited me to her house in an awful tone, and expressed her high admiration of the way in which I had so variously modified the same expression. "The paleness of your Christ," said she, "gives it a supernatural look."

Lady Murray said: "Why, you have a complete rout." Lord Mulgrave was at the top of the room and received congratulations from everybody. Wilkie tried to be enthusiastic; Jackson was startled; but neither expressed himself to me as I had done to them under similar circumstances. Prince Hoare was there. In fact, all the world of fashion was there; and I returned home, totally overwhelmed by a flood of sensations which may easily be conceived by every reader who remembers what I had undergone since I began the study of the art.

The Jerusalem was considered, like the Solomon, a national triumph. I had proved that the people cared about High Art, and that an Englishman could execute it. I had defied the Academy; I had kept my position against its incessant obloquy; I had brought a great work to successful conclusion without legitimate means, relying on my energy and the sympathy of my friends.

On the Monday after, the exhibition opened to the public. The rush was great and went on increasing; the success was so palpable, so decided, that the Academicians got into a fury, and crept to see it one at a time, each time holding forth to their friends, and damning it by saying it had good parts. Notwithstanding the feeling displayed in its favour the abuse of it was so great that it was the subject of a positive battle.

Before the picture was moved, overwhelmed with gratitude to God at having lived to complete it, I poured forth my soul, and not less did I bow to the earth for its success. On Monday, after the private day, I wrote to Mrs Siddons.

"St

" St John's Wood Place,
" March 27th, 1820.

" Madam,

" I hope I may be pardoned for venturing to express again my gratitude for your unhesitating decision on Saturday.

" I have ever estimated you, Madam, as the great high priestess at the shrine of Nature; as the only being living who had ever been, or who was worthy to be admitted within the veil of her temple; as one whose immortality was long since decided. You will then judge of my feelings at having been so fortunate as to touch the sensibility of so gifted a being. The whole evening I could not avoid believing I had held converse with a spirit of my own imagination, whom for years I had pictured in solitude as the organ of Nature herself, in whose immediate impressions I would place more confidence, and bow to them with more deference, than to the united reasoning of the rest of the world.

" By this liberty I know I risk all prospect of any future notice from you, yet I rely on your goodness to pardon the indelicacy as well as rudeness of the intrusion.

" I am, Madam,
" With the most respectful admiration,
" Your faithful servant,
" B. R. Haydon."

" Mrs Siddons."

To which she immediately answered:

" 27, Upper Baker Street,
" Regent's Park.

" Sir,

" In answer to your very flattering note I can no otherwise reply than in the words of Hamlet, that the suffrage of one so great a genius ' o'erweighs a whole theatre of others.'

" Your time must of course be so completely devoted to your divine art, that I can scarcely hope you will find leisure to gratify me by calling here when it may not be out of your way to do me that favour; yet I doubt; I will not despair, and I remain,

" With the utmost admiration,
" Your most obliged servant,
" S. Siddons."

I called and was most gloriously received. It was like speaking to the mother of the gods. I told her when a boy I had crept below the orchestra door at Plymouth theatre and squeezed up underneath the stage box, sitting on the stage with my legs hanging into the orchestra, to see her perform the Mother in Lillo's Cornish Tragedy. She was pleased. She showed me a model of Charles Kemble, her brother, then handsome and young: I took my leave. Her enthusiasm for the picture the public

public got hold of, and it doubled their eagerness. Money kept pouring in and I kept paying off; but my receipts became so palpable that a base appetite was raised in some to whom I was indebted to have a slice; and though up to this hour I never had had a penny of law costs, because I was poor, now, the moment it was clear I was reaping the fruits of my labour, instead of relying on my honour, which was untainted, my creditors loaded me with lawyers' letters.

During this enthusiasm, which was extraordinary, Walter Scott came to town. Terry the actor was his friend, and both were intimate at Atkinson's, the architect who built Abbotsford. Scott had conceived from Terry a desire to know me, and I received an invitation from Atkinson to dine with him to meet Scott.

I find in my Journal that this dinner was on the 30th of April, 1820. One talk satisfied me who was the author of *Waverley*. His expression denoted a kind, keen, prudent, deep man. His conversation showed great relish of what is nature, and for no part of her works so much as where vice and humour are mingled.

He told us a story of one Dick, a smuggler, who had broke his arm, and always had it shorter, had one eye, and was so well known to the magistrates as to have rather excited their sympathy and good wishes.

Dick was transported at last, and a year or two after was found before them again. They seemed half pleased to see him as an old acquaintance, yet with awful anger asked him how he dared return. "Please your honours," said Dick, "I did not like the climate!"

The detail of Dick's dress, his large buttons, his dog, and other peculiarities of description, so convinced me who wrote the novels, that I could hardly help thinking that Scott took a pleasure in exciting your suspicions that he was the author, without confessing it, chuckling that good breeding prevented you from opening your lips. If this were the result of plan it was the deepest plan ever executed. The strangest interest was felt. You thought "Here is a mysterious being, with whom allusion to a certain topic is forbidden"; and there you sat, listening to stories which convinced you you were right, and yet you did not dare to say so.

He paid me high compliments; said he was anxious to see a picture the world was talking of, and the next morning, when Sammons came down to open the gallery, who should be sitting on the stairs outside of the door, with simple patience, but the mysterious author of *Waverley*!

I remember this fact with peculiar pleasure. He had called before the room was open, and hearing the man would not be long, quietly, as if on a bank, sat down and waited. This always appeared

appeared to me a beautiful trait of the natural character of this great genius.

He, as well as Mrs Siddons, thought the Christ successful; so did Wordsworth; so did many eminently religious persons; so did I, as far as character went. But it was not painted in a sufficiently grand way; not suitable to the rest of the work, and did not harmonise in execution with the rest.

The moment the picture was pitched into its place, I walked away forty feet, and turned round, when the head of Christ struck me as a failure. Of course I kept quiet, but I felt it was not the thing, nor do I believe Wilkie ever thought of it otherwise than I did, though he did not say so. I had painted it seven times and had overwrought my imagination and my feelings. In fact I overdid it; and like all overdoings it was weak.

The defect was not in character but in execution; that is, when it ought to have looked best it looked worst, and looked well only when the whole picture could not be seen. However, Sir George and all my friends were up in the clouds; he proposed to the Gallery to buy it; Payne Knight opposed him; Sir George said: "You have advertised for such men, and now you have one, buy his picture." But Payne Knight and the Academy were too strong for him and the proposition was thrown out.

Sir George waited on the Duke's brother, the Rev. Gerald Wellesley, at Chelsea, to see if it could be bought for a church; but here the prospect was precarious and the offer small. Sir George behaved throughout like a true and kind friend, but though the success with the public was unquestionable, there was evidently a counter-current running strongly, and, as I soon found, from the old source.

During the excitement poor old West died and was buried. Wilkie went to the funeral; and wrote me the following account of it (March 30th, 1820):

"The funeral of our venerable President was very solemn; there was not so many of our nobility as I expected, but the company was highly respectable. As the procession went up the steps and entered the great west door of St Paul's, it was really very fine, and as it moved slowly up the long aisle to the choir, I looked round at the statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of the corners of the dome, which seemed to regard us with a look that the immovable stillness of the marble rendered to one's fancy particularly impressive.

"The funeral service was read by Mr Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, who it seems had volunteered to officiate on the occasion, and the whole was conducted in a highly respectable manner.

"Having assisted thus in the interment of the bones of our late President

President yesterday, we this evening assembled to fill his place. The choice, with two exceptions, fell on Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was declared duly elected President of the Royal Academy. Sir Thomas had heard of the death of Mr West in Paris, and had made all the haste he could to be present at the funeral, but owing to the delays at Calais by weather, etc., he was a day too late."

Whilst the enthusiasm for Jerusalem was at its height a gentleman asked if £1000 would buy it. My servant replied: "No."

Sir George Beaumont told the nobility that the Gallery would not purchase it. Lord Ashburnham sent for me and said it was the lot of genius. He seemed to think it might discourage me; but I soon relieved his mind. He said he wondered how the people at the Gallery [1] could answer to their own consciences for such conduct. He said: "I cannot buy it myself, but if you will allow me to present you with £100 as an expression of my high estimation of your beautiful picture you will do me a favour." Then, as a man of rank only could do, he took both my hands and I found in one of them a cheque for £100.

This was kind; but was this the way I ought to have been helped after such a labour? Such benevolence always lowers the object of it. Lord Ashburnham was a most delightful man. I had met him at Sir George's, to whom he was much attached, and I dare say they had both sympathised with me at the picture not selling.

As the Gallery had refused to purchase it, Sir George proposed to buy it by subscription and present it to a church, and here instead of letting everybody put down what they pleased, he and Sir George Phillips, the trustees, limited each subscriber to ten guineas.

It was my destiny always to suffer by the mismanagement of kind friends. Men of high rank would as soon have given a cheque for £50 as £10 in those days, and it was perfectly absurd to put any restraint on anybody's enthusiasm. About £200 was paid into Coutts's, and there it lay useless to my creditors and entirely stopping the purchase by bodies or individuals, for there is nothing bodies and individuals seize with more avidity than a plausible excuse to avoid doing their duty, if money is to be paid.

The exhibition continued open till the 4th of November. People had left town and forgotten me and my picture in summer tours. From £20, £30, and £50 a day the receipts dwindled down one day to 9s. The last three days they rallied, £4, 11s., £4, 16s., and the last day £5, 5s. I wound up with a total receipt of £1547, 8s. received in shillings, and £212, 19s. 6d. for sixpenny

[1] The British Institution.

catalogues,

catalogues, the sum total amounting to £1760, 7s. 6d. The expenses in town had been £462, 5s., leaving a clear profit of £1298, 2s., every shilling of which had been paid away; for now, as it was clear to the world that money had made its appearance, everybody to whom I owed a shilling took into their heads they had only to press me to get their cash. The least delay, though thoroughly explained, was followed by a lawyer's letter.

It is a curious and cruel fact that the first writ ever issued against me was in consequence of my having assisted Hazlitt, who a year before had written to beg me to buy his copies made in the Louvre, as he had an execution in the house. I went down to him and found him in great distress. I told him his copies were worth £50 instead of £40, and if a £50 note was of use, I would give it him: I did, and had his copies, which were not artistic, but as if done by a literary man with great feeling for the beauties of High Art.

I paid half this sum on the maturity of the bill, but not being able to do my duty to all, after six years' devotion to one work, a writ was issued for the £25 left; and so utterly ignorant was I of the nature of the thing, I did not know what the copy meant. I went down and paid the debt and costs, but felt as if from that hour the curse had lighted on me, and so it proved.

The subscription failed from the very restriction I have referred to, and as winter was coming on, I thought a dash upon Scotland, the very camp of the enemy, where *Blackwood* reigned, would be a daring move; but without money it was a difficult thing to accomplish. I soon got enough to start, but not enough to leave my rear in safety; when at this moment some dear friends, women, to whom I had shown great attention, called, and finding I was trammelled in my resources, with great agitation and nervousness hinted they would feel it an honour if I would permit them to transfer to me any sum I wanted, I paying the usual interest of the funds, which would leave my house in security before I went and enable me to accomplish my object. I declined at first, but after subsequent conversation I accepted their offer, and clearing away all that was dangerous behind, started for Auld Reekie like Cæsar with his fortunes, determined to carry on the war in face of the foe and equally prepared for success or failure in the contest.

I dispatched the picture under the care of my *fidus Achates*, Sammons, in the *Queen Charlotte* Leith smack, but preferred going by land myself, as I wished to see Castle Howard.

I visited Castle Howard, saw the Three Maries, which I still think coarse in expression, and the dead body of Christ unrefined and ill-formed, though the picture has an expression of deep grief,

grief, very touching. Here, too, was Snyders by Vandyke, amazingly fine.

I hurried on to Scotland, and was intensely impressed with its wild and blasted look after passing Berwick. I came in to Edinburgh late and slept at an hotel in Princes Street. I rose and looked out. Never to my last hour shall I forget the castle and the old town right opposite, enveloped in the sunny mist of morning.

Always in a new city secure lodgings before you call on your friends, or else you are plagued with recommendations. I determined to secure lodgings and a room for my picture. I took Bruce's room in Waterloo Place, and got lodgings with a Mrs Farquharson in Princes Street. She had been an old housekeeper of Lord Buchan's, who had furnished her house from his old stock. The chairs were so heavy you could not lift them, but were obliged to direct your friends to go to one.

She was a capital specimen of an old Scotch housewife such as you find in Walter Scott—talkative, shrewd, cunning, saving, full of capital sayings, and always, under every disguise of religion, affection, or respect, keeping her eye on the main chance.

She and I got very intimate, and I was advised what to be on my guard against, as a "puir body frae the south," who knew nothing and must just be taken care of by a gude housewife experienced in the ways of the wicked world.

We brought by the mail the news of the Queen's triumph, and Edinburgh was in an uproar. I had gone to bed very fatigued and had fallen sound asleep, when I was awakend by Mrs Farquharson screaming and thumping at my door "to light up." She had a candle in her hand: I got up, scarce awake, when bump came a stone against my bedroom window and tinkle went the falling glass. The shout of the crowd was savage. They were coming out of the wynds of the old town with a hollow drum, just like the mob in the *Heart of Midlothian*. In my confusion I took the candle from Mrs Farquharson, who was screaming for her drawing-room glass, and put it against the place where the window had been broken: in came the wind and out went the candle, and bang came another shower from the roaring mob, so that I shut up the shutters and they battered till there was not a pane left. A pretty reception for me, I thought. After smashing all the glass right and left of us, the drum beat, and away roared the mob into St Andrew's Square—certainly a more ferocious crowd than a London one.

Nothing struck me so much as the extreme cunning and extreme simplicity of the Scotch. Their hospitality and heartiness were indisputable, their knowledge and literature were eminent; but

their simplicity was the most striking. The greater part of the middle classes believed London was a great, overgrown beast of a city, not to be compared to Edinburgh in point of intelligence, but owing its rank entirely to the accident of its being the seat of Government, and not to its enterprise, its skill, its capital, or its genius.

Sir William Allan was an old friend of mine, and to him I went. As we were walking we met L[ockhart]. I was pleased at meeting him, though he was rather nervous. He had assaulted me as one of the cockney clique, and he seemed surprised to find that I was human. In L[ockhart]'s melancholy and Spanish head there was evidence of genius and mischief. I dined with him. His reception was open and frank. He treated me then, and ever since, as if I was a man he had unwittingly injured. The next man I dined with was Sir Walter. I called on him and heard him stamping down. At the head of his first landing he waved his stick, and cried: "Hurrah! welcome to Scotland, Haydon." He then came down, squeezed, in fact gripped, my hand. "How d'ye like Edinburgh?" "It is the dream of a great genius," said I. "Well done," said Sir Walter; "when will ye dine with me?" A day was fixed: I went, Allan was there, and L[ockhart] and Terry were also of the party, with Miss Scott, Mrs L[ockhart], and Lady Scott.

Sir Walter said, in taking wine with me, "I say to you, as Hogg said to Wilkie, I am happy to see you are so young a man."

Sir Walter showed a button that belonged to the waistcoat of Balfour of Burley. I happened to say that I had been on Salisbury Crags. "Ah!" said he, quite forgetting himself; "when I was a youth, I have often sat there thinking of my prospects in life. It is a glorious place." "'Gad," I thought, "I remember that in one of the novels!" and next morning sending for all of them, I pitched on the passage where Butler, escaping from the Porteus mob gets up to Salisbury Crags and sitting down muses on his future prospects.

I had a letter to Wilson, and he also made up a large party at which we had a splendid set-to. Wilson looked like a fine Sandwich Islander who had been educated in the Highlands. His light hair, deep sea-blue eye, tall athletic figure, and hearty hand-grasp, his eagerness in debate, his violent passions, great genius, and irregular habits, rendered him a formidable partisan, a furious enemy, and an ardent friend.

His hatred of Keats, which could not be concealed, marked him as the author of all those violent assaults on my poor friend in *Blackwood*.

As I was describing the glass-breaking of my first night, I saw mischief

mischief in his eye when he said, " I suppose you took it to yourself? "

I saw his drift. If I had given the slightest symptoms of being so weak, what a glorious subject for the ridicule of *Blackwood* would my simplicity of conceit have been!

" Have you seen Haydon? " said Allan to David Bridges, a well-known character of the set, and a good hearty fellow. " Yes." " And how d'ye like him? " said the other. " Why," said David, " there is a good deal of genius in the *toes of his boots!* " alluding to the square-toed boots I wore to avoid corns.

David was full of humour, bore and gave repartee, kept a shop in the High Street, and was very enthusiastic about me ever after we had met.

It was time to open the exhibition, which I did after a splendid private day—a new thing then in Scotland, though eminently successful. Still, after the large receipts of London, my money-taking seemed depressed with £9, £10, £14, £4, and £5 a day. In Edinburgh I believe about £500 was taken altogether, with about £400 at Glasgow, making the total receipts nearly £3000.

The season in Edinburgh is the severest part of winter. Princes Street in a clear sunset, with the Castle and the Pentland Hills in radiant glory, and the crowd illumined by the setting sun, was a sight perfectly original.

First you would see limping Sir Walter, talking as he walked with Lord Meadowbank; then tripped Jeffrey, keen, restless, and fidgety; you next met Wilson, or Lockhart, or Allan, or Thompson, or Raeburn, as if all had agreed to make their appearance at once. It was a striking scene—foreigners were impressed like myself. I wonder Allan never thought of it as the subject of a picture. It would make a fine one.

I never had a complete conception of Scotch hospitality till I dined at Geddes' with Sir H. Raeburn, Thompson (who set Burns' songs to music), and a party of thirty at least.

Thompson sang some of the songs of Burns with great relish and taste, and at the chorus of one, to my utter astonishment, the whole company took hands, jumped up, and danced to the tune all round till they came to their seats again, leaving me sitting in wonder.

Raeburn was a glorious fellow and more boisterous than any.

The enthusiasm of the Scotch for Jerusalem, and even their awe, was extraordinary. At Glasgow, I came in one day to see how it was doing with my hat on. A venerable Scotchman came over

over and said: "I think you should take your hat off in sic' an awfu' presence."

A friend of mine was sketching in the Highlands the year after when a poor Highland woman crept out of a mud hut near him: "Ar' ye fond of pectures?" she asked. "Yes," said he. "Did ye see a pecture at Edinburgh, of Christ coming into Jerusalem?" "I did." "Yon *was* a pecture!" said she: "when I saw a' the lads and lassies with their hats aff, I jist sat mê doon and grat" (cried). The year after, when I sent Solomon to Scotland, an old Scotch lady was explaining it to her daughter. "Jest look at him, he is putting oot his haun' as if he was saying, 'Cut the child in twa!'" And yet with all this enthusiasm nobody of authority thought of securing the picture by purchase for the instruction or benefit of the people.

Not convinced yet of my not being a cockney the Blackwood set (fine dogs), determined to put me to that sure test—a gallop!

Bred up in Devonshire to ride all sorts of horses at all sorts of leaps, saddle or no saddle, I gloried inwardly at this proposition.

One of them lent me a fine spirited mare of his own, anticipating a tumble. Away we went and they soon found I was not to be beaten. We raced once or twice, when I beat, because they did not want to heat their horses; and I had a tremulous sort of hint not to push the mare too much lest she might throw me. At last we came to the hills; my friends cut capers and sprang up and down and I after them, for wherever they went I swore to myself to follow. I then bade them follow me. None of them, as I pushed my mare up the face of a rock, dared; and there I sat on my mare, who stood firmly planted, nostrils open, her eye brilliant, on a narrow pinnacle, breathing and glorying in defiance. I leapt down and galloped off, my friend roaring, "Haydon, you'll kill the mare!" "Ha! ha! my friend, what had become of the cockney?" I reined in and we all walked coolly back to town, dined, and not a word about the cockney was heard for the remainder of my time in Auld Reekie.

John Scott predicted I should return victorious and so I did. I had dined, drank, talked, rode, and argued with the enemy in his camp. I had proved my genius in the heart of their ranks; and certainly I returned to London (taking the route by the Lakes, in order to see Wordsworth, whom I missed) crowned with laurel.

I here got acquainted with Thompson, the landscape painter, and a man of great feeling he was. So I did with Williams, another painter, who started the plan of building the model of the Parthenon on the Calton. He was also a man of deep feeling and talent.

I now returned to town, and finished for Sir George Phillips the

the picture of Christ in the Garden; he having advanced me the whole five hundred guineas to complete my great work. It was my duty, for a more benevolent man never lived than Sir George Phillips; but we were wrong in pitching on such a subject for a drawing-room, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of Sir George's son and of Lady Phillips herself.

However, I finished it and exhibited it with my other works. I took a great deal of money at this exhibition, but not enough; and it was wrong so to strain public enthusiasm. This particular picture was severely handled. Sir George was disappointed (though he was as much to blame as myself); and when the picture was sent home, he so objected to a sacred subject in a drawing-room that he put it out of view altogether.

It was wrong in me to paint it so large; it was wrong to choose such a subject to be hung where quadrilles were danced. It was wrong in every way; and although he wrote a favourable criticism himself in the *Globe*, the picture was condemned and hidden.

Such a conclusion after such noble liberality was painful. The very desire to make a noble return cramped my feelings; and except the Christ's head and the St John sleeping it was the worst picture ever escaped from my pencil.

Whilst looking over prints at the British Museum one day, about this time, I saw a resuscitation of Lazarus in such a state that a space was left vacant where the head of Lazarus ought to be. My imagination filled the vacancy and I trembled at my terrific conception of the head.

I went home, sketched it, and determined to make it my grandest and largest work.

I always filled my painting-room to its full extent; and had I possessed a room 400 feet long, and 200 feet high, and 400 feet wide, I would have ordered a canvas 399–6 long by 199–6 high, and so have been encumbered for want of room, as if it had been my pleasure to be so.

My room was 30 feet long, 20 wide, 15 high. So I ordered a canvas 19 long by 15 high, and dashed in my conception, the Christ being 9 feet high.

This was a size and a subject which I loved to my very marrow. But how should I get through it? "Go on," said the inward voice I had heard from my youth; "work and trust"; and trust and work I did.

I had returned from Scotland victorious but still deeply in debt. Not all my success had cleared me, and now, to crown the

[1] This picture is now in the hands of Mr Barrett, a picture-dealer in the Strand.—Ed., 1853. [It is now (1926) in the South Kensington Museum.]

affair,

affair, I was desperately in love, longing to be married to a young widow with two infants, and Lazarus was a sketch only on the canvas. Two years must elapse before it could be done. Still at the canvas I flew and made all my studies in gasping anxiety. My manservant (Sammons) was my model and always at hand. I prayed ardently to get through it, never doubting.

HERE ENDS THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART II.—MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON FROM HIS JOURNALS (1820–1846)

MEMOIRS

At this point Haydon's autobiography breaks off. Henceforward his life must be traced by help of his journals. These journals are curious volumes, twenty-six in number, bulky, parchment-bound, ledger-like folios. He has recorded in them the incidents of his days, his deductions from books he has read or pictures he has seen, and such passing thoughts as seemed to have been worth arresting and fixing in this way. By their help one may follow the progress of all his pictures from the first conception —often the best—through all the alterations in composition, the trials of effects in light and shade, studies of groups, single figures, and parts of figures. All these drawings are dashed in with pen and ink, careless and hasty, but almost always spirited and instinct with characteristic action. Under sketches of the same subject in different arrangements are often written the reasons why one is better than another; and so with draperies, hands, and feet. From these may be determined with tolerable precision the time each picture was in hand from first to last.

I find the earliest sketches for Lazarus about June, 1820; but it was not till his return from Edinburgh that he fairly began the work on canvas.

It may be worth remarking that after the first scarcely intelligible sketch—little more than an arrangement of lines—comes a composition almost exactly the same as that finally adopted for this picture, which now hangs on the staircase-landing of the Pantheon in Oxford Street.[1]

Long before I knew anything of Haydon or his life I have often paused before the awful face of Lazarus in that picture, wondering how such a work came to be in such a place, and how the same mind that conceived the Lazarus could have fallen into the coarse exaggeration of some of the other figures of the composition.

I am much mistaken if this picture does not bear an impress of power which will hardly be found in the work of any other English historical painter. In spite of obvious blemishes and the exaggeration of parts, I cannot but think it worthy of a place of honour in any part of a future National Gallery which may be appropriated to the works of British artists.

[1] [It is now (1926) on loan from the National Gallery to the Plymouth Guildhall.]

Haydon had written to his friend William Allen of his returning to London and work from his Edinburgh visit:

"I felt as if for a fortnight I had been sailing with a party of fine fellows up a placid and beautiful river, now putting in and dancing on the shore, now singing and laughing and revelling, when suddenly the course of the river had brought me again to the turbulent sea on which my destiny was fixed to buffet. I declare to you I plunged into it with that sort of feeling a man has when he takes a dive in a gale of wind, watching each wave as it mounts, and then darting through it before it has time to smother him."

1821

At the beginning of 1821[1] he says: "I now see difficulties are my lot in pecuniary matters, and my plan must be to make up my mind to meet them, and fag as I can; to lose no single moment, but seize on time that is free from disturbance and make the most of it. If I can float and keep alive attention to my situation through another picture, I will reach the shore. I am now clearly in sight of it, and I will yet land to the sound of trumpets and shouts of my friends."

Already by the 3rd of January he was settling his Lazarus; balancing his composition so as to make the Christ the leading figure of the group, while Lazarus should share attention by his expression. "The author of the miracle first strikes the eye. He is alone—as he ought to be; standing erect and visible from head to foot; while the object of his power, on the point of appearing, is sufficiently seen to account for the agitation, without interfering with Christ, the first cause."

Wilkie writes more eagerly than usual (January 2nd) "that he has a great deal to tell him"; arrives, his look, his walk important, his form dilated; and sits down breathing with that consciousness of victory a man has after a successful argument. Drawing near the fire and chuckling with inward triumph, out it comes at last. He has made his maiden speech at the Academy, has carried his motion, has been praised, and begins to feel his weight. He tells Haydon his wonder at finding himself listened to, and is all eagerness for speech-making. "The next time he dines with me I am perfectly convinced he will get up and say, 'Mr President, I propose that the candle be snuffed.' He is

[1] The journal for that year bears the motto: Ἔργα, Ἔργα, Ἔργα, and this (from *Tacitus de Mor. Ger.*): "Reges ex nobilitate, duces ex virtute sumunt . . . et duces exemplo potius quam imperio; si *promti*, si *conspicui*, si *ante aciem agant*, admiratione præsunt." The italics are his own.

now

now off," adds Haydon, "for the next fortnight; and actually told me, when I asked how Lord Wellington's picture (the Chelsea Pensioners) was going on, that it was too cold to paint! What a character! Never were such simplicity, such genius, such prudence, such steadiness, and such inconsistency united."

Among his correspondents of this date was Sir Walter Scott, who gave him (December 27, 1820) an outline of a course of Scottish history, and (January 7) sent him the story of *The Laird's Jock*, as "a good subject for a sketch, in the mode of Salvator, though perhaps better adapted for sculpture."

Sir George Beaumont (February 14) renewed his judicious advice: "Paint down your enemies (if you have any) rather than attempt to write them down, which will only multiply them. There is no man so insignificant as not to stand his chance of having it in his power to do you a serious injury at some time or other"—advice which Haydon felt the full value of, but always forgot on the first provocation.

March 10th.—Haydon spent an evening with Mrs Siddons to hear her read *Macbeth*. "She acts Macbeth herself," he writes, "better than either Kemble or Kean. It is extraordinary the awe this wonderful woman inspires. After her first reading the men retired to tea. While we were all eating toast and tingling cups and saucers, she began again. It was like the effect of a mass bell at Madrid. All noise ceased; we slunk to our seats like boors, two or three of the most distinguished men of the day, with the very toast in their mouths, afraid to bite. It was curious to see Lawrence in this predicament, to hear him bite by degrees, and then stop for fear of making too much crackle, his eyes full of water from the constraint; and at the same time to hear Mrs Siddons' 'eye of newt and toe of frog!' and then to see Lawrence give a sly bite, and then look awed and pretend to be listening. I went away highly gratified, and as I stood on the landing-place to get cool I overheard my own servant in the hall say: 'What! is that the old lady making such a noise?' 'Yes.' 'Why, she makes as much noise as ever!' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'she tunes her pipes as well as ever she did.'"

On the 15th of February, 1821, John Scott, Haydon's old and warm friend, editor of the *Champion* and of the *London Magazine*, was killed in a duel.[1] There had been a coolness between him

[1] The duel took place in consequence of the following circumstances. Mr Lockhart, the reputed author of *Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk*, having been violently and personally attacked in the *London Magazine*, came to London for the purpose of obtaining from Mr Scott an explanation, an apology, or a meeting. Mr Scott declined unless Mr Lockhart would first deny that he was the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. This Mr Lockhart did not consider it necessary to do, and the correspondence and

and Haydon for some time before the sad event. But this catastrophe broke down the pride which had kept Haydon aloof from his friend, and he thus (March 9th) records the impression made upon him by the funeral:

"Poor John Scott! and thou at last 'home hast gone, and ta'en thy wages.'

"For a fortnight before his burial I exhibited a fine instance of wounded pride struggling to keep down the urgings of former affection. I held out to the hour before his funeral, and then a sudden blaze of light on my brain showed me his body, stretched out dead! My old affections burst in like a torrent and bore down all petty feelings of irritation. I hurried on my clothes and drove down to his door. As the room began to fill I felt my heart heave up and down; my feelings were too strong to be restrained. I hung back and suffered every one to go before me; my very nature was altered! I, who was always panting for distinction, even at a funeral (for I felt angry at Opie's that I wasn't in the first coach), now slunk away from observation with my lips quivering, my eyes filling, and my mind struggling to subdue its emotions into a stern feeling of painful sorrow. Nature would not be commanded; when I got into the coach I hid my face in my cloak and cried like a child. By the time we reached the church I was relieved; happily I was so, for the world would have regarded any exhibition then (however genuine) as affectation. As I squeezed by the coffin that contained the body of my former friend, with the long pall and black plumes waving and trembling as the wind moaned up the aisle, I shivered. All our conversations on death and Christianity and another world crowded into my mind.

"As the coffin was carried to the vault, the plumes were taken

ended with a note from Mr Lockhart containing very strong and unqualified expressions touching Mr Scott's personal character and courage. Scott published his account of the affair, and Mr Lockhart published his, in which he stated that a copy had been sent to Mr Scott. The copy circulated by Mr Lockhart contained a denial of his being the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The copy sent to Scott did not contain this denial. Scott on this charged Mr Lockhart with falsehood. The discrepancy between the copies arose from an oversight in printing the statement. But Scott's charge produced a reply from Mr Christie, who had acted as Mr Lockhart's friend in the affair, and Mr Christie's reply led to a challenge from Scott, which was accepted. The parties met at Chalk Farm at nine o'clock at night, an unusual hour chosen on Mr Christie's suggestion. Two shots were exchanged. Mr Christie fired wide the first time intentionally; but, unhappily, this fact was unknown to Mr Scott or his second. On the second fire Mr Christie's ball entered Mr Scott's side, and the wound was fatal, Mr Scott dying on the 27th. (Abridged and altered from the *Annual Register for* 1821. —Ed.)

off,

off, and as they nodded against the light window I thought them endowed with human features—fates that bowed as we walked in submission to their power!

"I descended the steps into a dark chamber and saw at a distance doors open and piles of black coffins, each with a trembling light fixed to its side. The mourners crowded forward: I felt too much to move; I heard the dry scraping of the cords, and then a dead jerk as the body sunk into its place Immediately a voice rose breathing forth the beautiful words of our funeral service. Poor Scott! I took a last look at the coffin and walked away.

"Daylight was painful; the stir in the streets seemed disgusting. I went into an obscure alley and so home.

"Poor Scott, peace go with him! It is a consolation to think that in those very fields where he was shot he told me, last summer (after his boy's death), that he felt life as a bridge over which he was walking to eternity."

The same month brought news of a heavier loss (March 29). "Keats too is gone! He died at Rome, the 23rd February, aged twenty-five. A genius more purely poetical never existed!

"In fireside conversation he was weak and inconsistent, but he was in his glory in the fields. The humming of a bee, the sight of a flower, the glitter of the sun, seemed to make his nature tremble; then his eyes flashed, his cheek glowed, his mouth quivered. He was the most unselfish of human creatures: unadapted to this world, he cared not for himself, and put himself to any inconvenience for the sake of his friends. He was haughty, and had a fierce hatred of rank; but he had a kind gentle heart, and would have shared his fortune with any man who wanted it. His classical knowledge was inconsiderable, but he could feel the beauties of the classical writers. He had an exquisite sense of humour, and too refined a notion of female purity to bear the little sweet arts of love with patience. He had no decision of character, and having no object upon which to direct his great powers was at the mercy of every petty theory ——'s ingenuity might start.

"One day he was full of an epic poem; the next day epic poems were splendid impositions on the world. Never for two days did he know his own intentions.

"He began life full of hopes, fiery impetuous and ungovernable, expecting the world to fall at once beneath his powers. Poor fellow! his genius had no sooner begun to bud than hatred and malice spat their poison on its leaves, and sensitive and young it shrivelled beneath their effusions. Unable to bear the sneers of ignorance or the attacks of envy, not having strength of mind enough

enough to buckle himself together like a porcupine and present nothing but his prickles to his enemies, he began to despond, and flew to dissipation as a relief, which after a temporary elevation of spirits plunged him into deeper despondency than ever. For six weeks he was scarcely sober, and—to show what a man does to gratify his appetites when once they get the better of him—once covered his tongue and throat as far as he could reach with cayenne pepper in order to appreciate the 'delicious coldness of claret in all its glory'—his own expression.

"The death of his brother wounded him deeply, and it appeared to me that he began to droop from that hour. I was much attached to Keats, and he had a fellow-feeling for me. I was angry because he would not bend his great powers to some definite object, and always told him so. Latterly he grew irritated because I would shake my head at his irregularities and tell him that he would destroy himself.

"The last time I ever saw him was at Hampstead, lying in a white bed with a book, hectic and on his back, irritable at his weakness and wounded at the way he had been used. He seemed to be going out of life with a contempt for this world and no hopes of the other. I told him to be calm, but he muttered that if he did not soon get better he would destroy himself. I tried to reason against such violence, but it was no use; he grew angry, and I went away deeply affected.

"Poor dear Keats! Had nature but given you firmness as well as fineness of nerve, you would have been glorious in your maturity as great in your promise. May your kind and gentle spirit be now mingling with those of Shakespeare and Milton, before whose minds you have so often bowed! May you be considered worthy of admission to share their musings in heaven, as you were fit to comprehend their imaginations on earth!

"Dear Keats, hail and adieu for some six or seven years, and I shall meet you."

"I have enjoyed Shakespeare more with Keats," he adds, "than with any other human creature."

"*March 7th.*—Sir Walter Scott, Lamb, Wilkie, and Proctor have been with me all the morning, and a most delightful morning have we had. Scott operated on us like champagne and whisky mixed. In the course of conversation he alluded to *Waverley;* there was a dead silence. Wilkie, who was talking to him, stopped, and looked so agitated you would have thought that he was the author. I was bursting to have a good round at him, but as this was his first visit I did not venture. It is singular how success and the want of it operate on two extraordinary men—Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Scott enters a room and sits at table with the coolness

coolness and self-possession of conscious fame; Wordsworth with a mortified elevation of head, as if fearful he was not estimated as he deserved.

"Scott is always cool and very amusing; Wordsworth often egotistical and overwhelming. Scott can afford to talk of trifles, because he knows the world will think him a great man who condescends to trifle; Wordsworth must always be eloquent and profound, because he knows that he is considered childish and puerile. Scott seems to wish to appear less than he really is, while Wordsworth struggles to be thought, at the moment, greater than he is suspected to be.

"This is natural. Scott's disposition is the effect of success operating on a genial temperament, while Wordsworth's evidently arises from the effect of unjust ridicule wounding an intense self-esteem.

"I think that Scott's success would have made Wordsworth insufferable, while Wordsworth's failures would not have rendered Scott a whit less delightful.

"Scott is the companion of Nature in all her feelings and freaks, while Wordsworth follows her like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions."

April 20th.—I find a letter from Miss Joanna Baillie, who, having been unable to attend the private view of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, which she had now seen, writes to congratulate him "on having produced a most splendid and interesting work, so honourable for the artist and for the nation." Here, too, in his journal he has inserted some complimentary and playful Latin verses on that picture sent to the *Examiner* under a signature in which the reader will recognise the name of Charles Lamb. I do not remember to have seen any other Latin poetry from that pleasant hand, and certainly this specimen is more monkish than classical:

In tabulam egregii pictoris B. Haydoni, in quâ Judæi ante pedes Christi palmas prosternentes mirâ arte depinguntur.

Quid vult Iste Equitans? et quid velit ista virorum
Palmifera ingens turba, et vox tremebunda Hosannâ?
Hosannâ Christo semper semperque canamus.

Palma fuit Senior Pictor celeberrimus olim;
At palmam cedat, modò si foret ille superstes,
Palma, Haydone, tibi; tu palmas omnibus aufers.

"Palma negata macrum, donataque reddit opimum."
Si simul incipiat cum famâ increscere corpus,
Tu citò pinguesces, fies et, amicule, obesus.

Affectant

Affectant lauros pictores atque poetæ ;—
Sin laurum invideant (sed quis tibi ?) laurigerentes
Pro lauro palmâ viridanti tempora cinge.

CARLAGNULUS.

About this time, too, he made the acquaintance of Belzoni.

"*April 21st.*—Belzoni is a glorious instance of what singleness of aim and energy of intention will accomplish. He was a man with no single pretension to calculate on attaching his name to Egypt, but by his indomitable energy he has attached Egypt to his name for ever. I saw him to-day and was struck by his appearance, good sense and unconquerable spirit. He has that union of enthusiasm of conception with patient investigation before he acts, which is so seldom met, and thus what looks like madness to others is to him clear and practicable. He seems a man of great simplicity; tells all his pains, pleasures, and mortifications, all his hopes, fears, and anticipations, with the openness of a child. This gives a value to everything he says or describes. When a man tells what the pride of most men would keep from the world, it may naturally be concluded that he has told the truth. The people of Europe will, perhaps, never completely enter into Belzoni's raptures at finding the first tomb. He only can properly estimate his feelings who has wandered among a savage people, in a bare, sandy country, amidst shattered temples, prostrate figures, broken columns, and solitary pyramids. He only can share his delight at plunging into a tomb, twenty feet below the surface of an arid soil, and discovering it to be rich in colour, abounding in ornamental pictures fresh as when first painted, and unseen by human eye for perhaps three thousand years!

"The whole thing is like a fairy tale, and you read on with breathless attention. He took down two priests, expecting rapturous applause at his success, and his disappointment when they coolly took snuff without a single observation is a true touch of nature. Then came the Kislar Aga, and the only idea this extraordinary tomb suggested to him was, that it would make a good place for a harem, because the women would have something to look at. In a short time, such is your conviction of Belzoni's truth, you resign yourself completely into his hands, relish his difficulties, share his successes, hope in his beginnings, fear in his progress, and clap your hands when he has succeeded."

There is a characteristic reference to himself in the following:

"In every sense Belzoni is a grand fellow. He suffered in his progress, as all suffer who dash at once upon great undertakings which thousands have feared to touch. The attempt alone is an insult to the understanding of all those who have never attempted, and would never attempt such a bold attack. When a great undertaking

undertaking is accomplished it is 'opportunity' and 'luck.' When it was undertaken it was 'insanity.' They first endeavour to hinder a man from all attempts beyond the ordinary course by asserting the impossibility of success, and when he proves them in error, they charitably attribute his success to 'happy chance,' to anything in short but a combined action of his own understanding and will.

"How strange it is, that the very people who make a man celebrated by talking of his name (which they cannot avoid) revenge themselves by attaching everything to it that can bring him down to their own level.

"*April 27th.*—I saw to-day some heads in chalk from Raffaele's School of Athens. What expression! Eyes, mouth, nose, all seemed quivering with feeling—each feature sympathising with its brother feature. O Raffaele, Raffaele, what futile stuff is my art after thine!

"But it shall not be in my Lazarus. I see deeper than I ever did, and have grander notions of my art. O God! grant me life, health, and memory to realise my views.

"*28th.*—As I stood last night in the midst of a conversazione of celebrated men I thought of Johnson's saying, 'That there was not one of them but would feel pain at his own reflections before midnight.' I first encountered Soane, smiling and talking to many others, a man of good heart but with a caustic temper that has rendered his life a burthen. Then I saw the Duke of Sussex, with a star on his breast and an asthma inside it, wheezing out his royal opinions: and in this way I went through the greater part of the company, and ended with myself, aching in heart and tortured in mind with pecuniary difficulties. After a few hours, away we all went to our respective pillows, delighted with out host's brilliant conversazione, and he enraptured that we were gratified.

"And must there not be a world of justice, of peace, of truth hereafter, where souls may show themselves what they are without bodies to disguise their real essence? There must be! Ah! Scott, you know it by this time, and poor dear Keats too. I strolled the Kilburn meadows last evening. The influence of my two friends seemed breathing about me. The endeavour of this present breath must soon be over. I never felt so strongly the insignificance of life as I have lately: I see through its pretences thoroughly. Perhaps my highest days are over. I have enjoyed the greatest success, all the triumphant feelings of conquest and glory, and what then? One's heart sinks inwardly on its own resources and yearns for something higher, some immaculate virtue unattainable on earth, some radiant peace beyond the

the apprehension of man—angelic smiles and angelic sympathies —the calmness of a brighter region, and the approbation of a God!

"All these feelings have been generated by that head of Raffaele. First I felt its beauty, then mused on its expression, then thought of God who could give such features to express thought, and then of the being who had the genius to represent those features with a brush and a little colour, so as to excite such sensations. One thought led to another till it ended as I have written."

His pecuniary difficulties were now again pressing on him. He writes:

"*May 2nd.*—There is always a species of disgust in encountering pecuniary difficulties after having once felt the blessings of repose. It is a painful sacrifice of pride to be obliged to call on tradesmen as one did when an unknown student. As I awoke at two o'clock this morning something like inspiration came over me and said: 'Why do you not act with your old energy of mind? why do you lie here without looking your difficulties in the face? why do you leave yourself to the power of your imagination? Act! act!' Plan after plan darted into my head until I fell asleep, woke, got up, sallied forth for five hours, satisfied everybody, came home and found a pupil with £70. I ate my dinner with a calm mind.

"I am inclined to imagine that much of the pain and anxiety of mind I suffered for the last few days arose from nothing more or less than *indigestion*. My stomach was heated and affected my brain. Suppose in that humour I had shot myself? Would a superior Being have destroyed my soul, because, my brain being irritated by an indigestion, I had in a state of perturbation put an end to a painful existence? Surely not!"

It is curious to observe how frequently Haydon recurs to the thought of suicide in this questioning fashion. "I am sorry to say," he writes soon after this, "that I am not so convinced of the wickedness of suicide as I am of its folly." All through the journal of this period he seems harassed and disturbed, mainly I believe from the longing he had to marry, and his sense of the imprudence of doing so in the present condition of his affairs.

"*3rd.*—Read the whole day and considered deeply on the head of Christ and on the expression for Lazarus.

"There are two things which press upon one's mind dreadfully, viz. the passing of time and the growing of children!

"If children would but remain smiling cherubs for ten years what delights they would be! As to 'Time,' nothing is such a stimulus or such an eternal haunter of my conscience. I have got into such a habit of thinking of this, that resting a moment makes

makes me start up as if I heard Time's eternal waterfall tumbling into the gulf below! I bustle myself into action and get rid of the roar.

"4*th*.—Went to the private view of the Academy; there is an evident making out in the portraits now, and a struggle to do things better, more correctly than formerly. I think I can perceive that the influence of Reynolds in his most vicious habits is on the wane: hands begin to have bone; heads to have ears; legs, shape; and coats, arms beneath them. The whole-lengths have been lowered a foot; artists are beginning to show an evident desire that their works may be looked into. This indeed shows an advanced feeling. The most entertaining thing is the vast strain to get something in the shape of historical pictures. Unable to conceive anything new, they have been compelled to violate one of their own laws, and allow an old member to hang a picture that has been painted for thirty years. Feeble as it is, it yet shows their disposition. The poor historical painters! A historical painter in the Academy is something like the log Jupiter sent the frogs for a king.

"5*th*.—Called on Jeffrey and found him preparing to have his face cast. Breakfast was ready and friends began to drop in. In spite of all efforts to conceal it, he was pleased at having his face cast before others. Can it be possible that critics should be liable to the weaknesses of human nature? Sydney Smith came in, the most playful, impudent, careless cassock I ever met. Mrs Jeffrey and another Scotch lady were with us, and Sydney Smith began playfully to plague them by affecting to agree with them, giving in to all their little prejudices, sympathising with all their little grievances, and bantering all their little nonsenses in a way the most agreeable and amusing. I saw that he was drawing them out as materials for a good story for the evening, and capital materials he had.

"By this time Jeffrey's coat was off, his chin towelled, his face greased, the plaster ready, and the ladies watching everything with the most intense interest. Mrs Jeffrey began to look anxious; the preparations for casting a face being something like those for cutting off a man's head. Not liking to seem too fond before others, she fidgeted in her seat, and at last settled on the sofa with her smelling-bottle, barely visible, grasped tightly in her hand. The plaster was now brought, a spoonful taken up, Jeffrey ordered to keep his mouth close and his nerve firm, and the visitors to be quiet. Sydney Smith was dying with laughter, and kept trying to make Jeffrey laugh, but it would not do. When his face was completely covered, up jumped Sydney, mock heroically, exclaiming: 'There's immortality! but God keep me from such a mode

a mode of obtaining it.' Unfortunately Jeffrey's nostrils were nearly blocked up, breathing became difficult, his nerve gave way and the mould was obliged to be jerked off and broken. So much for *this* attempt at immortality.

" Sydney Smith took up the cartoon of the Beautiful Gate, and began reading the fine speech of St Peter to the beggar, ' Silver and gold have I none.' ' Ah! that was in the time of the paper currency,' said he!

" 8*th*.—Belzoni dined with me, and we had a pleasant evening. Rank and situation are more adapted for the world than the naked majesty of talent or character. A man who depends on the esteem of the world, and has nothing but his talents or his character to keep it up, can do nothing inconsistent with either without losing that esteem; but a man who is fenced with rank or office can do what is inconsistent with principle, and though in the world's eye he tarnishes his rank, yet he is held up and protected by those equally elevated, for the sake of his position.

" These (if this be true) are the privileges of rank and wealth; the privileges of thought have not yet been defined."

Money straits and love longings together much disturbed the steady progress of the painter's work about this time.

" Nine days," he writes, " have passed in May, and I have not touched a brush. I wish to God I could keep up that principle of ' *nulla dies sine lineâ*.' And if I had nothing but my art to attend to, I would; but, alas! pecuniary difficulties are sad obstructions to regularity of study." He seems even to frame excuses out of his work itself for dallying with it. The head of Christ makes him pause before beginning. His mildness of character is so difficult to reconcile with depth of thought: the form that gives the one destroys the other. " Idle!" (he writes, on the 14th), " I have done nothing yet but walk about with a sort of fury, as if my life depended on it, when I had nothing in the world to do out of doors." The sale of Reynolds's works at Christie's gave him a tempting excuse for staying out of his painting-room. He has whole pages full of criticism of Reynolds, to whom, at this time, he hardly did justice. He complains of his picture of the Cardinal Virtues as having emptiness for breadth, plastering for surface, and portrait individuality for general nature. His tone is too much toned. Raffaele is pure and inartificial in comparison. He compares Reynolds to a man of strong feeling, labouring to speak in a language he does not know, and giving a hint of his idea by a dazzling combination of images; Raffaele to a master of polished diction, who conveys in exquisite phraseology certain perceptions of truth. But still he felt the spirited competition for Sir Joshua's pictures, and the high prices they brought

brought at this sale, to be the most triumphant thing for the art of this country. He compares the indifference with which a fine Teniers, a respectable Titian, and an undoubted Corregio, were put up, knocked down, and carried off, with the enthusiastic eagerness when a picture of Reynolds was offered. On the principle of seeking in each master his characteristic excellence, he avows his preference of the Charity to any of his larger productions. "It may take its place triumphantly," he says, "by any Corregio on earth." And next to this, he thinks his Piping Shepherd one of the finest emanations of the painter's sentiment. (19th May.) He made Mr Phillips [1] buy this picture for 400 guineas, who being a new hand at buying, looked rather frightened at having given so much. "But it was worth 1000 guineas," says Haydon. "It is the completest bit of a certain expression in the world. Eyes and hands, motions and look, all seem quivering with the remembrance of some melodious tone of his flageolet. The colour and preservation are perfect. It is a thing I could dwell on for ages."

"20*th*.—Went again to Reynolds's sale. I found the 400 guineas of yesterday had made a great noise in town, and Phillips was assailed by everybody as he came in. I soon found it was considered by the artists a sort of honour to be near him; and in the midst of the sale up squeezed Chantrey. I was exceedingly amused; I turned round, and found on the other side Northcote! I began to think something was in the wind. Phillips asked him how he liked the Shepherd Boy. At first he did not recollect it, and then he said: 'Ah! indeed! Ah! yes! it was a very poor thing! I remember it!' Poor Mr Phillips whispered to me: 'You see people have different tastes!' It served him heartily right, and I was very glad of it; he does not deserve his prize. The moment these people heard I was the adviser, they all began to undervalue it. I knew that Northcote's coming up was ominous of something. The attempts of this little fellow to mortify others are quite amusing; he exists on it. The sparkling delight with which he watches a face, when he knows something is coming that will change its expression, is beyond everything. And as soon as he had said what he thought would make Phillips unhappy for two hours, he slunk away.

"I have gained immense knowledge this last week, examining these pictures."

On the 22nd, Haydon was still lamenting his idleness. Since he finished Christ's Agony in the Garden (the unsuccessful picture for Sir George Phillips), on the 26th of February, he had done nothing. With common energy he might have done wonders.

[1] Afterwards Sir George.

To

To the readers of the journals there was no need for his adding, as he has done to this confession, a note of 1822. "The reason I was so idle at this time was, uncertainty about being able to marry, and being deeply in love." Still he consoles himself by the thought, that the sight of Reynolds's pictures has done him great good; and he thinks that his next head (which he is so slow to begin) will be "more solid and ponderous in power." He was now in that mood when trifles move a man strongly. Strolling about on the 26th, "in agony of mind, torture of body, and racking of conscience," he accidentally fell in with the *Georgian Gazette*, and lighted on this passage: "Suffer not your zeal and activity to end with the occasions that call them forth; but let duty stimulate you, and persevere unshaken by difficulties, unappalled by danger." This sank into his soul, "as if a hand had turned a leaf in it"; and by Monday next, in the evening, "he hopes to give a better account of himself." But the very evening of this virtuous resolution, I find him again strolling in the British Gallery; and on the 27th, the entry is: "Up late last night, did nothing to-day"; and on the 28th, he spends his day again at the Gallery, but consoles himself by reflecting "that May is now nearly over, which, from whatever cause, is always the idlest month of the year with him." And on the 31st is the triumphant entry: "Began at last at the head of Christ." For these lazy, strolling, desponding, and self-condemning days, I find hardly a sketch in the journals; but with renewed diligence the sketching pen was again busy, and the pages are filled as usual with studies of heads, legs, arms, figures, groups, and effects of light and shadow; and as the cheering result of hard work in this energetic mind, he declares (June 4th) that since he began to work he has not had one uneasy moment. Wilkie called constantly, and they held grand consultations about his picture, which, under the combined effects of Wilkie's advice and his own thinking, improved amazingly. So he worked diligently at his figure of the Saviour till (June 22nd), "a remarkable day in my life," he writes; "I am arrested. After having passed through every species of want and difficulty, often without a shilling, and without ever being trusted; now when I am flourishing, I become a beacon; and a tradesman, who, if I had been on a level with himself, would have pitied my situation, is proud of an opportunity to show me he is as good a man. Law in England is often made subservient to gratify the democratic energy of the people, and used oftener as a means to vent their spite against rank and talent, and to give bread to attornies, than for the abstract sake of justice or self-righting. Here was a man, to whom I had paid £300, who, because I employed another to fit up my last room, out of pique

pique arrested me for the balance. The officer behaved like a man. I told him I must shave, and begged him to walk into the painting-room. I did so, and when I came down, I found him perfectly agitated at Lazarus. 'Oh my God! Sir,' said he, 'I won't take you. Give me your word to meet me at twelve at the attorney's, and I will take it.' I did so. At the attorney's we argued the point, and I beat him in the presence of the officer. I proved the gross injustice of the proceeding, and the officer said, 'he'd be damned if he did not see me through it.' I appointed the evening to arrange finally. 'But you must remain in the officer's custody,' said the attorney. 'Not he,' said the officer; 'let him give me his word and I'll take it, though I am liable to pay the debt.' I did so, and this man, who never saw me in his life, left me free till night. At night I settled everything. The expenses were £11. The footpad, who risks his life by braving the gallows, is a noble being, and entitled to sympathy, in comparison with the wretch, who, taking advantage of a law framed for the benefit of society, uses it as a means of oppressing society, and robs those whom he knows can pay him to supply his own wants. Will not the Great Judge, who will unravel the muffled hypocrite by a look, will He not see the difference between an attorney who robs by law, and a poor starving creature who is goaded to break a particular law made to secure property, probably amassed by legitimately robbing others? Alas! alas! how things will be one day changed!"

The compunction of the bailiff before the great canvas of Lazarus, I cannot help thinking as striking an incident in its way, as that of the bravoes arrested in their murderous intent by the singing of Stradella.[1] Nor ought one to be surprised that this arrest embittered the poor painter into three folio pages of angry comment on the hollowness of such institutions as laws against debtors, and the mockery of justice which they secure, in which he institutes a comparison between actions and their consequences in Lord Castlereagh, John Hunt (then undergoing incarceration for an attack on that nobleman in the *Examiner*), a poor boy of St Giles's, and himself. The same evening brought its striking contrast. "From the bailiff's house, I walked to Lord Grosvenor's, and my mind was extremely affected, after the insult I had just received, on entering a room full of lovely women, splendid furniture, exquisite pictures; all was gay, breathing, animated voluptuousness. I strolled about amidst sparkling eyes, musing in the midst. I met Sir George; he asked me to come

[1] The Edinburgh Reviewer aptly instances as a better parallel, the soldiers arrested before the work of Parmigiano, at the sack of Rome. (Note to 2nd edition.)

home

home and see what he had been doing; so I walked home with him, and as I wanted to know where somebody lived, he sent his servant to accompany me, and so I walked across the square with the servant of a man of high rank at my heels, as grandly as a bashaw, after having been trapped by a bailiff two hours before! I then went home, where I found the son of an old friend of my father, without a shilling, having lost a situation from his eccentricity. He had come by the coach, and left his trunk as security for his fare, which he wanted me to pay. I lent him what I could spare—little enough, God knows!—and away he walked as happy as I did from the sheriff. In the evening, when I went to the sheriff's house, as I waited in his parlour, I saw the tax-gatherer's paper over the chimney for taxes due, with a note of a peremptory nature! Here is a picture of a human day, of human beings, human delusions, human absurdities, and human law."

Haydon thus sums up his reasoning on this day of 1821 in a note added afterwards: "Is it not more than probable that J. Hunt, the poor boy of St Giles's, Lord Castlereagh, myself, the bailiff, and the attorney will be equally subjects of commiseration, pardoned, made happy, and all follies, motives, and weaknesses forgotten, at the same time?" Yet he cannot content himself with this sweeping consolation. "Alas!" he adds, "reflection cannot be borne, it shakes one to stupor."

"*July 4th.*—I thank God my mind is now in the right tone, and not till lately has it been so. My error has been always expecting every picture I brought out to do everything I hoped, and put me above anxiety. My ambition is greater than ever, but my dependance on any single effort moderated. I have made up my mind to do as well as I can, if free from trouble so much the better; if not, to do all I can in spite of trouble. This is the true state of mind to act in. I thank God for it. Wilkie drank tea with me to-night, and brought me news Napoleon was dead! Good God! I remember in 1806, as we were walking to the Academy, just after the battle of Jena, we were both groaning at the slowness of our means of acquiring fame in comparison with his. He is now dead in captivity, and we have gone quietly on, '*parvis componere magna*,' rising in daily respect, and have no cause to lament our silent progress. Ah, Napoleon, what an opportunity you lost! His death affects me to deep musing. I remember his rise in 1796, his glory, and his fall. Posterity can never estimate the sensations of those living at the time."

10th.—Haydon was now very happy for his future wife had arrived in town.

And now came the coronation, at which Haydon was present, in

in Westminster Hall. His description is an effective word-painting of the most gorgeous ceremonial of our time, the last coronation at which the champion threw down the glove against all gainsayers of the King's right and title.

"19*th*.—I only got my ticket on Wednesday at two, and dearest Mary and I drove about to get all that was wanted. Sir George Beaumont lent me ruffles and frill, another friend a blue velvet coat, a third a sword; I bought buckles, and the rest I had. I went to bed at ten and arose at twelve, not having slept a wink. I dressed, breakfasted, and was at the Hall-door at half-past one. Three ladies were before me. The doors opened about four, and I got a front place in the Chamberlain's box, between the door and the throne, and saw the whole room distinctly. Many of the doorkeepers were tipsy; quarrels took place. The sun began to light up the old Gothic windows, the peers to stroll in, and other company of all descriptions to crowd to their places. Some took seats they had not any right to occupy, and were obliged to leave them after sturdy disputes. Others lost their tickets. The Hall occasionally echoed with the hollow roar of voices at the great door, till at last the galleries were filled; the Hall began to get crowded below. Every movement, as the time approached for the King's appearance, was pregnant with interest. The appearance of a monarch has something in it like the rising of a sun. There are indications which announce the luminary's approach; a streak of light—the tipping of a cloud—the singing of the lark—the brilliance of the sky, till the cloud edges get brighter and brighter, and he rises majestically into the heavens. So with a king's advance. A whisper of mystery turns all eyes to the throne. Suddenly two or three rise; others fall back; some talk, direct, hurry, stand still, or disappear. Then three or four of high rank appear from behind the throne; an interval is left; the crowds scarce breathe. Something rustles, and a being buried in satin, feathers, and diamonds rolls gracefully into his seat. The room rises with a sort of feathered, silken thunder. Plumes wave, eyes sparkle, glasses are out, mouths smile, and one man becomes the prime object of attraction to thousands. The way in which the King bowed was really royal. As he looked towards the peeresses and foreign ambassadors he showed like some gorgeous bird of the East.

"After all the ceremonies he arose, the procession was arranged, the music played, and the line began to move. All this was exceedingly imposing. After two or three hours' waiting, during which the attempt of the Queen agitated the Hall, the doors opened, and the flower-girls entered strewing flowers. The grace of their action, their slow movement, their white dresses, were

were indescribably touching; their light milky colour contrasted with the dark shadow of the archway, which, though dark, was full of rich crimson dresses that gave the shadow a tone as of deep blood; the shadow again relieved by a peep of the crowd, shining in sunlight beyond the gates, and between the shoulders of the guard that crossed the platform. The distant trumpets and shouts of the people, the slow march, and at last the appearance of the King crowned and under a golden canopy, and the universal burst of the assembly at seeing him, affected everybody. As we were all huzzaing, and the King was smiling, I could not help thinking this would be too much for any human being if a drop of poison were not dropped into the cup ere you tasted it. A man would go mad if mortality did not occasionally hold up the mirror. The Queen was to him the death's-head at this stately feast.

"After the banquet was over, came the most imposing scene of all, the championship and bringing in of the first dishes. Wellington in his coronet walked down the Hall, cheered by the officers of the Guards. He shortly returned mounted, with Lords Howard and Anglesea. They rode gracefully to the foot of the throne, and then backed out. Lord Anglesea's horse was restive. Wellington became impatient, and, I am convinced, thought it a trick of Lord Anglesea's to attract attention. He never paused, but backed on, and the rest were obliged to follow him. This was a touch of character. The Hall-doors opened again, and outside in twilight a man in dark shadowed armour appeared against the shining sky. He then moved, passed into darkness under the arch, and suddenly Wellington, Howard, and the Champion stood in full view, with doors closed behind them. This was certainly the finest sight of the day. The herald read the challenge; the glove was thrown down. They all then proceeded to the throne. My imagination got so intoxicated that I came out with a great contempt for the plebs; and as I walked by with my sword I indulged myself in an '*odi profanum.*' I got home quite well, and thought sacred subjects insipid things. How soon should I be ruined in luxurious society!"

On October 10th his marriage took place, and his journal is full of raptures with which the reader has no concern. Still I may give the record of the last day of the year. We are surely at liberty to pause on one rare passage of great and true happiness amidst the harassment of one who, in all his troubles, found unfailing refuge in the enjoyment of his art and the love of his wife.

"*December 31st.*—The last day of 1821. I don't know how it is, but I get less reflective as I get older. I seem to take things as they come without much care. In early life, everything being new

new excites thought. As nothing is new when a man is thirty-five, one thinks less. Or perhaps, being married to my dearest Mary, and having no longer anything to hope in love, I get more content with my lot, which, God knows, is rapturous beyond imagination. Here I sit sketching with the loveliest face before me, smiling and laughing, and 'solitude is not.' Marriage has increased my happiness beyond expression. In the intervals of study a few minutes' conversation with a creature one loves is the greatest of all reliefs. God bless us both! My pecuniary difficulties are still great, but my love is intense, my ambition intense, and my hope in God's protection cheering! Bewicke, my pupil, has realised my hopes in his picture of Jacob and Rachel. But it is cold work talking of pupils when one's soul is full of a beloved woman! I am really and truly in love, and, without affectation, I can talk, write, or think of nothing else."

1822

During the first week of 1822 all went on well. Each day had its tale of work—five hours, or six, or seven. Every part of the central group of his picture was studied, discussed, arranged, and re-arranged; his wife coming in at intervals to soothe and encourage him. But already by the 7th of the month he had to be out whole days to see and pacify discontented creditors. Yet he worked away full of glorious anticipations, reading, in the intervals of painting, the New Testament and the Commentators, and so strengthening his faith in the incident he was painting. I observe that the course of Haydon's reading was always determined by the picture on which he happened to be engaged. While painting Dentatus he was busy with Livy and the Roman historians. During the progress of Solomon the history and customs of the Jews occupied him; and while at work on the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and Lazarus, he was deep in study of the New Testament. Sammons, the ex-lifeguardsman, first his model and now his servant, sits to him for the nude parts. But his necessities and his art still crossed. He describes himself on his way from a lawyer's (on whom he had called to settle the payment of a debt, but was too early), looking in at the Museum to solace himself with the Elgin Marbles. "O what a contrast!" he writes; "I saw and dwelt on them with the agony of rapturous remembrance. How many hours, days, nights of enchanting abstraction have you occasioned me, ye divine marbles!"

On the 25th, his thirty-sixth birthday, he says: "One year more and I shall have completed Raffaele's age." The gentle influence of a wife whom he fondly loved was already beginning to

to tell upon him. Besides, his own power had been recognised: the works of his pupils had shown the solid results of his teaching. The irritability his attacks had occasioned was, he thought, wearing away; and all parties, he hoped, would be inclined to do more justice to his next picture than they were to his last. Still the old fire was not quenched. "If I see cause," he says, "I will be at them again." But quiet, even this turbulent spirit owns, is more gratifying than angry heat; and his wife's sweetness was taming his fierce nature. The very expression of his head, he observes, is changing. It used to be fierce, determined, and with something approaching brutality about the jaw. It is now looking happy and good-natured. His fond wife aided him in other ways besides thus softening his disposition. She sat patiently to him for his female figures, sometimes for five hours at a stretch.

With calm wedded happiness came more and more passionate aspirations for his art. As he grows older he gets fonder of it, and fonder of life that he may practise it. He looks forward to a time when he may paint with a mind undisturbed by pecuniary wants, as he did at the time he painted the Penitent Girl and the Centurion's arm in the Jerusalem. This was after Mr Coutts' noble gift; and then he gave up his whole soul to Nature and Art. Dwelling on this theme he rises, as is usual with him, into prayer that no difficulty may hinder his completing his present picture, and that he may make it his greatest work, to the honour of God, of his country, and of the abilities God has given him. So January closed between joy and suffering, hope and fear. But he came back from all his battlings with moneylenders, and lawyers, and creditors, to his wife and his painting-room, as to a spirit of peace and a harbour of refuge.

I cannot but think that at this time Haydon was spurred on by genuine noble aspiration—dashed, it is true, by that identification of his own glory with the glory of English Art, which seems to have been inseparable from his character. To many, this identification will be repulsive. They will see in it a self-seeking and ignoble vanity. It undoubtedly sprung from a belief in his own powers, the manifestations of which it is difficult to distinguish from the workings of vanity. But it was at least the vanity of a powerful mind, bold in conception, vigorous in execution, impulsive, but warped by a suspicion that all the world of artists were leagued against him, and not seeing that his perpetual and irritating self-assertion was, in the eyes of indifferent people, the best justification of the hostility which he complained of.

Through the next two months he was working diligently at his principal female figures, his wife, as I have said, serving often as his model.

On

On the 18th of March he reviews his position, after a fruitless application for money to his munificent patron, Sir G. Phillips. "I left his house," he says, "braced to an intensity of feeling I have not experienced for years. I called immediately on some turbulent creditors, and laid open the hopeless nature of my situation. Having relieved my mind, I walked furiously home, borne along by the wings of my own ardent aspirations. I never felt happier, more elevated, more confident. I walked in to my dear wife, kissed her, and then to my picture, which looked awful and grand. 'Good God!' I thought, 'can the painter of that face tremble? can he be in difficulty?' It looked like a delusion. The figures seemed all so busy, and so interested in their employments. When I look at a figure that is complete, and remember from what difficulties it has issued, I am astonished! But so it is with me. I am born to be the sport of fortune; to be put up in one freak and bowled down in another, to astonish everybody by being put up again. God grant me a spirit that will never flag—a mind not to be changed by time or place. I shall yet have a day of glory to which all my other glories shall be dull!

"I write this," he adds, "without a single shilling in the world,—with a large picture before me not half done, yet with a soul aspiring, ardent, confident,—trusting on God for protection and support." Then, after an interval, "I shall read this again with delight—and others will read it with wonder."

This last paragraph (and the Journals contain many like it) indicates that Haydon expected that these records of his labours, struggles, and thoughts would one day be made public. Indeed there is direct proof enough that he did. I therefore feel that the rule which forbids a biographer's prying into and laying open such a depository of the daily life of his subject does not apply in this case.

The month goes on with a daily repetition of the same difficulties, aspirations, upliftings with visions of future greatness, utterances of happiness in his home, and fierce protests against his embarrassments. Some of the best parts of his picture, in Haydon's own estimation, were painted during this struggle, and the sketches scattered through the journals of this date are unusually vigorous; his female heads, in particular, sweeter and tenderer than any before this—the wifely influence again.

By April he had arrived at the great difficulty and the great triumph of his picture, the head of Lazarus. He mentions in his autobiography, that this, the central conception of the work, flashed upon him when, in looking over prints in the British Museum, he saw an unfinished proof of the subject, in which the oval of the face of Lazarus remained a white spot. This his imagination

imagination at once worked to fill up. The record of the circumstances under which this head was painted, and of the model who sat for it, may give an interest in this picture to those who have not yet felt one, and will increase the interest of those who, with me, see in it the most awful representation of death just awakening into life that has ever been put upon canvas.

"Just as I was beginning, I was arrested by Smith the colourman in Piccadilly, with whom I had dealt for fifteen years. The sheriff's officer said: 'I am glad, Mr Haydon, you do not deny yourself; Sir Thomas Lawrence makes a point never to be denied.' I arranged the affair as rapidly as I could, for no time was to be lost, and wrote to my old landlord for bail. The officer took it, and appointed to meet him in the evening, and then I set to work. For a few minutes my mind, hurt and wounded, struggled to regain its power. At last, in scrawling about the brush, I gave an expression to the eye of Lazarus; I instantly got interested, and before two I had hit it. My pupil Bewicke sat for it, and as he had not sold his exquisite picture of Jacob, looked quite thin and anxious enough for such a head. 'I hope you get your food regularly,' said I. He did not answer; by degrees his cheeks reddened, and his eyes filled, but he subdued his feelings. This is an illustration of the state of historical painting in England. A master and his pupil—the one without a pound, the other without bread!"

Still, mingled with these sorry experiences, there are entries which show the entire happiness of the painter's home, when once money troubles could be struggled through, postponed, or shut out. By the 16th of May he began to see his way dimly to the completion of his picture, and by the end of May it was half finished.

At the close of the half-year, he blesses God that marriage has softened his heart without weakening his energies. Through June and July he was still advancing his picture, amidst constant interruptions from impatient creditors—harassed with letters for money every hour—from time to time roused from the rapturous lethargy of intense study by threats of an execution from his landlord; and keeping his models six, seven, and even eight hours occasionally, till they grew faint.

"*August 6th.*—Lay abed till eleven. My painting-room finished, and I begin, I hope in God, to-morrow. Spent two hours in studying my own Solomon and Christ's Agony in the Garden. Solomon is in a good style certainly, but there is no part so complete as the Penitent Girl. The background of the Agony is very well, but Christ wants working out and strengthening. I question whether I shall ever exceed the head of the man climbing up the column in Solomon, and this head I painted the day

day I got a letter informing me of my dear father's death: I was so occupied, the news had no effect; and it was not till the head was done, and the excitement over, that the loss I had sustained rushed on my mind.

"*9th.*—Rossi threatened execution. I endeavoured again to get time, and went to work in rapture. Rossi is a man with a large family, and I feel for his wants; but he ought to have a little sympathy with me, as I was always regular for the first four years. Finished the sleeve and hand, and veil of the other, which looks well. To-morrow the third of the month will be over. Two of the finest sayings on earth I got from two models—one, an old woman who used to sell apples under the Duke of Queensberry's, and the other my washerwoman. The old woman said, on my talking of the difficulties of life: 'The greater the trouble, the greater the lion—that's my principle.' And my washerwoman said (as she was sitting for Lazarus's mother), 'It is better to bear the difficulties than the reproaches of this world.'

"*12th.*—At last I have fixed on a seal for life. The head of my glorious Alexander, with part of a line from Tasso for a motto, '*Ali al cuor*,' wings at the heart!

"*31st.*—August is ended, and four months more will complete the year. I have worked well, but not astonishingly well—June and August are the two most shameful months. My picture is advanced: it might have been done; but then I have been ill, afflicted deeply, and harassed in money matters, and I have often gone to work with a mind shattered and disturbed. Oh God! how completely do I see through the futility of all happiness, but such as depends on virtue, piety and industry. Fame and riches, and honour and power and patronage are nothing if the possessor be accustomed to them; and the possessor is as likely to think them futile as the commonest comforts of the commonest station, provided his liver refuses to act, or his digestion is out of order, or his brain is diseased. How comes a mite in a cheese? A certain combination of matter in a certain state produces a being with life, blood, motion and will. Why could not another combination of matter produce man? and when produced and propagating, why may not the absurdities, inconsistencies, vices, virtues and infirmities of life be developed by a fortuitous concurrence of different dispositions, powers and beings acting on each other? Surely one cannot, for a moment, admit the interference of a God in some things without doing Him the most blasphemous injustice. One of such fortuitous concurrences God may sometimes regulate, but does He regulate the crushing of a dear innocent child by a cartwheel? All this is momentary surmise.

"Finished

" Finished the girl's head in the corner from Mary, the most like her beauty. On the whole I have not lost this month as I feared, but have done two important figures, and am greatly improved in the practice of painting, in leaving and managing the ground, and all the etceteras of the brush.

" *September 5th.*—Finished the first background head on the same principle as I finished the background in Dentatus fourteen years ago. So little do we improve. All the time my mind was tortured by harassings, but I was determined to get on, let what would happen, and nothing but arrest, or not even that, should have stopped my proceeding with the picture. I have now only three heads left. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Dearest Mary is by, and laughing.

" *7th.*—Finished the other hand and settled drapery. Arranged the light in the sketch for background heads. Seven days gone —worked hard five. Sunday and Monday unavoidably idle. Good week, thank God! I hope in God I shall be able to say the same thing next one. I have many threatenings of arrests. God grant I may parry them next Monday, and get the week clear.

" *9th.*—Out all day to pacify, put off, and arrange; came home nearly clear for the week. By God's blessing at work to-morrow, and then for a head. O God! have mercy on me, and bring me gloriously through, and after that enable me to begin and go more gloriously through the Crucifixion. Amen.

" *12th.*—Worked hard—got in the head again quite right. This comes of carelessness, and suffering the accidental beauty of an involuntary expression in a model to draw off your attention from your own conception.

" *14th.*—It would be curious to analyse the reason why the first head would not do. The sentiment to be expressed was harmonious piety. Air, attitude, all must be in harmony to express this. A profile was not in harmony."

Yet in the midst of labour and anxiety the buoyancy of the artist's temperament breaks out in such joyous penniless freaks as this:

" *16th and 17th.*—Dearest Mary and I were so set agog by Richmond, that I said, as we awoke, ' Let us go to Windsor.' She agreed, and away we went with barely money enough, but full of spirits. We got there, at six dined at the White Swan, evidently the remains of an ancient inn, and sallied forth to the Castle, so full of spirits that we laughed at an odd-shaped stone or anything that would excuse a jest. The White Swan became so full and noisy, we went to the White Hart—a clean, neat inn, and were in comfort. We walked to Eton, and sat and lounged in the shade of its classical playground. Our money lasted well, but,

PLATE VI

Study of William Harvey's Hand, for Christ in "The Raising of Lazarus"

Inscr.: "*Lazarus. June* 16, 1820. *William Harvey's hand for Christ. I think this the most perfect drawing I ever did.—B. R. H.*"

From the original drawing in the British Museum.

PLATE VI.

[*From the original drawing in the British Museum.*]

but, unfortunately, a barber who shaved me, as he was lathering, so praised his Windsor soap, that I, victim as I was, took six cakes, spent four shillings out of the regular course, and thus crippled our resources. The great thing was now whether we should pay the inn bill, or pay our fare to town, and leave part of the bill to be sent. Mary was for paying the bill, and part of the fare, and paying the rest when we arrived. We did this, and I was reduced to sixpence when we took our places on the top. Before the coach set off I took out the sixpence, as if I had £50 in my pocket, and said: 'Porter, here's sixpence for you'; flinging it so that it rang on the pavement. The porter, unused to such a present for looking after luggage, bowed and thanked me so much that all the passengers saw it, and without sixpence in my pocket I got as much respect all the way home as if I had £100.

"25*th*.—Worked hard—finished the hand, arm, and jaw. Introduced the figure of the Portland vase against all common sense; but it is picturesque, and will afford food for critics, who must be fed like other people.

"27*th*.—Worked hard, and got a complete figure done (the youth looking over the bank). This is the way, I am convinced, the old masters used to work; and the rapidity of their execution is the great reason why their figures hang together so well. This is the first time in my life I ever finished a figure in a day.

"28*th*.—Worked exceedingly hard till I had a pain in my side, and finished the last figure. Huzza!

"O God, on my bended knees I bless Thee for Thy mercies in enabling me to advance this picture so far through difficulties that were appalling. Amen, with all my soul.

"30*th*.—Out all day to battle with creditors—some I conquered, and some held out. The month is over, and I have got through the figures.

"*October* 10*th*.—Our wedding day. Sammons had a dinner, and dearest Mary and I went to Richmond, and spent the day before the winter began. Dined in the same room at the Star as that in which we dined 12th July, 1821. We found the initials we cut on the glass

B. R. H.
M. H.
M—A.D. 1821.

"This year has been the happiest year of my life. O God, accept my gratitude for the sweet creature with whom Thou hast blessed my being, and grant that every anniversary of our wedding day may be as delightful in association as the present. Amen.

"14*th*.

" 14*th*.—Out all day on business. The Martha [1] is a complete specimen of my own style of Art. For once I have realised my notions as to idea and nature, colour and expression, surface and handling.

" 20*th*.—After all my anxieties I have always had, so far, a bed to lie on, a house to cover me, and this year a sweet wife to lighten my cares. God grant me always such blessings, with eyes and intellect to make the proper use of them, as I have this year. Rainy day. Dearest Mary and I passed the day in reading, tenderness and quiet. God protect us. Amen.

" 24*th*.—All passed in pecuniary anxieties, without work, and of course I suffered more. I am in the hands of a scoundrel. God extricate me!

" 25*th*.—I have got through this time, God be praised. My dearest Mary's spirits are unaltered—this is a great blessing. Worked yesterday, and finished Lazarus' feet. If it was not for my divine art I should certainly go mad; but the moment I touch a brush all pain vanishes."

During this month, Haydon received intelligence of the death of Canova, and with his life closed the painter's hopes of a visit to Italy, which Canova had promised to make a triumphant one. In the midst of his own difficulties Haydon was always ready to help those who sought his assistance, and we have seen him lending as much money as he could spare just after he had been himself arrested. Godwin was now in distress, turned out of his house and business, and threatened with the seizure of all he possessed in the way of stock and furniture. Haydon busied himself on behalf of the author of *Caleb Williams*, and Charles Lamb (as I find from his letters) was active in the same work. He casts about for a channel through which to bring the matter within reach of the capacious benevolence of Mrs Coutts, who seems to have been regularly resorted to as a sort of Providence in these cases, but I do not find that Haydon applied to her. Lamb said in his letter, " Shelley had engaged to clear him of all demands, and now he has gone down to the deep, insolvent." Haydon applied to Sir Walter Scott, who answers by enclosing a cheque for £10 in one of his hearty, cheery, unaffected letters, not wishing his name to be made public, he says, as " he dissents from Mr Godwin's theories of politics and morality as sincerely as he admires his genius, and as it would be indelicate to attempt to draw such a distinction in the mode of subscribing."

Haydon was now at work on the background of his picture, at which he went (as he did at everything) " like a tiger," to use

[1] Martha is the kneeling figure in Lazarus with the face to the spectator.

his

his own words. Feeling, however, the difficulty of putting action into a background without disturbing the action of the foreground, his spirits rise with every obstacle overcome; and finding that the background when finished has a great effect, he is satisfied in his sanguine way that this year is the happiest of his life, and one cause is, he has left off writing. I imagine that Mrs Haydon had a good deal to do both with the happiness and the abstinence from the pen. But this calm happy progress does not long continue. He writes:

"*November 12th.*—Out the whole day on business and settled everything. Came home to relieve dear Mary's anxiety. Just as I was beginning to finish the right-hand corner in came a man with 'Sir, I have an execution against you,' and in walked another sedate-looking little fellow and took his seat. I was astonished, for I had paid part of this very matter in the morning. I told the man to be civil and quiet, and left him in charge of old Sammons, who was frightened as a child and pale as death. I then ran upstairs, kissed dearest Mary and told her the exact truth. With the courage of a heroine she bade me 'Never mind,' and assured me she would not be uneasy. Tired as I was I sallied forth again, telling the little Cerberus that I hoped he knew how to behave. These people are proud of being thought capable of appreciating gentlemanly behaviour; I find this is the weakness of all sheriffs' officers. I went to my creditor, a miserable apothecary. I asked him if this was manly when he knew my wife was near her confinement, and told him to come to the attorney with me. He consented, evidently ashamed. Away we went to the attorney, who had assured me in the morning nothing of the sort should happen, as he had not given the writ to an officer. He now declared the man had exceeded his instructions, and wrote a letter to him, which I took. The man declared he had not, and as I was going away with a release he said: 'I hope, Mr Haydon, you will give me an order to see your picture when it comes out.' I rushed to dear Mary, and found my little sedate man with his cheeks rosy over my painting-room fire, quite lost in contemplating Lazarus. He congratulated me on getting rid of the matter, assured me he thought it all a trick of the attorney's, and hoped when the picture came out I would let him bring his wife. In the interim some ladies and gentlemen had called to see the picture, and he intimated to me he knew how to behave. Dearest Mary, quite overcome with joy at seeing me again, hung about me like an infant, wept on my shoulder, and pressed her cheeks to my face and lips as if she grew on my form. My heart beat violently, but pained as I was I declare to God no lovers can know the depth of their passion unless they

they have such checks and anxieties as these. A difficulty conquered, an anxiety subdued, doubles love, and the soul after a temporary suspension of its feelings, from an intense occupation of a different sort, expands with a fulness no language can convey. Dearest love, may I live to conquer these paltry creatures, and see thee in comfort and tranquillity. For Thy mercies, O God, this day, accept my gratitude; my rapid extrication I attribute to Thy goodness."

No wonder amidst the constantly renewed harass of these money troubles that Haydon's philosophy came to summing itself up in such formulæ as "Art long, time swift, life short, and law despotic." Nor does it surprise me to find about this time many records of days spent "in fret, fidget, shivering by the fire, cursing the climate, groaning at the King, the Government, the people, and looking gloomily on everything but the face of dearest Mary." There at least was sunshine. Interspersed with such profitless times are others of sudden and successful energy where a day's work is compressed into an hour. Thus by fits and starts the picture advanced, and is finished by the 7th of December, with a "Laus Deo for this conclusion." Already by the 8th a grand picture of the Crucifixion is projected, and a blessing on it prayed for with the characteristic supplication that it may be the grandest Crucifixion ever painted.

"*December 12th.*—At half-past eleven in the forenoon was born Frank Haydon, whom I pray God to make a better man than his father. God bless him! and grant him life, and virtue, and dauntless energy and health, and, above all, genius![1] Accept my unbounded gratitude for the safety of my love, my only rapture in this dim spot, the sunbeam of my life.

"O God, this is the greatest mercy of all! On my knees I pray Thee to preserve her for years to come.

"*At night, December 12th.*—Never to my dying day shall I forget the dull, throttled scream of agony that preceded the birth, and the infant's cry that announced its completion. Tatham, the architect, a worthy man, was in the painting-room, and Mrs Tatham, who had had fourteen children, was with my dearest Mary. I had been sitting on the stairs listening to the moaning of my dearest love, when, all of a sudden, a dreadful dreary outcry, as of passionate, dull and throttled agony, and then a dead silence, as if from exhaustion, and then a peaking cry as of a little helpless being, who felt the air, and anticipated the anxieties, and bewailed the destiny of inexorable humanity! I rushed into the ante-chamber: Mrs Tatham came out and said, 'It is a boy.'

[1] [Frank Scott Haydon became an official at the Public Record Office. He died by his own hand, October 11th, 1887.]

I offered

I offered to go in, and was forbidden. I went down into the painting-room and burst into tears."

The painter was now for a time very happy. His wife and infant are often sketched, and by their side are the fragments of his gigantic and growing design for the Crucifixion, which, if completed, would have been the largest painting of the subject ever executed except Tintoret's.

The crucified Saviour forms the central object, and the arms of the crosses which bear the thieves are just visible on the right and left. Longinus on his horse looks up at the Saviour's face from the left of the composition; in front of him are the soldiers casting lots, balanced by the group of the fainting mother with the holy women. On the right of the cross, but thrown behind its plane, is the soldier preparing to pierce Christ's side, and a group of kneeling disciples, soldiers, and spectators, fills up the background. Above the cross the clouds are opened, and the angels bow their heads around the central glory.

But the painter was never to complete this vast design.

So 1822 draws to its end, between careful tending of his young wife and passionate abstraction in his new conception, and the year is closed, as usual, with a prayer.

"The last day of 1822. For thy mercies, O God, in bringing me through a year of such difficulties, accept my gratitude with all my soul. I prayed at the beginning for health and strength and energy to go through this year and bring my picture to a conclusion. I have been blessed with health and strength and energy to bring it to a conclusion, and have concluded it without one shilling of legitimate resource. O God, Thou has guided, protected and blessed me. From my soul I thank Thee. Amen.

"Matrimony has restored the purity of my mind. I have no vice to reproach myself with this whole year. The birth of a son has deepened my feelings, and I hope in God I do not deceive myself when I say I can conclude this year with more comfort of mind than any preceding one of my life! May I deserve the mercies I have met. For the delivery of my dearest Mary from the dangers of childbirth, O God, I bow to Thy goodness with gratitude. Amen."

I have inserted this and other like utterances of devotion that my readers may see what Haydon's prayers were, how compounded of submission and confidence, and, in their constant demand for success and personal distinction, how unlike that simple and general form of petition which Christ has left us as the model of supplication to our Father who is in heaven. Haydon prays as if he would take heaven by storm, and though he often asks for humility,

humility, I do not observe that the demands for this gift bear any proportion to those for glories and triumphs. His very piety had something stormy, arrogant and self-assertive in it. He went on so praying from his arrival in London to the very time of his death, and throughout his prayers are of the same tenour. I shall not therefore think it necessary to introduce them in future, unless when they are so interwoven with extracts that I cannot honestly separate them.

1823

From the small number of pictures that Haydon had produced up to this date he was often charged with idleness. He took careful note of time, at all events, and was in the habit at short intervals of reckoning up his hours of work and of idleness. He makes such a calculation at the opening of 1823 (defending himself to himself, as it were, against the charge of idleness).

At work, brush in hand, 159 days.—Idle, that is not painting	206	
Sundays	52	
		154
Two days a week absolutely idle about money matters, though I always carried paper or my sketch-book, and arranged work for next day .		104
		50
Ill		20
		30

"Thirty days decidedly idle from pleasure and inclination, but even then my art was never absent, so that in justice I do not think I am ever what may be called downright idle. I do not think it egotistical or absurd to say so. Before I paint I must think, and when I do not paint, it is because I have not thought conclusively. When I have thought conclusively I paint, and am wretched till I do begin, and when I am not painting, I am always thinking."

Up to the 20th of January Haydon had not touched a brush, immersed, he says, "in pecuniary difficulties." Yet he found something in himself fitted for this struggle.

"*January 21st.*—The faculties of some men only act in situations which appal and deaden others. Mine get clearer in proportion to the danger that stimulates them. I gather vigour from despair, clearness of conception from confusion, and elasticity of spirit from despotic usage. Perhaps independence would ruin me, and enjoyment and voluptuousness dull my vigour. Thus out of evil good springs, and want and necessity, which destroy others, have been perhaps the secret inspirers of my exertions."

Haydon

Haydon was a great reader, and a copious commentator on the books he read, and these took in a range not often embraced by the artist. Besides the great poets: Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, and Milton, who were his constant companions, and whom he is fond of comparing and analysing, and the writers on Art ancient and modern, he was a diligent reader of history. He spends whole days about this time over Las Casas and Montholon, and complains of the fascination of all reading about Napoleon (who was one of his heroes in spite of himself). "Reading his memoirs," he says, "is like dram-drinking. To go to other things after them is like passing from brandy to water."

Here is an example of his reading of this date with the comments on it:

"22*nd*.—Put in the finished sketch of my next picture. Finished Robertson's America, and felt my head cleared of a great deal of ignorance. Cortez was perhaps as remarkable an instance of decision of character as ever existed, always relieving himself from apparent ruin by attempts which would have been more ruinous, if unsuccessful, than the situations he got out of by their success. This is the true nerve so essential to the completion of all schemes where great decision and energy and self-will are requisite.

"Gold when obtained independent of commerce seems to have operated as a curse instead of a blessing; in the case of the Spaniards it deadened industry, destroyed energy, and rendered the nation more indolent and voluptuous than nature had made them: whereas when it can be obtained as a remuneration for articles of manufacture or agriculture it is a stimulus to exertion.

"Thus it is; love and gold, the things which Providence has given us to sweeten life above all others, when made objects of undue preference become the bane of existence.

"In the first settlements of the English at Virginia and Massachussetts the seeds of the future separation were planted. The settlers there were the violent, the discontented, the reformers of religion and politics, who as they gained strength would be sure to assert their independence.

"25*th*.—My birthday—thirty-seven. I came to town to try my fortune May, 1804, nineteen years ago. At my age Raffaele died. I think this is quite enough to nerve me for another year.

"Dearest Mary is sitting with the infant at her breast like an exquisite Charity and one of her babies, singing ditties in a melancholy strain. She asked me what I sighed for as I put down my age, and laughed at my serious look. Thank God I have been able so far to keep my ground. O God, grant I may keep it to the end of my life! Amen."

He

He now took a room at the Egyptian Hall for the exhibition of his Lazarus, and the preparations at once began.

"28*th*.—The men began to colour the room. I perceived the same unwillingness in them to *begin* as I often feel myself, and the same alacrity when once they had broken the ice. We are all alike, and the humble colourer of a partition has *his* moments of inspiration as well as the man of genius, with this difference, that the inspirations of the one produce the Prophet of the Capella Sistina, and those of the other an even surface on a flat wall.

"*February* 3*rd*.—Moved the picture with indifference. I left it to Sammons. Fourteen years ago, when I painted Dentatus, I walked down with the porters, looked with anxiety at every corner, dreaded a tile from a chimney, a lamplighter's ladder or a dray-horse's kick, but now, experienced and hardened by practice, I left it to my servant and walked coolly away—a picture, too, on which more depends than on any I have ever painted. Such is human nature. The picture was hung at the west corner of the room, and poor Sammons became frightened at its look; it was so black and dingy. This is always the way when the north and eastern sky is the source of light. It should always be the southern and western portion of the sky, and a picture has then the glory of an evening sun to assist its colour.

"5*th*.—Moved it to-day, and the colours brightened out so that the workman exclaimed, 'Lazarus made me tremble!' It is now lighted by the south."

By the 7th the picture was finally placed.

"8*th*.—Darkened the windows and settled the light finally. The picture looks admirably, and will have a great run unless anything political starts up (like the Queen's business), which always in England disturbs public feeling.

"This moment, as I was looking at my sketch for the Crucifixion, it darted into my brain to make a group of sick and afflicted anxiously pressing forward to ask relief before Christ dies.

"This I will make something of.

"Studied the tones for glazing on Monday. It won't require much.

"To-morrow I begin to glaze. God grant I may rival the rainbow in harmony, and the sound of the Haarlem organ in depth of tone.

"10*th*.—I began to glaze to-day, and got over St John, Martha, the Jews, Pharisees, St Peter, and Mary's head, with pitcher. My arm ached.

"11*th*.—Glazed the drapery of Christ with crimson madder. To have seen me do this would have been a lesson for any pupil. Toned

Toned and cooled the background, black over green, and then asphaltum worked in with tones of lake and brown-pink; it makes one's soul utter musical notes.

"Dearest Mary and I have scarcely seen each other these three days. She has been occupied with the child and I with my picture. The dear boy grows apace and seems to be more pleased with colour than anything. He will lie for hours quietly looking at a variegated shawl; and the moment his mother turns him on his face, if he is crying, he becomes quiet when he sees the colour of the carpet. God grant that he may have genius for the art, that he may complete what I leave unfinished. It requires one life to get a principle acknowledged and another to get it acted on. If I get it acknowledged, and he acted on, we shall accomplish the glory of the country in Art. God grant it! Amen.

"I worked to-day till I was faint and sick; but half the picture is done. There is no delight in Art equal to that of bringing a picture into tone.

"12*th*.—Intensely at work. Glazed father and mother, sky and rocks, and worked deliciously in with cool tints.

"13*th*.—Worked till my optic nerve ached. Finished Lazarus, corner figures, and part of Mary. Sometimes one fancies one has spoilt a face, or rubbed off something in the agitation of glazing. I always go to something else till my perception gets clear, and then I find my former notion a delusion.

"14*th*.—Got through the glazing. The vigour and light on the father's head contrast famously with the gloom and sepulchral tone of Lazarus. For this mercy in being permitted to paint another great picture, which must add to my reputation, and go to strengthen the Art, I offer Thee, O God, my humblest and most grateful thanks. Amen.

"15*th*.—I looked at Lazarus again, and found little things to attend to. Dearest Mary not well. The more I reflect on the mercies of God, during my last picture, the more grateful I am and ought to be. Bless me, O God, through the exhibition of it, for Jesus Christ's sake. Grant it triumphant success. I have a sweet wife, and a lovely infant. Grant that I may soon begin the Crucifixion, and persevere to the conclusion of that, till I bring it to a conclusion equally positive and glorious. Amen.

"16*th*–18*th*.—Attending to necessary things for private day. My eyes suffer a little from exertion last week. The time is now approaching. God bless me, and bring me through. Amen.

"19*th*.—I took the child to Raffaele's Cupid in the Galatea, and he laughed with ecstasy. If he should be a painter, this was his first impression. The boy continues to look at nothing but pictures

pictures and busts; and what is curious, he pays no attention to noises or singing, but laughs with delight the moment he sees any bust. A fragment of three horses' heads from the Elgin Marbles riveted him; and he kept talking for half an hour in his way. I hope he has genius.

"*23rd–28th.*—All anxiously employed in getting up my picture, arranging the room, and, thank God, all is now ready. Grant, O God, that nothing untoward may happen, and that all may turn out gloriously and triumphantly.

"O God, Thou who hast brought me to the point, bring me through that point. Grant, during the exhibition, nothing may happen to dull its success, but that it may go on in one continual stream of triumphant success, to the last instant. O God, Thou knowest I am in the clutches of a villain; grant me the power entirely to get out of them, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. And subdue the evil disposition of that villain, so that I may extricate myself from his power, without getting further into it. Grant this, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, with all my soul.

"*March 21st.*—The private day was to-day, and the success complete and glorious. O God, accept my gratitude. But, owing to the previous private days I have had, I was less affected. Such is life. When one has exhausted every species of excitement here, one may perhaps be willing to try another existence. No picture I have painted has been so applauded. The approbation was universal, and Lazarus affected everybody; high, low, ignorant and learned.

"*3rd.*—The picture opened to-day in rain and wind; succeeded very well for such weather.

"*4th.*—The receipts doubled to-day. It has made the greatest impression.

"*5th.*—The impression continues. No picture I ever painted has been so universally approved of. This proceeds entirely from my regular method of proceeding, so that everything should be as right as possible. It has not made the sudden burst the other did, but it will grow. O God, grant me gratitude and patience.

"*6th.*—The impression grows, and the receipts increase. Thank God! I have got my other canvas up, and shall begin it to-day in gratitude and elasticity of spirit."

On the 7th of March the Crucifixion was begun, the ground oiled, the perspective settled and the lines of the composition decided on; all with a determination that the picture should be free from the faults which he admitted to exist in Lazarus.

"March 31st was the crisis of the exhibition. It succeeded gloriously.

gloriously. I told Sammons I would give him a guinea if he had five hundred visitors; and he came home half tipsy with glee, as the receipts were £31, 11s. Had it failed to-day it would have sunk."

April 1st was another glorious day, and brought in £31, 5s. 6d.; but despite of all the wolf was not to be kept from the door. There are notes from Wilkie, indicating bill transactions, and letters of Sir George Beaumont's touching applications for an advance on his subscription for Jerusalem, and a draft for £30 sent, though not without inconvenience, and the old fightings with creditors and lawyers; and, through all, sketches and fancies, and new arrangements of the picture, executed in the intervals of struggling. "What a pity it is," he writes (April 9th), "that I should be so harassed. But I get on, and thus a new picture is advanced."

By the 21st, however, he is brought to a standstill.

"Totally unable from continued pressure to proceed with my picture. I arranged the composition in the sketch as I rode along. Hutchinson, my solicitor, who accompanied me, was astonished to see me take out my sketch-book, and arrange the light and shadow of the Crucifixion, while he was pondering how to get me saved from an arrest."

On the same page with this extract are sketched a pencil and port-crayon saltier-wise, with the motto, "Balm of hurt minds." And then follows page after page of sketches, sometimes of groups, often of the entire composition, with intercalations of lawyers' addresses and complicated entries of figures, as if he were trying to calculate ways and means, with other records of the like sadly significant kind. Even benevolent Mr Harman, irritated at non-payment, has got snappish at last:

"He said he would not give a farthing for the Judgment of Solomon, though he liked it better than any of my other works. He must value my other works very highly. On my saying to him that my crime was the refutation of Payne Knight, he replied, 'It was.' 'It will never be forgiven,' said I. 'It ought not,' he answered. 'Young men should not give themselves airs.' So I, because I was a young man, ought not to have defended the Elgin Marbles because he was an old man who attacked them.

"The fact is, the connoisseurs, as a body, will never pardon the man who destroyed the value of their judgment."

He resolves at last, of all strange expedients, to present a petition to the House of Commons, backed by the eloquence of Mr Brougham.

"*April 9th.*—Saw Brougham, who took great interest, and seems to give me more hope than any member ever did before. He

He seemed to understand me, and often anticipated my thoughts. I have had to do with fools before. Brougham's mind entered into it like lightning."

But before this forlorn hope could be tried (on the 13th) an execution was put in on Lazarus.

"And am I to be ruined?" he says passionately (on the 18th), "and all my glorious delusions and visions! O God, spare me the agonising disgrace of taking shelter under the law." And then come the scattered details of a hurried inventory of armoury, costumes, draperies, lay-figures and other painter's gear, jotted down on the eve of the arrest, which, after long drawing near, did come on the 21st.

His entry of the 22nd is dated "King's Bench."

"Well, I am in prison. So were Bacon, Raleigh, and Cervantes. Vanity! vanity! Here's a consolation! I started from sleep repeatedly during the night, from the songs and roarings of the other prisoners. 'Their songs divide the night, and lift our thoughts'—not to heaven."

His wife soon came to him, and often spent her days in his prison, cheering the depression which I find abundant traces of in the journal now. But the observing painter's eye was soon at work here as elsewhere. "Prisoners of all descriptions," he writes, "seem to get a marked look; neglect of person is the first characteristic, and a sly cunning air, as if they were ready to take advantage of you."

A meeting of his creditors was called for the 28th, and his letter to them is worth extracting:

"King's Bench Prison, 27th May, 1823.

"Gentlemen,

"After nine years' intense devotion to historical painting, known and respected by many of the most celebrated men in Europe, and acknowledged in my own country to have deserved encouragement, the Bench is a refuge! That I have not failed in the execution of my pictures the thousands who have seen them in Scotland and England, and paid for seeing them, give proof. But in interesting the Government or the patrons, the Church or the Sovereign, I have failed; and being unsupported in the efforts I have made, overwhelmed by the immense expenses of my undertakings, harassed by law, and drained by law expenses, to be disgraced by a prison is yet comparative relief.

"The unlimited confidence placed in me by my tradesmen and my friends is the great cause why I resisted, till I could resist no longer, submission to necessity, being always animated by hope, till I found at last law was an enemy I could not conquer. My earnest, my eager desire, is that by acceding to some arrangement, you will prevent the dishonour of my claiming its protection.

tion. I am in the prime of my life : my practice, my talents and my fame are in full vigour. I only want security for my time and my person, to obtain resources by their exercise and make gradual liquidation ; but if I am kept locked up, with no power of putting my art in practice, what will be the result ?—depression, disquiet and ruin. I shall infallibly be destroyed, and how can you be benefited by my death ? My life alone is of consequence to you, and having involved so many innocent and confiding men, my object is to devote a portion of it for this reparation. I never wilfully wronged any man, so help me God ! I have been pursuing great schemes for the honour of my country, and borne along by the ardour of my own imagination, I never reflected that I had no right to involve the property of others in my pursuits ; misfortune has turned my reflections inward. I have had time to reflect on the constructive want of principle that must be put on my conduct ; and if I am released from this horrid place, my character will be saved the agony of taking the act, and in two years the produce of my labour shall be laid before you, and payment made. I have nothing to offer you now—not a shilling ; my property is entirely gone ; those who were the most severe possess it. I find no fault with any man, but after living for years in the silence and solitude of my study, and lately in the most tender domestic happiness, it is hard to be torn up by the roots, to have my books, easels, prints and materials of study dragged from their places ; to see my wife for days distracted, and my child's health injured from her condition, and that too after devoting the finest part of my life to the honour of my country, and want of support being the only failure.

" I apologise for this tedious letter : Messrs Kearsey and Spur will make a proposition to you. I hope an arrangement will take place, for I am anxious to put myself by my labours in a condition to repair the injuries I have made others feel.

" B. R. Haydon."

It is pleasant to find so many proofs of substantial sympathy in the letters Haydon received during his confinement. Lord Mulgrave, Sir Edward Codrington, Mr Brougham, Sir Walter Scott, Barnes (of the *Times*), and his fast friend Miss Mitford were all prompt and helpful. His active friend and physician, Dr Darling, with Sir George Beaumont, Wilkie and others as practically benevolent, bought at the sale many of his casts, prints and painting materials, that he might have a nucleus for beginning work upon on coming out of prison. On opposite pages of his Journal he has preserved a Bench day-rule, with the epigraph, " Diploma of Merit for English Historical Painters," and a letter from M. Smirnove, informing him of his election as a member of the Imperial Academy of Russia; which two documents he very naturally contrasts. His petition to the House of Commons was now presented by Mr Brougham as follows:

THE

THE PETITION

"To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled;

"The humble petition of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, late of Lisson Grove, North, now in the King's Bench Prison;

"Showeth,—That it is now seven years since the Committee for the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, in dismissing the subject of their deliberation, submitted to the attentive consideration of the House how highly the cultivation of the Fine Arts had contributed to the reputation, character and dignity of every Government by which they had been encouraged, and how intimately they were connected with the advancement of everything valuable in science, literature or art.

"That though this recommendation of the honourable Commitee excited the hopes and ambition of all those who were desirous of seeing their country distinguished by excellence in the arts, no further notice has been taken of the subject; and that, under the sanction of this recommendation, your petitioner presumes to hope that permission will be granted to him to bring so interesting a subject before the attention of your honourable House.

"That as the said Committee has admitted the importance of the arts to everything valuable in science and literature, any attempt to prove their importance to a country would be superfluous; but that, in addition to the benefits which have always accrued to every nation by which the arts have been successfully protected, the improvement of its manufactures cannot be denied nor overlooked. That there are two ways in which your petitioner presumes to think a successful excitement to the genius of the country towards historical painting could be given, viz. the purchase and presentation of pictures to adorn the altars of churches or the sides of public halls, and the employment of artists of distinguished reputation to produce them. That were such an example given by your honourable House, the corporate authorities of the most distinguished towns would immediately follow it, as they are doing and have done with regard to the encouragement of sculpture.

"That had your honourable House done nothing whatever for any art or science, historical painting could not complain; but as your honourable House has for fifty years bestowed the most liberal patronage on sculpture, as examples have been purchased for its improvement, and galleries built for their reception, your petitioner appeals to the feelings of justice in your honourable House, whether the English historical painters, who, without one public act in their favour, have rescued their country from the stigma of incapacity which so long hung over it in the opinion of foreign nations, do not deserve to share some part of the favour of

of your honourable House so liberally bestowed on another department.

"That were there no pictures in churches, no music, or no sculpture, painting could not object to share exclusion with her sister arts: but that as sculpture, and music, and painting are admitted, and as many of the highest authorities in the Church have expressed their approbation at such admission, your petitioner earnestly hopes that your honourable House will not think it a subject over which you ought to have no control. That most of the historical productions painted in this country, by which its reputation has been raised, have been executed, not as in Italy and Greece, in consequence of encouragement, but in spite of difficulties; that Barry painted the Adelphi for nothing; that Hogarth adorned the Foundling for nothing; that Reynolds offered to grace St Paul's by his pencil, and yet was refused; that historical pictures the full size of life being inadmissible into private houses from the nature of their execution, and such pictures being the only ones that have given countries their fame, where Art has flourished; as the leading authorities of those countries were always the patrons of such productions, and from the expense attendant on their execution could alone be so, your petitioner humbly hopes your honourable House will not think it beneath its dignity to interfere, and, by a regular distribution of a small part of the public wealth, place historical painting and its professors on a level with those of the other departments of the arts.

"That your petitioner (if he may be permitted to allude to his own misfortunes), has devoted nineteen years to the study of historical painting; that his productions have been visited by thousands in England and in Scotland; that he has received signs of regard and estimation from many of the most celebrated men in Europe; that the day after he was imprisoned he was greeted by a distinguished honour from a foreign academy; but that historical pictures of the size of life being ill-adapted to private patronage, he has been overwhelmed by the immense expense of such undertakings. That he has been torn from his home and his studies; that all the materials of his art, collected with the greatest care from all parts of the world, the savings and accumulation of his life, have been seized. That he is now in the King's Bench, separated from his family and his habits of employment, and will have to begin life again, with his prospects blighted, and the means by which alone he could pursue his art scattered and destroyed.

"That your petitioner prays you would take the situation of the art into your consideration, more especially at a time when large sums are expending upon the erection of new churches, a very inconsiderable fraction of which would improve those sacred edifices, and effectually rescue historical painting and its professors from their present state of discouragement. And he humbly prays you to appoint such a Committee as investigated the subject of the Elgin Marbles, to inquire into the state of encouragement

encouragement of historical painting, and to ascertain the best method of preventing, by moderate and judicious patronage, those who devote their lives to such honourable pursuits, so essential (as your Committee has affirmed) to science, literature and art, from ending their days in prison and in disgrace. And your petitioner will ever pray, etc. etc.

"B. R. HAYDON."

Sir Charles Long (to whom Haydon had made earnest applications for his support in Parliament—applications met with a most diplomatic chilliness, to judge by Sir Charles's notes) insisting on some practical suggestion, Haydon laid before Mr Brougham his plan for ornamenting the great room at the Admiralty (which, no doubt, occurred to him as an old guest of Lord Mulgrave's there) with representations of naval actions, and busts and portraits of naval commanders. This is worth noting as a first step to the result which is getting towards realisation in the New Houses of Parliament.

Here is Sir Walter Scott's kind and sensible letter:

"Dear Sir,

"On my return from the country yesterday, I received with extreme regret and sympathy the letter which apprises me of your present unhappy situation. They have much to answer for, who proceed as your creditors have done, not only in the depreciation of your property, and the interruption at once of your domestic happiness and professional career, but in the deprivation of your personal liberty, by means of which you could in so many ways have been of service to yourself, and even to them. There is one advantage, however, in your situation which others cannot experience, and which ought to give you patience and comfort under your severe affliction. What real means of eminence and of future success you possess lie far beyond the power of the sheriff's writ. An official person is ruined if deprived of the power of attending his duty, a shopkeeper if deprived of his shop, a merchant if his stores and credit are taken from him, but no species of legal distress can attack the internal resources of genius, though it may for a time palsy its hand.

"If this misfortune had happened in Scotland, where our laws in such cases are of a most mild and equitable character, I could without trouble put you upon a plan of extrication. But the English laws are different, and I am unacquainted with them. Still, however, I think there must be an outlet under the insolvent act, of which you should not hesitate to avail yourself; for in the eye of justice and equity the creditors, who pushed on a hurried sale of your valuable pictures, must be considered to be overpaid. But as this may be a work of more time than I am aware of, perhaps some temporary arrangement might be made to obtain at least your liberty, for whenever at freedom I should have no fear that the exertion of your own talents would soon retrieve the

the comforts you have lost for the present. An appeal to the public would doubtless raise a considerable sum, but I should be sorry any part of it went into the pockets of those hard-hearted men of Mammon. I should rather endure a little buffeting, and keep this as a resource under my lee to run for, as soon as I was my own man again. But of this those advisers who know the law of England, and have the affairs fully under their consideration, will be the best judges. Among the numerous admirers of your genius, you must have many able and willing to assist you at this moment, and I need scarce point out to you the prudence of being entirely frank in your communications with them.

"I have now to make many apologies for the trifling amount of an enclosure which may be useful, as a trifling matter will sometimes stop a leak in a vessel: truth is, I have been a little extravagant lately, and mean this only as a small on *accompt*, for which you shall be my debtor in a sketch or drawing when better spirits and more fortunate circumstances enable you to use a black-lead pencil or a bit of chalk. Excuse this trifling communication: I hope to have a better by and by. This has been a severe season for the arts: about a fortnight since I had a very merry party through Fifeshire, with our Chief Baron (Serjeant Shepperd) and the Lord Chief Commissioner, and, above all, Sir H. Raeburn, our famous portrait painter. No one could seem more healthy than he was, or more active, and of an athletic spare habit, that seemed made for a very long life. But this morning I have the melancholy news of his death after three days' illness, by which painting is deprived of a votary of genius, our city of an ornament and society of a most excellent and most innocent member. Sir Henry about twelve or thirteen years ago had become totally embarrassed in his affairs from incautious securities in which he was engaged for a near relative, who was in the West India trade. He met with more considerate and kinder treatment than you have unfortunately experienced, but, notwithstanding, the result was his being deprived of the fortune he had honourably acquired by his profession. He bore this deprivation with the greatest firmness; resumed his pencil with increased zeal, and improved his natural talents by close study, so that he not only completely re-established his affairs, but has been long in the condition to leave an honest independence to his family. May you, my dear Mr Haydon, as you resemble him in his misfortunes, also resemble him in the success with which my poor friend surmounted them. Above all, I hope your youth and health will enable you much longer to enjoy returning prosperity than it has been his lot to do. I will be very glad to hear from you when your plans are arranged, and particularly so if it should be in my power by any exertion to advance them. I am, with sincere sorrow, and best regards,

"Dear Sir, yours very truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 8th July."

All attempts at arrangement with his creditors failing, on the 22nd of July Haydon had to face the Insolvent Court. In his account of his appearance there is evidently a kind of self-satisfaction. He would be the great man even in the Insolvent Court, and attitudinises a great deal too consciously on the occasion.

"*July 23rd.*—Yesterday I went up to court. What a day! That villain T—— entered his name as an opponent. The very moment before I went up he called and relinquished it! I, who had been so used to see his villanous and serpent face in a state of despotic insolence, felt deeply affected at the change. Never shall I forget his withered air. Poor human nature! There is something in a court of justice deeply affecting. The grave, good look of the robed judges, the pertinacious ferreting air of the counsel, the eager listening faces of the spectators, the prisoner standing up like a soul in purgatory.

"At last up rose a grave, black-robed man, and said in a loud voice, 'Benjamin Robert Haydon! Does anyone appear? Benjamin Robert Haydon!'

"Nobody came, and I mounted. My heart beat violently. I put my clenched hand on the platform where the judges sat, and hung the other over my hat. There was a dead silence: then I heard pens moving; then there was a great buzz. I feared to look about. At last I turned my head right facing the spectators. First, the whole row of counsellors were looking like ferrets, knitting their brows, and turning their legal faces up to me with a half-piercing, half-amusing stare. I saw nothing behind but faces, front and profile, staring with all their soul. Startled a little, I turned, and caught both judges with their glasses off, darting their eyes with a sort of interest. I felt extremely agitated. My heart swelled. My chest hove up, and I gave a sigh from my very soul. I was honourably acquitted, bowed low and retired.

"*25th.*—Thanks to Thee, O God, I was this day released from my imprisonment. I went up to court again. About half-past eleven my name was mentioned. I stood up, when the Chief Commissioner said aloud, 'Benjamin Robert Haydon, the Court considers you to be entitled to your discharge, and you are discharged forthwith.' I bowed low and retired.

"Out of one hundred and fifty creditors not one opposed me. One, a villain, entered his name, but lost courage. I consider this an ordeal that has tried my character, and I feel grateful for it.

"I am now free to begin life again. God protect me and grant that I may yet accomplish my great object."

Even

Even while in court he found opportunity to sketch judges, and barristers, and a prisoner, a poor fellow who had not eaten meat for two months, and who, harassed by counsel, said in his desperation at last, "You counsel go on making black white, and never think of the other world"—an allocution which we are glad to hear "actually stopped the counsel in the middle of his severity."

Haydon was scarcely free before he was again urging on repellent Sir Charles Long his plan for making a beginning of public employment for artists by the decoration of the great room of the Admiralty; as the House is likelier, he thinks, to be brought to the idea of encouraging the arts out of the public purse by starting with a small undertaking, and thence passing on to such large ones as the decorating of the House of Lords or St Paul's. At the same time he pressed on him the feasibility of the directors of the British Institution carrying out some similar work at their cost and under their auspices. Sir Charles received his hot appeals with unvarying official frigidity. He was always ready to give everything "his consideration: but Mr Haydon must be aware that Sir Charles Long has no means individually of giving effect to such a proposition" (as if Mr Haydon ever thought he had!), and "he conceives that his (Mr Haydon's) proposal would be more properly addressed to the Admiralty or the Treasury." The subject of adorning the halls of our public buildings with historical pictures has been, it appears, "at different times under the consideration of the directors of the British Institution, but they have thought the pecuniary means at their disposal too limited to carry into effect any general plan of that nature," and so they preferred to give premiums and buy pictures.

It was in this unpromising way that Haydon began that unbroken series of violent epistolary assaults upon public men and ministers, in favour of public employment for artists, which made him, I cannot doubt, a sad "bore" to his official correspondents, from Sir Charles Long to Sir Robert Peel. Were it decorous or possible to publish the whole of this correspondence, it would be a dangerous encouragement to all men possessed by an idea for which they wish to win access to official minds. One would say, after reading the correspondence on both sides, that never was anything so hopeless as these appeals. But silence, snub, simple acknowledgment, formal phrase of courtesy meaning nothing, curt refusal, every variety of turn by which red-tapeism could trip up and disable an obtrusive enthusiast, was lost upon Haydon, who, nothing daunted, kept pouring in page after page of passionate pleading on Sir Charles Long, on Mr Vansittart, on Mr Robinson, on the Duke of Wellington, on Lord Grey, on Sir

Sir Robert Peel, on Lord Melbourne—on Sir Robert Peel again —and seemed to be making no way whatever with any of them. But our new Houses of Parliament are to have their statues, and their frescoes, and their oil pictures—and Haydon lived to take a part (though an unsuccessful one) in the first competition intended to test the capability of our artists for such work.

It is certainly not clear how much this result has been contributed to by Haydon's pertinacious drumming of his darling tune in ministerial ears. But whether the achievement be "*post hoc*" or "*propter hoc*," it must be owned that Haydon wrote with the earnestness of a believer, and maintained, at a time when such a doctrine was alike new and unpalatable, that the future of Art in England depended on the finding public employment for artists. He saw what the experience of every year is making more evident to all, that if pictures are to be painted for private patrons only, they will be apt to tend more and more to the rank of mere decoration; they will be bound more and more to point no moral that is too grand or too stern for the atmosphere of a drawing-room, and to admit only so much of the heroic as can be congruously brought into juxtaposition with the indoor life of the nineteenth century. The effect of purely private patronage is to be seen in that blossoming of prettiness in fancy costumes which every year comes out to tempt a market at the Academy exhibitions —holding a divided empire with portraiture, and employing an amount of skill and a wealth of technical resources which, better bestowed, might place the English school in the van of European Art.

Meanwhile the work before Haydon, on coming out of the Bench, was clear. He must live, first of all—and he must live, if possible, without repeating that untoward attempt at living by credit, and borrowing on no better security than high hopes and honest intentions, which had ended in the King's Bench and insolvency. His great pictures had been sold to creditors at prices very much under their value: Lazarus to Binns, his upholsterer, for £300; and Christ's Entry into Jerusalem (which had brought him £3000 in receipts of exhibition) for £240.

So curbing his inclination for the heroic, Haydon began (September 8th) what he calls "his portrait career" by painting a gentleman. "Before he came," he says, "I walked about the garden in sullen despair. After I had got his head in, when he was leaving he told me he was sure I must want money, and slipped a note of considerable amount into my hand. He does not come again till Thursday, and to-morrow with a light and grateful heart I will begin the sketch for my next picture. This is advancing steadily. O God, accept my gratitude."

This

This next picture was a Bacchanalian subject—Silenus—but it went against the grain. "Humorous subjects" (he writes September 10th) "do not fill the mind so fully. You laugh, and there's an end; but with sublime subjects you muse and have high thoughts, and think of death and destiny, of God and resurrection, and retire to rest above the world—prepared for its restlessness."

And now began the torments of portrait-painting. "I proceeded with my portrait, irritated by the sitter wanting to go just as I was beginning to feel it. I submitted, of course, but he won't have half as good a head—so let it be. Well, I have been all day at work, and what thoughts are the consequence?—how to work the tip of a nose, or the colour of a lip!

"12*th*.—Proceeded with the drapery of the portrait. I learnt to-day what Reynolds meant by saying, 'A single figure must be *single*, and not look like a part of a composition with other figures, but must be a composition of itself.'

"14*th*.—Ah, my poor lay-figure! He who bore the drapery of Christ and the grave-clothes of Lazarus, the cloak of the centurion, and the gown of Newton, was to-day disgraced by a black coat and waistcoat. I apostrophised him, and he seemed to sympathise, and bowed his head as if ashamed to look me in the face. Poor fellow! such are thy changes, O fortune. Such, as Napoleon said, is human grandeur, '*Il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule*.'"

He was not without his consolations, however. He had already been praised in the sonnets of Keats and Wordsworth; and now staunch Mary Russell Mitford sent him her tribute, to cheer him in his distasteful labours for bread.

Sonnet to B. R. Haydon, Esq.

"Haydon! this dull age and this northern clime
Are all unripe for thee! Thou shouldst have been
Born 'midst the Angelos and Raphaels, seen
By the Merchant Prince of Florence, sent to climb
The flowery steep of art, in art's young prime,
By Leo. Of those master spirits thou
Art one: a greater never wreathed his brow
With laurels gather'd in the field of time.
And thine own hour shall come, the joyful hour
Of triumph bravely won through toil and blame,
Courage and constancy and the soaring power
Of genius plumed by love. Then shall thy name
Sound gloriously amid the golden shower
Of fortune, crowned and sanctified by Fame."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

(September 4th) 1823.

A little

A little practice in portrait-painting taught Haydon that this had its grave interest too, and awakened a suspicion of which I find frequent traces, that he had hitherto been unjust in his depreciation of a field of Art in which the greatest masters have worked and won honour.

"*September 20th.*—What they call 'style' in portrait-painting in England, of which Reynolds is the ostensible inventor, has its foundation in Kneller and Lely. They introduced it, and, in marking, Reynolds has a great deal of Kneller. Vandyke had nothing whatever of it. The great object of a portrait-painter should be to restore the solid natural style of Vandyke or Rembrandt.

"Worked hard, but, alas! on what?—a hand and drapery around it. I get excited, though, about portraits. My devotion to historical painting has plunged me into vast debts. Portraits and success are my only chance of paying them.

"*24th.* Proceeded with my portrait. Nearly finished it.

"*25th.* Finished it.

"*28th.* Was lent a capital picture of the Flemish school. Compared it with my portrait, which it made look flimsy. The lowest of the old painters had a mode of working their tints which I verily believe is lost to the world. We equal or excel them in thinking and propriety and true taste, but as for handling the brush—since Vandyke there has been no soul that knew anything about it. Wilkie is not to be compared to the Flemish school in that. There was a solidity, a body, a fleshy softness, a skilful purity which is gone from the art. There is not a soul now in existence who can paint a half tint. A man's feeling for colour can always be told by his half tint. If that be muddy then there is no eye. I have gained a great deal to-day. I put my own works face to face with the Fleming, and I was bitterly disappointed. The result has sunk deeply into my mind, and in my small picture I will venture to try my hand.

"Spent the day in Kensington with dearest Mary, sketching bits for background. There are here some of the most poetical bits of tree and stump, and sunny brown, and green glen, and tawny earth. Mary took up the life of Mary Queen of Scots, and sat by me as I sketched, and we passed a delicious four hours.

"*30th.*—I have worked pretty well this month, considering all things. I have now and then musing glimpses of my former glory, in my large room, striding about looking at my large drawings from the Cartoons, then at the busts of Cæsar and Alexander, then at my own picture, which makes me silent. By degrees it goes off, but I shall ever look on that part of my life as a dream of unrivalled heaven. Adieu days of pure unadulterated

ated enthusiasm! May your impressions go with me to the grave, and attend me at the resurrection!"

All the will in the world, however, will not bring sitters. Haydon had no reputation as a painter of portraits, and, I believe, was not happy in those he attempted, though his chalk heads are vigorous and faithful. The old difficulties soon began to gather again.

By November 5 it had come to extremities. "Obliged to go out," he writes, "in the rain. It was a foggy, rainy, dark November morning. I left my room with no coals in it, and no money to buy any, with little chance of returning with a shilling. But my case was desperate, and desperate was my remedy. I went to my sitter, and told him my situation. He felt deeply for me and assisted me. As I returned, 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'my dear Mary has had no fire to dress the child by.' Here am I at this moment ready to do anything, to the portrait of a cat, for the means of an honest livelihood, without employment, or the notice of a patron in the country. I am determined I will find out the impasto mode of the Venetians. I shall proceed to-morrow, relieved for the time."

All this time, with breaks of three weeks, sometimes "spent in apathy, disgust, melancholy, weakness, complaints and folly," he was diligently studying Vasari for information as to the practice of the Venetian painters, and trying to succeed in getting an impasto like theirs.

His studies are tinged by his humour. In his better moods he takes up Voltaire, and thus describes the effect upon him.

"When you are melancholy, if you take up Voltaire he is sure to render you more so, strange as it may seem. But may not that proceed from his showing you so completely, as he sometimes does, the absurdity, the fallacy, the imposture of human belief in many superstitions? After reading him I returned to Vasari, and it was curious to feel the simplicity, the *naïveté*, the piety, the good-heartedness, as it were, of such a writer on a delightful subject, in comparison with Voltaire on a dreadful one. The cutting satire, the dreadful wit, the sneering chuckle of Voltaire, seemed diabolical in its contrast. It was as if a wrinkled fiend had put his grinning and ghastly face into a summer cloud, and changed its silvery sunniness into a black, heavy, suffocating vapour.

"I hate Voltaire. His design is by cant to give colour to his indecency. He is charitable from contempt, blasphemous from envy, pious from fear, and foul from a disgust at human nature."

In the intervals of portrait-painting, Haydon had finished a small picture of Puck bringing the ass's head for Bottom, and had begun

begun a Silenus. Full of passionate regrets for large canvases and great subjects, he could not keep from sketching what his circumstances forbade his attempting to paint. On one day, December 9th, he sketched four fine subjects, Macbeth on the Stairs, Mercury and Argos, Moses and Pharaoh, Venus and Anchises, till he was sick of inventing, and more fagged (he says) than with a hard day's painting.

"*December* 10*th*.—No sitters came. Idle to-day, from no other cause but the curse, the usual curse—no money. Sketched Satan alighting, and Cymon bearing off Iphigenia. Filled up Aristides and Alfred. If I go on in this way, I shall die from disgust." And the day after, "Arose in an agony of feeling from want. Driven to desperation, I seized and packed up all the books I had except my Vasari, Shakespeare, Tasso, Lanzi, and Milton. Got into a coach and drove to a pawnbroker's. Books that had cost me £20 I only got £3 for. But it was better than starvation. I came home and paid for our lodgings." No wonder he regretted the old days, the old painting-room. He has no high inspiration now, he complains. "I used to kneel down regularly before my picture, and pray God for support through it, and then retire to rest after striding through my solemn and solitary painting-room, with the St Paul of Raffaele gleaming through the dim light at one end, the Galatea at the other, the Jupiter of the Capitol over the chimney-piece, and behind all my Lazarus! What pleasure have I enjoyed in that study! In it have talked Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Proctor, Belzoni, Campbell, Canova, Cuvier, Lamb, Knowles, Hazlitt, Wilkie, and other spirits of the time. And above all thy sweet and sacred face, my Mary, was its chief grace, its ornament, its sunbeam."

And yet with all his pains and troubles and lookings back, he feels strong in body and mind—approaching the prime of his powers in execution and conception. "Oh that I had a dozen pictures on the easel, and two dozen pupils at work on them," is his prayer.

Upon this mingled web of distresses, retrospects, longings, sketchings, and strivings, 1823 closes. He reviews, as usual, this year to him so eventful.

"Last day of 1823. A year of more misery than any I have endured since my birth. Perhaps that of 1802, when I was blind, was more acute, but as the sphere of my affections is extended now, of course my responsibility is more. My misery or my pleasure by being interesting to others is doubled to myself.

"This Journal, continued for three years, ends with the year. It is interesting to turn it over. In the midst of such troubles as

as we have been afflicted with, we must feel gratitude to God for His mercies. Dear Mary, and myself, and our children have had our health, our food, beds, shelter and firing. These are blessings which I never knew the full value of till I found myself without a shilling to procure them. I was enabled, by God's mercy, to provide my Mary with every comfort in her last lying-in. God in heaven grant me equal power to do that at her next.

" For myself, I was never better, in fuller practice, or happier in my art. Melancholy as my fate seems, my very ruin and troubles (my devotion being so thoroughly known) have given that shock to the feelings of the higher classes, which no work of Art, however exquisite, could have given. Angerstein's pictures have been bought as the first foundation of a gallery. English pictures being amongst them of course will take their station with the great masters, for no gallery can be national if modern English pictures do not fill it, as well as the works of old foreign masters. I consider this is the greatest step since the Elgin Marbles. If Mr Brougham can only now induce the House to grant a committee for the arts, the thing will be established. He is determined. Independently, I have prospects of two commissions for large works, now when I have neither casts, prints, books, nor a room. But so it is. I begin to think of death more than I used to do. Every wish of my heart, but two, have been gratified: I have only two left, viz. to be able to pay all I owe, and to see the Government practically by purchase encourage painting. O God, on my bended knees grant these two things before Thou callest me hence."

1824

The new year opened well.[1] Haydon passed the first day of it in hard work, and as he records, with some pride, paid his butcher—" a good sign." All January he was working on his picture of Silenus, intoxicated and moral, reproving Bacchus and Ariadne.

" *January 13th.*—Very hard at work. I painted the best feet I ever painted, certainly. I could not help thinking as I looked at them, that there was seventeen years' continual labour and thinking in those feet, and yet that it would take seventeen years more to paint them as they ought to be painted, and that then they

[1] The eleventh volume of the Journal opens with this year, with this motto from Shakespeare :

> " No stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
> Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
> Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

would

would be one hundred years behind the beauty and vigour and softness of life, and that even after one hundred years' practice there would be something to do, and a beauty that could not be done."

But the wolf was always at the door.

"14*th*.—Completed my yesterday's work, and obliged to sally forth to get money in consequence of the bullying insolence of a short, wicked-eyed, wrinkled, waddling, gin-drinking, dirty-ruffled landlady—poor old bit of asthmatic humanity! As I was finishing the faun's foot in she bounced, and demanded the four pounds with the air of an old demirep duchess. I irritated her by my smile, and turned her out. I sat down quietly and finished my feet. Fielding should have seen the old devil!"

He now began to feel that painting small pictures occasionally has its advantages.

"Large pictures by the immense knowledge required give you the power of painting small ones better than if you painted small ones all your life. Because after the detail required by large works you give the masses only in small ones, with such decision that this work sends you back to a large canvas with more love for masses than when you left off. The parts in large works are so much larger than nature that you are apt to be too fond of detailing all you know, and in the small ones they are so much smaller that you are apt to omit too much. A painter in large when he paints small compresses his knowledge, but a painter in small when he enlarges extends his ignorance. It must be so. This is the reason Rubens' small works are so exquisite, and indeed all the small works of great painters."

He this month took a lease of a house in Connaught Terrace, and had already moved into it such furniture and painting materials as his friends had contrived to get together for him after his ruin, when behold on the 24th another execution! "The two old reptiles with whom we lived, and whom we had saved from starvation, who teased, enticed, plagued and pestered us to lodge with them, heard a short time ago that I had been in the Bench. They grew irritable and restless, and of course the women in the house never met but to exchange broadsides. I took my wife's part, and flew at them like a tiger. I had paid up all my rent but £4, 10s., and while Mary and I were laughing, in walked a man with a distraint. These two miserable old people, with more than a foot in the grave, who had not paid their landlord for two years, put in a distraint for £4, 10s. after we had paid them £46. Such is human justice! Dear Mary was frightened, and being near her time suffered for an hour or two. I was roused, set to work, and told my new landlord our situation. He

He immediately ordered men to get the house ready, and there were we without a plate or a teacup, but with a great deal of experience. To-day (25th) is my birthday, and God protect us from the misfortunes, the inattention we have endured. God protect us and save us.

" 26*th*.—Not yet settled. I do not know but that this execution will hurt me more than the one which ruined me. It revived all the tortures of last year, and agitated my mind with pangs which I thought had passed. It appeared as if we were fated to suffer. Last night I had a horrid dream. I awoke in a profuse sweat. I dreamed I was suddenly in a crowd who appeared to be watching some people who were looking after a person they had lost. I asked what the people were about, and someone in the crowd said, ' They are looking for Haydon who has escaped from prison.' All of a sudden a set of voices said, ' There he is, there he is,' and I was seized like lightning. Instantly I felt myself between two officers in red robes; the one was the Marshal of the Bench, the other his deputy: behind were twelve in red jackets with their arms locked lest I should escape. At last we came at full gallop to the walls of an immense prison with a moat. The tide was in, and I saw the sandy shore gradually appear. We crossed, and I heard the buzz of endless prisoners. All my regret I remember was at being unable to dine with Sir W. Beechey, and keeping him waiting. My anxiety was so great that I awoke."

By the 6th of February he was settled in his new home, and on the 7th he mentions his meeting with Wilkie, whose influence on the Art of England Haydon had thought injurious. " Nothing bold, or masculine, or grand, or powerful touches an English connoisseur. It must be small and highly wrought, and vulgar and humorous, and broad and palpable. I question whether Reynolds would now make the impression he did, so completely is the taste ebbing to a Dutch one."

During the early part of this year he renewed his efforts with public men. Mr Brougham, Mr Robinson, and Mr Lambton were successively appealed to. Of the first he had great hopes. He had found him ready to move in his cause when suffering and in prison, but discovered that his interest was more for the artist than the art. Mr Robinson gave him an appointment at the Treasury, but, alas! when he called he found a deputation of silk-mercers in waiting to remonstrate against the removal of the bounties on silks, and was obliged to leave in writing what he wished to have urged by word of mouth. His hopes from honourable gentlemen in office were never of long continuance, though he renewed his attacks on each successive First Lord of the

the Treasury. A letter of inquiry whether it was Mr Robinson's intention to bring forward any measure in Parliament for the encouragement of English historical painting met with no more encouraging reply than the information (by the hand of the private secretary) that Mr Robinson had already proposed to the House of Commons all the votes of money for the present year which he calculated on bringing forward at the commencement of the session.

Thus repulsed by the Minister, Haydon determined to try the Opposition, and Mr Brougham having cooled, had recourse to Mr Lambton, whom he found fearless and independent, and ready to present his petition " reckless of anyone's opinion."

But by the 27th the prospect was as blank as ever, even from this quarter. " I had a long conversation with Mr Lambton this morning, who candidly gave me no hopes. He spoke to Sir C. Long in the House last night, and Long said it was no use to raise hopes in me, for no one man would be entrusted with employment in the arts. He said I must not think of Italy, for that country was despotic, and it was the will of a despotic prince to select an individual; that practice would not do in England, where every man conceived himself entitled to recommend his favourite artist.

" I replied, the Government was not despotic in Greece; that public opinion at all times would and should influence the selection; that I had devoted my life exclusively to qualify myself for a course of practice which no other artist in the country had done before; that I did not want exclusive selection, but public competition, that the ice might be broken, and some prospect held out to future artists who may devote themselves as I had done.

" Mr Lambton asked, ' In the event of a commission, who were they to select, who were to judge? ' and said that ' the Government mistrusted themselves.' I said, ' I was happy to hear this; if they had done so long ago St Paul's would not have been disgraced.' ' In case of premiums who were to judge? ' I said, ' Let there be six artists and six connoisseurs.' He said he had no hopes. ' The King is too old; and in the case of the recent commission to Turner for Trafalgar,[1] the Government were not satisfied. This had done great injury,' he said. ' Why select ——, a protégé of Sir Charles Long? ' I asked. ' Ah, there it is,' said he; ' you object to ——, and others would object to you.' ' If you wanted a secretary,' said I, ' would you choose a man who could not spell? ' ' No,' said he. ' Well,' said I, ' —— cannot spell in the art, and the commonest observation can see it.' ' Yes,' said Lambton, ' but you want to establish

[1] A Government commission painted for Greenwich.

a system

a system too early in the art; we must feel our way first. Your system should be the end, and not the beginning.' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'if genius could be raised like lettuces, it would be right to wait.' Lambton smiled. But he is sincere; he damps me—at least tries to do so. Long always flattered. Hamilton always predicted he was not sincere.

"I think myself the man; and I would venture to predict that if the books were open for the public to write the name of the man they think most capable of conducting a great system of Art, Haydon would preponderate fifty to one. I can only say that in Italy Dentatus would have given me employment the rest of my life, and posterity will think so."

There was one set-off against such disappointment. The Government had at last purchased Mr Angerstein's gallery, and so acquired the nucleus of a national collection. Haydon visited the collection (May 18th).

"Went to Angerstein's. Studied the Gevartius and Heathfield. I would rather be the painter of Lord Heathfield than of Gevartius. There is more of what may be called, or is understood, by the word genius in the former. It is astonishing how its breadth and tone came on me as I entered the room. It affected me like the explosion of a bomb. It is an honour to the country.

"It was delightful at last to walk into the gallery just as you felt inclined without trouble or inconvenience. I argue great and rapid advance to the Art of the country from the facility of comparison this will afford the public."

He had already executed a crayon head for his warm friend Mr Tatham, and a "Portrait of a Gentleman"—name unrecorded.

By the end of May he had two more portrait-subjects in hand. One, a family group—citizens—and the other a full-length of Mr Hawkes, a late mayor of Norwich, painted for St Andrew's Hall in that city. Distasteful as the work was, necessities such as these were more intolerable than any work, however against the grain.

"*April 21st–23rd.*—Passed in desponding on the future. Not a shilling in the world. Sold nothing, and not likely to. Baker called and was insolent. If he were to stop the supplies God knows what would become of my children! Landlord called—kind and sorry. Butcher called—respectful but disappointed. Tailor good-humoured and willing to wait. Silenus' reputation has done this, as the moment your name is up again common people fancy your pocket full. Walked about the town. I was so full of grief I could not have concealed it at home. Wrote Miss Mitford a violent letter on my situation. Called on Brougham,

Brougham, Hobhouse, and Sir Edward Codrington; all out. As Brougham has cooled, I must try Hobhouse. Dear Mary overcome as well as myself; cried the whole evening, and we both passed a heated, restless night. It seems as if a fatality attended us."

To aggravate the painter's troubles his family was increasing. On March 17th his wife had brought him a daughter, and he had to watch and work by her in her suffering. He would have been too glad to paint portraits then.

Wordsworth was in town this year and a frequent visitor.

" *March 3rd.*—Wordsworth called and said : ' Well, Haydon, you found the world too strong.' ' Stop, sir, the battle is not over '; and down we sat and had a regular set-to. I maintained my ruin had advanced the art, and that the purchase of Angerstein's pictures and Wilkie's (a living artist) among them, was the greatest triumph since the Elgin Marbles. He acknowledged it, and seemed angry that Wilkie was admitted. I told him I was convinced the art was advancing. I deny I found the world too strong, except in their ignorance; and when a man is in the prime of his life and still living, I consider the battle but as half over."

This year too he met Moore for the first time, and leaves this pleasant impression of him:

" *23rd.*—Met Moore at dinner, and spent a very pleasant three hours. He told his stories with a hit-or-miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris who they would have as a godfather for Rothschild's child, ' Talleyrand,' said a Frenchman. ' *Pourquoi, Monsieur?* ' '*Parcequ'il est le moins Chrétien possible.*'

" Moore is a delightful, gay, voluptuous, refined, natural creature; infinitely more unaffected than Wordsworth; not blunt and uncultivated like Chantrey, or bilious and shivering like Campbell. No affectation, but a true, refined, delicate, frank poet, with sufficient air of the world to prove his fashion, and sufficient honesty of manner to show fashion has not corrupted his native taste; making allowance for prejudices instead of condemning them, by which he seemed to have none himself; never talking of his own works, from intense consciousness that everybody else did, while Wordsworth is always talking of his own productions from apprehension that they are not enough matter of conversation. Men must not be judged too hardly; success or failure will either destroy or better the finest natural parts. Unless one had heard Moore tell the above story of Talleyrand, it would have been impossible to conceive the air of half-suppressed impudence, the delicate, light-horse canter of

of phrase with which the words floated out of his sparkling Anacreontic mouth.

" One day Wordsworth at a large party leaned forward to Sir Humphrey Davy at a moment of silence and said: 'Davy, do you know the reason I published my "White Doe" in quarto?' 'No,' said Davy, slightly blushing at the attention this awakened. 'To express my own opinion of it,' replied Wordsworth.

" Once as I was walking with Wordsworth in Pall Mall we ran into Christie's, where there was a very good copy of the Transfiguration, which he abused through thick and thin. In the corner stood the group of Cupid and Psyche kissing. After looking some time he turned round to me with an expression I shall never forget, and said, 'The Dev-ils!'

" *May 12th.*—Here I am waiting for a sitter to begin a family piece. How different used to be my sensations. This morning when I awoke I had a nasty taste in my mouth. I got up in dull foggy disgust. This is very weak, but I cannot help it. Silenus, my last hope, has not sold. My last hope! Lazarus has come back, and Binns has lost £300 more by it, poor fellow! My debt was large enough without this. Some days ago, as my previous sketch shows, I settled the composition of Moses and Pharaoh. The background rushed into my head like an irruption. I tingled to the feet, and passed the day in a rapture.

" Perhaps portrait-painting may do me good. I know it may be made subservient to historical purposes, but I, who paint everything from nature, don't want such a means. Pity, after twenty years' devotion to my art, and having just completed my studies, I should not now have an opportunity to give vent to my power!

" Portrait the size of life is better practice than historical pictures in Poussin size, surely.

" A wife and four [1] children must be fed: so to work I must go, willy nilly. Ah! my glorious times. I swam through life in a dream of love and glory. Passed! passed! passed!

" I think I felt yesterday something like a tinge of pain at my heart. If so, it is the beginning of my family complaint, angina pectoris.

" My sitter will soon be here with his good-hearted, sunny, city face; and so adieu speculation and thinking, of which my head is full.

" *14th.*—Hard at work on my picture; did not succeed, of course. Painted the forehead well, and gained from painting it;

[1] Mrs Haydon had two children by her first husband when Haydon married her.

but

but just as I wanted to go on, my sitter was obliged to go to the city.

" ' Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
. . . . . .
. . . . for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what she likes or loathes.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
So I can give no reason, and I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear and ever shall to shortened noses,
Long upper lips, small eyes, and hollow cheeks,
And all the meagre wrinkled accidents
Of booby faces——.'

" I do not despise portrait. I only don't like it. I am adapted for something else.

" *July 2nd.*—Called on Binns, who purchased Lazarus. It had returned safe after all sorts of adventures. He unrolled it to show me a part. I saw the head of Lazarus and the hand of Christ, after a year's absence; and if God in His mercy spare that picture, my posthumous reputation is secured.

" O God! Grant it may reach the National Gallery in a few years, and be placed in fair competition with Sebastiano del Piombo. I ask no more to obtain justice from the world.

" 20*th.*—I have nothing to write, no thoughts; I am painting portraits; *voilà tout.*"

" 24*th.*—' As you leave the atmosphere to complete the effect, so you ought often to leave the imagination to complete the expression.' This is the only thought I have had since I began portraits, and this is not worth much.

" For these two months, having at last devoted myself to portraits, I have enjoyed tranquillity, luxury, quiet and peace; and have maintained my family with respectability and credit. But, alas! what an absence of all original thought.

" These divine faces have been all I have studied, investigated, ascertained " (and here follows a row of caricatured versions of the commonplace features of his sitters).

Wilkie was this year painting his portrait of George IV. at Holyrood. This account of a visit paid to the picture, with the reflections on it, is characteristic.

" *August 19th.*—Called on Wilkie. The King had sat to him, which I was very happy to find. I imagined the awkwardness of

of his last visit had ruined his prospects in that quarter. I asked him why John Bull so immediately after attacked him. He said he could account for it by no other reason than that the printer had seen him with Denman at some trials, and immediately concluded he was a Radical.

" After a few months Knighton called on him and said: 'The King must sit to you; I will speak to him to-day.' Wilkie soon had notice to come to Carlton House at a certain hour. The King was punctual, and sat to him two hours alone. Wilkie, finding himself *tête-à-tête* with a monarch, became so nervous he could not talk. After two hours the King rose. Wilkie, in an agony of fear lest he had missed an opportunity that could never occur again, passed the evening in a perspiration of anxiety, and the next day resolved to let the matter have its swing. The next time he found Blomberg with the King. His Majesty felt it awkward to be alone with him.

" What an opportunity to pour into his ear sound views of Art and high notions of public encouragement! Wilkie returned the first day miserable in mind at having missed an opportunity with royalty. His portrait was not like. He was dissatisfied with himself and with his conduct. The next time he went early, and did a great deal before the King came in; at the end of his sitting he was much pleased, and at the end of the third still more pleased by the King's approbation.

" These little facts are from Wilkie's own mouth this morning, and knowing, as I do, his love of truth and simplicity of mind, I will answer for their veracity.

" I think, after all, this is a hit, and the picture a fine composition, and Holyrood House will be a fine accompaniment.

" Wilkie might have made more by this honour. Wilkie may have disappointed the King, but he has not offended him.

" I should probably have exceeded his expectations, and have never been admitted again. I must own I long to have an audience with a monarch. I had a specimen of princes in the Russian Grand Dukes; but still they were not kings. I think I could 'touch the brink of all they hate' without offending them.

" Wilkie said the King seemed to have a great knowledge of men and character.

" If I could elicit certain things by conversation I would not mind being debarred his presence for ever. 'Time and the hour run through the roughest day.' I wait with patience.

" *September 3rd.*—Called accidentally at the Museum, after a long absence. There stood the Memnon's head, the wonder of travellers, and Belzoni, dead, the mover, transporter and presenter of this superb fragment. There stood the Elgin fragments

which Socrates had looked at, and boys, fresh-coloured English boys, were drawing them—boys who were just born when first I drew them years ago. The actions I had studied, the knees I had investigated, the feet I had adored, were there still, beginning to move, or to swing, or to balance. And yet in that short time empires had passed, and heroes made an inglorious end. All the associations connected with these divine things filled my mind with the delight of remembrance.

"4*th*.—Read through Aberdeen's *Essay on Greek Architecture* in a shop in Holborn. It does credit to his intellect.

"It is extraordinary that he can bring forth as arguments against the *Iliad* being the production of one genius, such facts as that writing was only known on stone, leather or wood—that the rhapsodists used, like the bards, to repeat the different portions of the *Iliad* as distinct tales. Will Lord Aberdeen or Payne Knight place all these reasons against the positive evidence of the work itself? Could such composition, such arrangement, such art, such exquisite character, such consistency throughout, have ever been attained from the accidental conceptions of different rhapsodists? Impossible, I say of the *Iliad*, as I say of the Elgin Marbles. The works themselves are irresistible proofs that they proceeded from one mind, original and enlightened. Lord Aberdeen doubts the *Odyssey*. Why, the single conception of Ajax disdaining to answer Ulysses, and Achilles striding with larger steps at hearing of his son's fame, are proofs of its being the production of the same mind.

"Men of this nature of mind can surely never have been impressed with the real power of a poetical work, or they could not thus be led astray by plausibility, ingenuity and antiquarian research."

On September 14th he mournfully writes that he has not had one historical fancy. His mind was, however, constantly reverting to the grand forms it most delighted in. Sketches of the Theseus and Ilissus are on almost every page of his Journal; and below one careful study of a full-length figure he has written, "A sketch to try if I had forgotten all." On the very next page to that on which he has vented the above complaint, is a design for a subject he ever afterwards had in his mind. Uriel revealing himself to Satan, from *Paradise Lost*. He made a fine fresco of the head of Uriel in 1842 on the wall of his painting-room in Burwood Place.

In his dreams he was urging those claims of High Art to public encouragement which he never could get acknowledged in his waking assaults on men in power.

"I awoke this morning (Sept. 19th) making a speech at a large

large dinner of artists in favour of historical painting, and a capital speech it appeared to me. I remember one passage only. 'Why must historical painting be supported only when it can be made an engine of state or of religion, and held forth, enchained by superstition or power, like a beauty by a band, to ensnare and entrap the unthinking and unwary? These times are passed; and because they are passed High Art is to sink, because it cannot be employed as a means of seduction. Have we no heroic actions in the history of our country fit for representation? Are we so bare of great deeds that we must descend to immortalising the caprices, the humours and the absurdities of the day? What do all English exhibitions show but a body of gigantic powers stooping to hit the taste, to flatter the passions or suit the ignorance of the rich who visit them?'

"All this and more came pouring out as I lay dozing."

There are moments at which, if the entries in the Journal are faithful transcripts of what was passing in the writer's mind, his sufferings at the uncongenial work he was fastened down to at this time, seem to have gone nigh to shake his intellects. Thus I find:

"*Oct. 6th.*—I am entirely abroad in mind, occupied with a continuity of daily trifles: in the evening I have no abstract idea of expression or character to muse on till the next day. I leave off wearied and commence in disgust. I candidly confess I find my glorious art a bore. I cannot with pleasure paint any individual head for the mere purpose of domestic gratification. I must have a great subject to excite public feeling. I must be supported with all sorts of anticipatory hopes, fears and feelings. In portrait I lose that divine feeling of inspiration which I always had in history. I feel as a common man; think as a common man; execute as the very commonest. Velasquez used to paint fruit, vegetables, still life and all life, again and again, to get facility. I would willingly do this, and have done it, could it end in anything worthy; but what worthy thing will happen to me? Alas! I have no object in life now but my wife and children, and almost wish I had not them, that I might sit still and meditate on human ambition and human grandeur till I died. I really am heartily weary of life. I have known and tasted all the glories of fame, and distinction and triumph; all the raptures of love and affection, all the sweet feelings of a parent. And what then? The heart, as I have said before, sinks inwardly, and longs for a pleasure calm and eternal, majestic, unchangeable. I am not yet forty, and can tell of a destiny melancholy and rapturous, bitter beyond all bitterness, afflicting beyond all affliction, cursed, heart-burning, heart-

heart-breaking, maddening. Merciful God, that Thou should'st permit a being with thought and feeling to be so racked! But I dare not write now. The melancholy demon has grappled my heart, and crushed its turbulent beatings in his black, bony, clammy, clenching fingers. I stop till an opening of reason dawns again on my blurred head."

But help was at hand from a quarter where few look for it.

Haydon's legal adviser at the time of his arrest, Mr Kearsey, was his zealous friend also. Not content with most judicious and active professional service in that crisis, this friend bought his picture of Puck. He it was, too, who gave him a commission for the family picture which provoked some of his bitterest anathemas upon portrait-painting. And now this rare lawyer came forward (Oct. 25th) with an offer of assistance, most kindly meant, but put in a way which probably chafed the unfortunate painter not a little.

At once Mecænas and man of business—friend in need and attorney-at-law—proffering a year's peace, at four per cent. and sufficient securities—and even imposing the dimensions and prices of the pictures to be painted by his client and protégé—wealthy and prudent Mr Kearsey, now at Brighton for his health, thus writes to poor and improvident Mr Haydon:

". . . I cannot forget that on your introduction to me (now a year since or so), you came to me driven by the pitiless storm which was then about to annihilate you. The storm was doubtless in no small degree of your own raising. I carried your bark through it, but miserably despoiled, it's true, of tackle and stores. You was, however, then pushed off the shore and afloat; but I found you on the crisis of my late attack in May last (which through a providence to you as well as to me I survived), with your bark aground, and as helpless, if not more helpless, than ever. This latter event was, I admit, more your misfortune than your fault; then, and ever since then, I carried and have carried you through the surge, and you are floating again on the wave. I have reason to think you are, and have been tolerably industrious since the first great week, and that your state of depression may with a helping hand at the critical moment be dispelled for ever, provided industry, economy and every good habit is in exercise by you. Therefore, although I have actually gone beyond my poor means already, yet I am resolved that if it is in my power to help it, your talents shall not be sacrificed to rapacity, greediness or avarice, and if you are not to rise (which most depends on yourself), those shall not keep you down for at least one year to come. Your necessities must not and shall not compel your genius to go crippled, or on all fours, seeking for and picking up crumbs. You doubtless from the former class of your studies have something yet to attain in portrait-painting, more especially female

female portraits, and you must make, as you ought, for some time, a sacrifice in the price of portraits ; but this must not be dictated to by the extortionate. A whole length at this moment should not be done by you under seventy-five guineas, a three-quarter, fifty guineas, a half, thirty to thirty-five guineas ; and in order to prevent your being obliged to take less than these sums, I have resolved, for one year, from 1st January 1825 to 1st January 1826, to come forward at intervals (provided there is need, and I have reason to think you deserve it) with a sum of £300, secured to me as I shall by and by state. Thus you will have a year clear before you, if you do not gain a farthing, and the year (free and well employed) will give you the command, I trust, of a better fate. Your mind unembarrassed will have a full call and play of its energies. But mark well, while I do this, the following with others I may think of, of a similar nature, will be *sine quâ nons*. And I am obliged to be precise, because in what I am thus uncalled for proposing to do for you, a stranger, I shall (if I am called on to do it) be doing more than, in justice to my own family, as is the vulgar excuse, I ought to do for anyone not allied by ties of friendship, blood or other relationship.

" You will paint portraits to your best skill at the above prices when they offer, and you will try to get them.

" You will paint no portrait at less price unless I assent : under penalty this.

" While not engaged in painting portraits, you must be actively engaged in painting historic or compositions of fancy, of a small, and at most not larger than a saleable cabinet size, consulting me. I wish to know what you are doing or about to do, more for any aid I can give than any interdict to be presumed by me.

" If I advance money, I must be repaid out of the produce of the first portraits, historic or other paintings, as paid for or sold, with interest at four per cent. I say this interest, because I will not have any earthly advantage of the smallest kind. All I propose or can have is to father on myself more anxieties and trouble.

" The historic or other paintings must be as security for my advances till sold.

" If the year's advance does not answer my or your expectations, in giving you a command in portrait-painting, your honour must be pledged not to make any further request to me, so that I shall have a proper virtue exercised by you, and my feelings not harrowed. That you may not be tempted to depart from the prices I state, you shall, if I require, make a statement on oath of what you have done, and you shall communicate to me instantly on all works engaged for.

" My advances are to be secured by your bond and a life insurance. I add this latter, more especially because it will be a benefit to your family, and what as a professional man you must do to a considerable extent, as your means will admit by and by, for if you live and have employ, your works will support your

your family, but dying your works must close, and your life assurance will aid them. Think well on all this."

This offer was accepted. I cannot refer the following letter to its exact date, though I would assign it to December of this year:

"I have had two expiring flashes, but two! and they are expired—'Pharaoh dismissing Moses and Aaron at the dead of night,' on finding the heir to his throne, with all the other first-born, dead; and 'Satan in likeness of a cherub inquiring of Uriel the way to the earth.' On the ground I would have had Pharaoh's queen in the agony of maternal hope, placing her hand on the heart of her boy, and listening for a beat of it in racking anxiety; the sisters, one exclaiming in affliction, the other, while supporting her dead brother, looking round to Moses with an inquiring horror; behind the queen, Pharaoh, the subdued monarch, bending with majesty, and dismissing the lawgiver and his brother in waving, disdainful and yet vanquished pride; Moses right opposite to him pointing to the dead child, and to heaven, as if saying, 'I do this by superior direction'; and in the back-ground the people in rebellion, dashing up their dead children, and roaring like the sea for the dismissal of the Jewish leaders while the guards press them back lest they burst into the palace. A sphinx or two, a pyramid or so, dark and awful, with the front groups lighted by torches, would make this a subject terrific and affecting. It combines pathos and sublimity.

"The next is Satan like a cherub innocently asking the way to the earth. Uriel, tall, grand and majestic, as if roused from deep thought, is looking round in awful silence. Behind him is an ocean of rolling cloud, on which his own grand shadow is flickering.

"For a moment all my old raptures of study darted into my brain. I foresaw the colour, the expression, the light, shadow, form, and became quite inspired in my feelings; when a thundering rap announced a sitter, rich and good-humoured, and away went all my glorious anticipations, and I sat down to paint my employer just as you would desire. I must own that the comforts and ease and tranquillity which attend portraits, and the misery and insults which have always attended my history-painting, begin to affect me. The very day I painted Ariadne's head, just in the middle of it, in burst our old landlady and abused us for four pounds' rent, like the bawd in *Clarissa Harlowe*. The day I painted Lazarus's head I was arrested. So can you wonder at my thinking of a historical painting with an absolute shrink?"

If

If Mr Kearsey's terms were accepted, the prospect of a year free from harass may have had something to do with this entry.

"*December 13th.*—I am getting at last interested with portraits, and began to feel all eagerness for surface, tone, softness, likeness, effect and all the rich mockery of a head. (This was cant—June, 1825.) Reynolds was certainly too blunt, Vandyke too finished.

"Titian appears to combine them both. From a rapid feeling I got my historical heads so soon settled in expression that I never worked them up. I could not do it—when the impression was hit, that was enough."

At the close of the year he reviews it as usual:

"January, February, March and April, my wants and necessities were horrible. In May a better fortune seemed to dawn on me, and at last I felt the sweets of living from my own gains, without degrading myself by borrowing.

"Kearsey (on the brink of death) bought my Puck, which was the first symptom of better propsects, though I offered it for £20 after having asked £80. He gave me a family piece; other commissions followed, and I have been kept pretty nearly in constant employment.

"But devoting six months to Silenus after I came from prison, without resources, involved me in debt, out of which, notwithstanding all my employment and all my fortune this season, I am not extricated. The education of two boys and the expense of two infants are heavy indeed, but still I hope industry and trust in God will ultimately render me successful and independent.

"With respect to the great object of my former ambition, I candidly confess myself cooled. I have little hope, though my petition was received with something like enthusiasm in the House. The prejudices against me individually as the leader of that style are insurmountable during my life. I have given a shock to prejudice, certainly created something like a feeling that Art is not conducted grandly by the higher powers—but still it is as yet a dead letter. The Royal Academy, embedded as it is in the prejudices of the country, and sheltered by royal patronage, will turn for years the course of the strongest torrent of good sense, genius and argument.

"More intercourse with the world, which portrait-painting has given me, has opened my eyes to the thorough ignorance of educated men—to their utter insensibility to anything like a grand idea. The National Gallery may do something if they add the Cartoons of Raffaele and Mantegna to the other works.

"My domestic happiness is doubled: daily and hourly my sweetest Mary proves the justice of my choice. My boy Frank gives tokens of being gifted at two years old. God bless him!

My

My ambition would be to make him a public man. I have better prospects certainly than at the end of last year, though more in debt. I have not added much to my knowledge; I fear I have lost something in Greek and Latin; in Italian I have gained. The absence of books of reference and prints is a bitter pang. At first I was enraged at not being able to get information in a moment as formerly; at last I put it off, and now care nothing about it.

" I have worked less this year than last, and occasionally have had bitter fits of melancholy and illness.

" I am nearer the grave, and I hope more fit to be laid in it. My mind is calmer, my principles of honour firmer, and those of religion deeper than ever. God spare me till my loss will be of no consequence to my sweetest Mary and children. In Art I can be of little more utility. The vigour of my life has only made a cranny in the heavy wall of ignorance, through which, it may be, a star of light shines; whether any other will batter a breach in it time only can prove. For the mercies of the year, O God, accept my gratitude.

" I think on the whole I have sunk or am sinking into a sluggish apathy, perhaps despair. The end of the next year will show."

His last prayer before retiring to rest on the morning of the new year was that he might live to finish his design of the Crucifixion. That prayer was not granted.

Thanks in a great measure to Mr Kearsey's oddly offered but well-timed liberality, this year was, on the whole, a happy one for Haydon. He was comparatively free from embarrassment; and, though he had still to struggle with his sore distaste for portrait-painting, he had three commissions for small historical pictures. The great drawback was the reception his critics gave his portraits when exhibited. Their attacks took what Haydon calls " a new direction." The painter was assailed through the personal peculiarities of his sitters. It is natural enough to find the angry artist expressing an opinion that this is a cruel and deep-laid plot to injure him, at his starting on this more lucrative branch of his calling: but we shall perhaps do the critics more justice if we believe that Haydon's portraits had something about them provokingly open to ridicule. The heroic style of treatment could hardly have been adapted to a comfortable citizen family, or a provincial ex-mayor. Indeed, I am assured that in the latter performance he had represented the mayor of proportions too heroic ever to have got through a doorway out of which he was supposed to have issued in his civic state.[1]

[1] The Quarterly Reviewer refers to an amusing description of this picture, and Haydon's receiving the commission for it, in the chapter of Mr Borrow's *Lavengro* headed " The Historical Painter."

1825

His first work for this year was a Juliet at the Balcony, a commission from his good friend Kearsey. By the end of the month the picture was completed.

On his birthday (the 25th January) I find, "My birthday—thirty-nine years of age; one year more and I shall be at the maturity of manhood, from whence to move is to decline. Peace attend me! May I live to see the Vatican, finish the Crucifixion, and educate my children. Amen.

"Received a letter from my first pupil, Eastlake. He is one of those who acknowledges his obligations, trifling as they are, with gratitude. It did my wounded spirit good."

The passage which thus gratified Haydon was the following:—"Be assured that your early kindness to me is among those obligations which I am least likely to forget. My early impressions in Art (which might perhaps have produced a better result) I owe entirely to you, and I have always involuntarily connected my idea of many of the perfections of Art with your own practice." . . .

The honest sincerity of this assurance, I may say here, is borne out by every line of the many letters of the same writer which Haydon has preserved. I regret that the sanctity of private confidence, though, for reasons I have already given, in no respect violated by the publication of passages from Haydon's own Journal, prevents my drawing upon the letters of Sir C. Eastlake, in the way their value and interest as contributions to the criticism of Art would render me anxious to do.

"*February 3rd.*—Lambton called to see my portraits. He thought them large. I then showed him my sketches for a series of national subjects. He approved of them, but said I might depend on it that the Government were determined that nothing of the sort should take place. The last year he sent to Long to know what day would be convenient for him to have my petition presented, and Long replied it was immaterial to him, as there was nothing in my petition he wished to say a word on. That is, there was nothing in my petition to which he could reply! This was the truth.

"From Lambton only have I ever got the truth. He begged me not to have the least dependence on the promises of any man connected with Government; for I might rely on it the great hobby-horse now was the National Gallery, where old pictures would be the first object of consideration."

From a letter to Mr Boaden, the biographer of John Kemble, I extract this passage of comparative criticism upon that great actress

actress and her brother: "Mrs Siddons could act, as you know, Lady Macbeth twenty nights, and vary it each night. This was not from previous thinking. Oh no! But fired by the part as she proceeded, her native faculty flashed out in gleams of power which no previous labour could have given her in her cold study. Kemble came into a part with a stately dignity, as if he disdained to listen to Nature, however she might whisper, until he had examined and weighed the value of her counsel. Mrs Siddons, on the contrary, seemed always to throw herself on Nature as a guide, and follow instantaneously what she suggested."

"16*th*.—My whole soul and body raise the gorge at portrait. My mind becomes restless for want of mental occupation. When I painted poetry, night and day my mind and soul were occupied. Now as soon as the sitter is gone, I turn from his resemblance with disgust. Would I could hit on some mode of putting forth sublime ideas which would provide me the means of existence."

He at last received a commission for his Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites. And this picture occupied him, in the intervals of portrait labours, for the rest of the year. It is impossible not to sympathise with the spring of his energies, ever and anon, when at work on a subject which tasked them worthily—which set him thinking, composing and recomposing, analysing his own labours, and going for hints and guidance and inspiration to the great works of the old painters.

"*July* 20*th*.—Hard at work and arranged my little picture to my satisfaction. As a proof how a historical painting restores all my old delightful habits, I awoke in the middle of the night with a pure conception of Christ sleeping in the Forest with the demons howling at Him, and the storm roaring!"

On the day after this he had a glimpse of work still more to his mind. A proposition was made to him to paint the Crucifixion for the great hall at Liverpool. It even got so far as estimates and sketches, but no further. The place it would have filled is, I presume, that now occupied by Hilton's picture of the same subject.

His historical subject and his portraits have many a battle, in which portrait is certainly beaten, unless when a sitter happens to be peculiarly clamorous, or Mr Kearsey intervenes with the bond—kindliest but most punctiliously exact of creditors.

On the 24th was one of these battles, with a reflection appropriate to altered times and duties. "Ought to have painted a portrait; looked at my historical picture: thought I might as well set and arrange my drapery. I did so. There could be no harm in painting that bit! so I painted it. Then it looked so well there could be no harm in painting the other bit, and then the whole would

would be complete; so I did it, and dinner was announced before I was aware. Delightful art!

"To-morrow I must finish my portrait, and then to my historical picture. This is small, and yet in the height of my pride I refused a commission of five hundred guineas from Sir John Broughton to paint a small picture of Edward the Black Prince distinguishing an ancestor on the field of Poitiers, for fear it might interrupt my great plan. I was right, but it was a pity. I certainly would not refuse one now."

Martin was now startling the town, and puzzling the critics, with his vast perspectives. Haydon pronounced, on their appearance, a judgment of these singular works, which, without undervaluing them, it is safe to say that time has confirmed. "Martin has a curious picture of the Creation—God creating the Sun and the Moon, which is a total failure from his ignorance of the associations and habits of the mind.

"No being in a human shape has ever exceeded eight feet. Therefore to put a human being with a hand extended, and a large shining circular flat body not much larger than the thing shaped like a human hand and four fingers, and call that body the sun, makes one laugh; for no effort can get over the idea that it is not larger than a hand. And the Creator, so far from being grand, looks no larger than a human being, and the sun looks like a shilling. It can't be otherwise, and no association can ever get over the relative proportions of a hand, and what is not bigger than a hand. It is no use to say that hand is a mile long. No effort of the mind can entertain such a notion: besides, it is the grossest of all gross ideas to make the power and essence of the Creator depend on size. His nature might be comprehended in an ordinary sized brain, and it is vulgar to make Him striding across a horizon, and say the horizon is fifty miles long. It is contrary to human experience, and the Creator, so far from looking large, makes the horizon look little; for this is a natural result when a being with legs, arms, hands, beard, face is seen stretching across it. When Martin diminished his buildings to a point, put specks for human beings, then there was no improbability that his rooms might be, for aught we know, forty miles long, his doors six miles high, his windows a mile across, or his second floor two miles and three-quarters above his first floor—tight work for the servants if they slept in the attics. They must have had depots of night-candles by the way. Martin, in looking at his Babylon with a friend of mine, said: 'I mean that tower to be seven miles high.' The association is preposterous. There is nothing grand in a man stepping from York to Lancaster; but when he makes a great Creator fifteen inches, paints a sun the size

size of a bank token, draws a line for the sea, and makes one leg of God in it and the other above, and says, 'There! that horizon is twenty miles long, and therefore God's leg must be sixteen relatively to the horizon,' the artist really deserves as much pity as the poorest maniac in Bedlam.

"I carried my picture in to-day, and seeing this picture was led into meditation on its inconsistency."

In March this year Fuseli died. Few knew him better than Haydon, or appreciated him, as it seems to me, more justly or more kindly.

"Fuseli is dead! A historical painter dead is an irreparable loss; for, however unsuccessful, if living he is a perpetual reproach to the apathy, brutality and insincerity of the patrons. He keeps alive the complaint that historical painting is neglected—and thus, even in ruin, indirectly maintains a feeling which must die when he dies, for it can no longer be a subject of complaint that history is not supported when its professors are extinct.

"Notwithstanding the apathy of the public latterly towards his works, Fuseli had had his day. His Nightmare was decidedly popular all over Europe. Fuseli was paid £30 for the picture, and the engraver cleared £600 by the print. His great works were from Milton. His conception of Adam and Eve, for pathos, and Uriel contemplating Satan, for sublimity, have never been excelled by the greatest painters of the greatest period of Art either in Greece or Italy. With a fancy bordering on frenzy, as he used to say, the patience, the humility and calmness necessary for embodying your conceptions—in an art, the language of which, in spite of all the sophistry and cant about style and gusto, is undeniably grounded on a just selection and imitation of beautiful nature—angered and irritated him. His great delight was in conception, not in embodying his conceptions; and as soon as he rendered a conception intelligible to himself and others by any means, he flew off to a fresh one, too impatient to endure the meditation required fully to develop it.

"To such a temperament Nature was an annoyance, because she is an irrefutable reproach to extravagance and untruth. She put him out, likely enough; and, unable to bear the fatigue of investigating her perfections, he left her in anger because she disdained to bend herself to the frenzied irregularities of his own spasmodic conceits. The degeneracy of style into which Fuseli latterly fell could have been predicted from his very first work, and let it be a warning to all students, who, in their occasional wise-headed discussions while they eat their tarts on the pedestal of the Apollo, or roast their potatoes by the plaster-room fire, talk of the grand style, when they ought to be found at the feet

feet of their figures, drawing hard and correctly from Nature, never venturing a step without her concurrence. His vigour of conversation continued to the last. His acquirements were great. He wrote Latin, spoke Italian, German, French perfectly well, and read Homer, but his knowledge of Greek was not solid. He could not argue, but illustrated everything by brilliant repartee; Horne Tooke was the only man who was an overmatch for him.

"He was fond of praise, and if you did not praise anything he was about, he would praise it himself; but if you praised it beyond truth, he would be severe in censuring it. It seemed a reflection on his genius if you did not praise, and a contempt for his understanding if you praised too much: in either case he resented.

"He was an intense egotist, as all mannerists must be. If you acknowledged the supremacy of his style, no man was more fatherly; if you disputed his infallibility, he heard you with irritation.

"On the whole Fuseli was a great genius, but not a sound genius, and failed to interest the nation by having nothing in his style in common with our natural sympathies.

"About the Elgin Marbles he did not behave so grandly as West and Canova and Lawrence. I was the first who took him to see these divine works. Wilkie had taken me. Tired, I went to Fuseli, set him in a blaze, and he put on his greatcoat directly.

"Thrown off his guard by their beauty, he strode about the collection in his fierce way, saying, 'The Greeks were gods—they were gods.' We went home and looked over Quintilian and Pliny, and every author who alluded to the Parthenon and the Greek artists.

"A day or two afterwards, reflecting what he had written about the Apollo, etc., he tried to *unsay*, but it would not do. One side of the Ilissus was too short! I showed him a cast which was shorter. One arm of the Theseus was too thick! I proved it right by the different actions. His belly was too flat! I convinced him it was owing to the bowels falling in, while the bowels leaned out in the Ilissus, and then the belly protruded. This was irrefutable. I had never differed so strongly before. He saw he was wrong, and had passed life on a wrong scent. A really great soul like Canova's would have acknowledged it. I fear Fuseli's self-love was too strong for this. He flew into a passion, and we were never cordial after. I regretted it, as no man owed more to Fuseli than myself.

"When a man of genius is in full fire never contradict him; give him swing; let him pour forth, right or wrong, and a listener is sure to get a greater quantity of good, however mixed, than if he thwarts or reasons: in fact, reasoning is out of the question.

"The

" The Royal Academy may get a Keeper who may be better in handling the chalk, or improving the regulations of its councils; but they will never get another who will have the power to invigorate the conceptions, enlarge the views or inspire the ambition of the students as Fuseli did.

" How many delightful hours have I passed with him in one continued stream of quotation, conception, repartee and humour. In his temper he was irritable and violent, but appeased in an instant. In his person small, with a face of independent, unregulated fire. I have heard he was handsome when young, and with women (when gratified by their attentions) no man could be more gentle.

" His loss to the Academy is great, for there is no one to supply his place as a lecturer, and in a few years so completely will historical painters be extinct, that no lectures will be given. This nest of portrait painters are thus enjoying the full fruits of their own pernicious supremacy—fruits that Reynolds predicted in his latter days. Their calumnies and perpetual attacks unseated Reynolds, impoverished West, destroyed Barry, crippled Fuseli, and for a time involved me. A decided step by Government would check its decay, but every member of the Government, with the King at the head, is so much at the mercy of portrait painters, that if his Majesty were to resolve to-day, a hint from his portrait painters would shake his resolution. Such is the condition to which the art is reduced, and lower still will it sink."

At the exhibition of the Academy in May the critics opened on Haydon's portraits. He relieves his irritation by some vigorous criticism of the critics, which I will not transfer to these pages, particularly as the angry painter himself, by a strong effort of self-command, refrained from answering his detractors. " It is hard to be quiet," he says, " but my friends are right."

" *May 6th.*—The exhibition is the best I ever saw since I began the art. It is curious in a picture of the destruction of Pharaoh. The scenery is so preponderating that all grandeur is lost. There is no idea of force or power but in the importance of the objects destroyed. There is no grandeur in the sea whirling a bit of cork; and if human beings are so diminished as to be undistinguishable, all idea of destruction vanishes."

The irritation caused by the attacks on his portraits was somewhat allayed by an opportunity which was given this month of exhibiting his Judgment of Solomon, with other works of the English school, at the Gallery of the British Institution. The canvas had been rolled up two years; but on unrolling, Haydon was glad to find the picture safe and fresh. In the Gallery, while himself exulting in this opportunity of again showing his work,

" cheek

" cheek by jowl with the Academicians," he met Wilkie, " dreadfully broken by his family troubles, unable to paint, or read or think without confusion of head."

Two days before Haydon had received from Sir John Leycester another commission.

" 11*th*.—While I was at the Gallery yesterday poor old Northcote, who has some fine pictures there, was walking about. He nodded to me. I approached. I congratulated him on his pictures. ' Ah, sir,' said he, ' they want varnishing, they say.' ' Well,' said I, ' why don't you varnish them? ' He shook his head, meaning he was too feeble. ' Shall I do it? ' ' Will 'ee? ' said Northcote, ' I shall be so much obliged.' To the astonishment of the Academicians I mounted the ladder, and varnished away. The poor old mummy was in raptures. I felt for the impotence of his age. He told me some capital stories when I came down. I saw the eyes of the R.A.'s sparkling as if they thought, ' Now what d——d motive has Haydon got.'

" 18*th*.—Went to Lord Stafford's and studied the Orleans Raffaele, the little Rembrandt, and Virgin and Child by Vandyke. The more intelligible an action is, the less reason is there for the expression to be strong in the face. Vandyke's character is individual; his effect and execution perfect; Raffaele's effect and execution are hard; his character high: Rembrandt's character fine, yet individual; his colour, execution, surface, perfect.

" Oh dear Raffaele, I went down with my mind disturbed by the perpetual attacks lately made on me, and the sight of thy divine picture calmed, soothed, and sent me home thinking only of my art and thee and Nature! Bless thy genius for it with all my heart, and the God who bestowed it on thee.

" May beautiful thoughts alone possess my soul. But this is impossible in a Democratic Aristocracy like England.

" 29*th*.—Spent two hours with Wilkie. Had a long conversation. I regretted many things and he did the like. It was affecting. He was ill, and could not think a moment without being confused: we were both interested. He said he could not bear my conversation; it made him ill. We then thought of our mutual escapes from various things that occur to every man who comes to London very young. Our conversation was deeply exciting. It shook him to death."

By the end of June Haydon had got into his " old delightful habits of study " again, his mind " calm, happy and conceiving." The Journals bear evidence of it. Instead of complaint or bitter reproaches of himself and others, they show nothing, for many pages before this brief cheerful entry, but sketches for his picture of Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites, as vigorous as in his happiest days.

So

So June ended happily, "though not employed as it ought."

"*June* 30*th*.—Advanced, got into my habits—the greatest delight.

"The mixture of literature and painting I really think the perfection of human happiness. I paint a head, revel in colour, hit an expression, sit down fatigued, take up a poet or a historian, write my own thoughts or muse on the thoughts of others, and hours and troubles, and the tortures of disappointed ambition, pass and are forgotten. I wake as from a dream to the drowsy, foggy world with sorrow and disgust. Oh, what would I give for a competence, a covering by a mountain stream, a library and a painting-room, with dearest Mary and my children to educate and love! This will never be my lot, and never can be, but I have enough to thank God for, and I do with all my soul.

"God grant my Frank may be a good and great man, honourable, upright, religious and diligent."

He went on working cheerfully and successfully to the end of July, and so to the 5th of August, when his employer calling "liked the picture capitally," and gave him a pleasant proof of his admiration in an advance of £50. He had now another cause of delight. His last portrait was out of hand. How long it might have remained unfinished is uncertain, but his sitter, a rich city man, had hinted his suspicions that the painter was "going to cheat him," though he had only put the picture by to let the colours get hard. "So much for his knowledge."

"Charles V. did not push Titian for his works.—'*Magnis componere parva*.'"

Headstrong as Haydon was, he was given to speculate on the "why and because" of life, and to analyse closely and frequently the causes of success and failure. Here is an example: "What singular apparent injustice appears in the fate of some men of genius and the fortune of others.

"Chantrey got a fortune by those two children in Lichfield Cathedral. One day calling on him I was shown into his workroom, and on a table I saw a design of these very children by Stothard. I could swear to it.

"A friend of mine was at a lock-up house to be bail for another; while he was sitting there in walked Stothard, arrested for a coal bill of £34. He was going to the Academy as visitor when it happened. My friend went up to him and said: 'I know you; what can I do?' He got him out time enough to attend his duties.

"Thus, here is Chantrey drinking champagne for lunch, with employment for life, and a fortune for his heirs, in consequence of old Stothard's genius, while the possessor of the powers by which

which Chantrey rises is arrested by his coal-merchant, and escapes into the Academy as librarian to eke out a living.

"Homer begged; Tasso begged in a different way; Galileo was racked; De Witt assassinated, and all for wishing to improve their species. At the same time Raffaele, Michel Angelo, Zeuxis, Apelles, Rubens, Reynolds, Titian, Shakespeare were rich and happy. Why? Because with their genius they combined practical prudence. I believe this is the secret.

"'What a game you have thrown away!' said a friend. 'No,' I replied; 'what cards the injustice of others rendered fruitless.' 'Not so,' he answered; 'you showed your hand too exultingly, and provoked them to cheat.' 'So long as you acknowledge they cheated, I am content.' 'But why provoke them! Why not, conscious of your hand, play it without a word?' 'I grant you,' I said, 'that would have been prudent, but I doubt if the result would have been different. The first triumph I gained would have equally provoked my adversaries.' He shook his head.

"I find the artists most favoured by the great are those of no education, or those who conceal what they have. The love of power and superiority is not trod on if a man of genius is ignorant when a gentleman is informed. 'Great folks,' said Johnson, 'don't like to have their mouths stopped.' I believe it, and how often have I had occasion to curse my better information when my love of truth induced me to prove I knew more than a man of rank.

"A man of rank came up to me and said, 'Do you know, Mr Haydon, I think Titian's grounds were so and so.' As long as I listened he appeared placid; but this was putting a poker into a powder-barrel. I exploded, and poured forth all I had obtained from experience and reading. He looked grave—hummed—talked of the weather, and took up his hat with a 'Good morning.' I can't think how Reynolds managed these things. Northcote says he always appeared ignorant.

"Another time three men of rank and old West were talking of Milton's genius, of which they knew little enough. Sir George spoke of his plagiarism. I remarked there was something singular in his industry, and quoted two or three authors to prove how he studied. Instead of being pleased, one looked at his watch, another asked West how Mrs West was, a third walked away, and not a word was said by any of them. In a minute I found myself alone. Curious!

"I do not think I am liked in company, except by women. When I know, I talk; when I am ignorant, I listen. Is not this fair? When I can talk, I talk better than others; but I listen to others who talk better than I. Is not this fair? When I know

better than others, princes or peers, I show it. When they know better, I bow. They would have me bow in both instances, but I can't, and, what's more, I won't.

"No, no, knowledge is power, genius is power, health is power; and why should genius, knowledge and health bow to imbecility, ignorance and disease? Title is power, fortune is power, birth is power. Why should title, fortune and birth bow to genius, knowledge and health? They certainly need not, on a general principle; but when title talks ignorantly of what genius knows radically, why should genius bow to title?

"Because genius is dependent on title for development—at least for employment. Because rank, at any rate, is entitled to civility, on the principle of rank being a reward to the possessor or his ancestor for some personal qualification or heroic deed—of course centuries of possession say something for conduct—and because whatever tends to obstruct genius and deprive it of employment is pernicious to its display. Painters should, therefore, not be talkers except with their brushes, or writers except on their art; because the display of too much power when others know something, is apt to excite envy and injure a painter's development of his art. Men are content that you should know more of painting than they do, but they don't like that you should know as much of any other thing; because they feel if this man can paint and yet be informed as well as we are in other matters, we are nobody and we won't patronise him. But if this man knows nothing out of his art, why we are somebody in something. We can spell and he can't; we know French, and he does not; we read Homer, and he knows nothing of him. In a word, we can talk at dinner and he must be silent, except when we want to know a matter where it is no disgrace that he should know more than ourselves, on the same principle as we tolerate a tailor, a shoemaker, a carpenter, a butcher or a surgeon.

"Therefore, oh ye artists who can spell, speak French and read Homer, never show your patrons they speak bad French, or read bad Greek, and spell carelessly; but listen to their French as if it was Racine's, to their Greek as if old Homer himself were spouting, and read their epistles as if they had orthography, grammar and common sense. Do this and you will drink their claret, adorn their rooms, ride their horses, visit their châteaux and eat their venison. But if, on the contrary, you answer the French not meant for you to understand, rectify their quotations which you are not supposed ever to have heard of, and discuss opinions only put forth for you to bow to, you will not eat their venison, you will not adorn their apartments, you will not ride their horses, you will not drink their claret, or visit their châteaux,

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at any rate more than once. And so, artists, be humble and discreet.

"*August* 31*st*.—Spoke to a sexton to-day who was digging a grave. He answered me like Hamlet's. How true is Shakespeare! A grave-digger, a turnpikeman and a butcher, from consciousness of power, are all impudent—a grave-digger especially. He must, and he does feel that he is digging the last habitation of another. The consciousness that he is alive, and the other as it were his victim, gives him a surly, healthy, witty independence.

"My dear Frank was with me. 'Ah,' said I, 'Frank, that will be your's as well as my last home.' 'But your's first, papa,' said he.

"On the 29th of September Martin called and thought I wanted more space. That fellow should have wings. He is an extraordinary genius in his way. He expressed himself much delighted, but wanted a tower ten thousand feet high, and a hall or two in which a man might take a bed before he got to the end of the room; where when a party was given a man must dispatch a courier with relays for soup or fish, if they happened to be at the bottom of the table."

All this time the picture was going on rapidly. "On reviewing the past month it is gratifying to think how delightfully, rapidly and conclusively I have painted. I hope to bring my picture, under God's blessing, to a completion at the time I hoped.

"I deferred my payments, and on the whole have had a whole month unembarrassed. My mind sprang, as it were, at once to the most difficult parts, as soon as I was secure of not being dunned.

"*October* 18*th*.—In the city about cash, the only thing the city is fit for. Called on Mrs Belzoni—found her full of energy and misery. An execution on Belzoni's property—his models, casts and all seized. The widows of soldiers and sailors are provided for, but the widows of men of science are not. Soldiers and sailors are requisite that John Bull may guzzle his porter and eat his beef in security, but poets, painters and travellers are not. He can do without them. Therefore their widows and themselves may go to the devil."

There is little to note during the remainder of this year but the progress of his picture towards conclusion, and his studies and researches upon the subject of Egypt for the costume and architecture.

"*November* 8*th*.—At the Museum all day. Searched Pocock and everything Egyptian in the Museum, and the great French work.

"Anyone

"Anyone who for a moment doubts that the principles of Greek architecture, sculpture and painting had their origin from Egypt can never have examined the works of that country.

"The painting the walls of their palaces in fresco, the orders of their architecture, the principles of their temples, are all derived from Egypt evidently. The story of Callimachus and the acanthus are inventions.

"What a delightful day I have spent! Ah—how superior to portrait-painting! Here I was drinking in knowledge, and gloating on antiquity and all its delightful associations.

"13*th*.—Hard at work, and completed my principal figure—Moses, the leader of six hundred thousand rebellious Israelites.

"16*th*.—In the city for cash; went and studied the little Rembrandt at the National Gallery for my background. Red, blue and yellow in different tones are the secret of fine colour. Saw a friend, Davis, from Italy. He said when a set of caricatures came new to the print-shop, the poor Italians would go up and say, '*Ah! niente de bello*.' Beautiful expression of the taste and feeling of this gifted people.

"19*th*.—Hard at work on the background, the most hazardous part of a picture. Mr Green, the new professor of anatomy in the Academy, commenced last night. As usual he affirmed the Greek artists did not know muscular anatomy, because the medical professors were so ignorant. This is no argument but for the clique. Because the medical men knew little, is that any proof that the artists knew nothing? Certainly not.

"It is extraordinary how professors established for the very purpose of instructing youth in the principles of anatomy should begin to deaden their enthusiasm by saying you must know it because I am established to teach it, but yet the greatest artists the world ever saw did not know it. What is the inference drawn by lazy youngsters? Why, if the greatest artists did not know it, what use can it be to us?

"Carlisle did the same thing. 'Pliny and Pausanias,' he said, 'proved it.'

"I should like to know where. Cockerell said he was not aware there was any authority for saying they (the Greeks) did not dissect. Lord Aberdeen said to me (1821) they certainly did not; but I could get no authority.

"22*nd*–24*th*.—Intensely absorbed in my background. To settle the quantity of colour, action, and light in a background is among the most difficult things in the art. It must keep up the story and yet not interfere. It must be connected and yet distinct.

"27*th*.—Very hard at work, and obliged to leave off, having settled,

settled, thank God! the whole of my picture, background and all, and having little to do but complete.

"30*th*.—The four last days have been uselessly (but unavoidably) spent in musing, thinking and strolling. The backs of the balls of my eyes were irritable—a sign I always dread. I left off directly, and am recovered.

"Twenty-two days I have worked very hard, and though the painting of my picture is not completed, it is all so settled that it soon will be with God's blessing.

"*December* 1*st*.—My fits continue. I am all fits—fits of work, fits of idleness, fits of reading, fits of walking, fits of Italian, fits of Greek, fits of Latin, fits of French, fits of Napoleon, fits of the navy, fits of the army, fits of religion. My dear Mary's lovely face is the only thing that has escaped—a fit that never varies.

"The finest touch of what may be called the delusion of Don Quixote is this:

"He makes a pasteboard vizor, believing it is strong enough for the stroke of a giant. He fetches a blow at it that smashes it to pieces. Mortified, he fits it up again, consoling himself that it is strong enough now; but Cervantes says he did not give it another blow to prove it.

"This is a Shakesperian touch, and worthy of him. This one willing shirk of evidence, lest he might even convince himself against his will, and unsettle his frenzy, contains the whole history of his character, and is a deep, deep glance into human weakness.[1]

"I have read in my idle fit Sheridan's Life by Moore.

"Upon the whole it is a delightful book, but the excuse of an admirer.

"Notwithstanding his passion for Miss Linley, and his grief for the death of his father (who had ill-used him), I question Sheridan's having a good heart really.

"His making love to Pamela (Madame de Genlis' daughter), so soon after his lovely wife's death, and his marriage with a young girl in two years after her loss, renders one mistrustful as to the real depth of his passion.

"No man of wit, to the full extent of the meaning, can have a good heart, because he has, and must have, less regard for the feelings or sufferings of others, than for the brilliancy of his own sayings, whoever may suffer. There must be more malice than love in the heart of all 'wits.' Sheridan is a complete illustration.

"His treatment of Storace's widow—the widow of one who had sacrificed his life to Sheridan's interests—ought not to have been omitted by Moore. Sheridan gave the theatre for a benefit.

[1] Coleridge points out this in his criticism on Don Quixote. Perhaps Haydon got it from Hazlitt.—Ed.

The

The house was crowded, of course. Sheridan went to the door-keepers, manager, and friend, and swept off all the receipts, and the widow never got a shilling. This was told me by Prince Hoare, one of Stephen Storace's intimate friends.

"No man with a good heart could have done this had his faculties been ever so steeped in intoxication.

"Publicly he acted, once or twice, with grandeur and principle; but grandeur of public principle is not incompatible with private immorality. The faults of the great Whig leaders are of course leniently treated by Moore, but the truth is, that neither Burke, Fox, nor Sheridan had the caution or prudence requisite for government.

"When Sheridan was Paymaster of the Navy at Somerset House, the butcher brought a leg of mutton to the kitchen. The cook took it, and putting it into the kettle to boil, went upstairs for the money, as the butcher was not to leave the joint without it. As she stayed rather long the butcher very coolly went over, took off the cover, took out the mutton, and walked away. This is a fact. The cook told it to the porter of the Royal Academy, who being my model told it to me as he was sitting. A creditor whom Sheridan had perpetually avoided met him at last, plump, coming out of Pall Mall from St James's Palace. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but S. never lost his presence of mind. 'Oh,' said Sheridan, 'that's a beautiful mare you are on.' 'D'ye think so?' 'Yes, indeed. How does she trot?' The creditor, flattered, told him he should see, and immediately put her into full trotting pace. The instant he trotted off Sheridan turned into Pall Mall again, and was out of sight in a moment.

"Moore's life of him wants courage. Society is Moore's god. He can't, like Johnson, tell all the truth and bid society defiance.

"His burning Byron's manuscript was a sacrifice to his fashionable friends, and his concealments in Sheridan's life are not worthy his native independence.

"*December 5th.*—3 o'clock, Sunday morning, December 5th, 1825, Alfred Haydon born." Anxiety about his wife and child made Haydon now, for a while, relax in his application to his picture.

"*December 9th.*—Still nothing to talk of. Dearest Mary better, my mind easier, and shortly I begin.

"10*th.*—Read hard Cuvier's *Révolutions du Globe* with great interest and delight. What a vast quantity of knowledge I am ignorant of—Astronomy, Natural History, Botany, Navigation, etc. I shrink within myself when I think of all I don't know. Yet there is a delight when there is such a source open to one. No painting yet; but my arrangements quite ready.

"11*th.*

"11*th*.—Called on S——, and spent a rich three hours with him. He is the reflection of the court, the patrons, and the nobility. He told me several curious things, absolute matters of history. Afterwards went to Hamilton, Stanley-Grove House, and spent an hour. Saw Le Thière's drawings: H. laughed heartily at my family picture, in which I joined most sincerely. Told them some anecdotes about my sitters, at which we laughed again—not quite fair, as they had maintained me for a year.

"12*th*.—Impenetrably dark. Could not paint. Went out. Called on Hazlitt, as being all in character with the day, and had a regular groan.

"13*th*.—Set to work. Thirteen days gone in anxiety and idleness: finished one side of the background, as if in a fury, successfully and with great enjoyment. From having thought about it lately very much I did it in a very few minutes. S—— told me Lord Wellington said Lawrence was a man of no mind. Set the thing before him, and he can do it: but he has no invention. Lord Wellington stood for L. three hours with his hands across. After he had done, he stepped down, and said: 'Pshaw! That is not like my sword.' 'Please your Grace, I'll do it next time.' 'Do it now.' 'I must go to the Princess Augusta's.' 'Oh no; you must put my sword right. It is really bad.' This was done.

"S—— is a sort of echo of court opinions. He talked of Canning in a way I could fathom. He (Canning) was endured because he was useful more than from liking. It is astonishing how skilful the hangers-on of a court are in feeling out the opinions of their superiors. S—— is a man of great sagacity and shrewdness, and could gather a notion how things are going on by the sound of a word.

"*December* 14*th*.—Hard at work, and finished the other architectural parts. Architecture by a painter should be correct and mathematical; but it should be a painter's, made subservient to a whole, and should not look as if executed by an architect's clerk. This is the way Titian and Rubens painted architecture, and this is the way it ought to be painted. Dearest Mary getting rapidly well.

"15*th*.—Hard at work and finished background. Half the month gone; and owing to anxieties I have only worked three days out of fifteen. Twelve lost.

"16*th*.—Hard at work and finished the sun. If anything is too hot, put something hotter, and it becomes cool. If anything is too yellow, put something by it much yellower, and it becomes white. So of red, blue, black, etc. So of everything; lines, colour,

colour, expression. This is a deep principle, and cannot be too often remembered.

"17*th*.—At work, but carelessly. At last got excited, and advanced and improved the picture. Have little now to do.

"God be thanked, with all my heart and soul, for having enabled me to realise what I wished. When I first conceived this subject, I prayed I might complete it. I have done so. God Almighty accept my thanks.

"18*th*.—Finished the sky and moon. If the moon be painted all equally light, it looks like a shilling in spite of the greatest genius. It must be varied, like everything else. Sharp and soft, and dark and light.

"31*st*.—The last day of the year 1825. How many last days of years with sage reflections do my Journals contain! This year has been one of mingled yarn—good and evil: but the good, as it generally does, preponderated. I have to bless God for many great mercies indeed. After being deprived of my bread by the abuse of the press, a historical commission started up, gave me an opportunity again to burst forth, and saved us from ruin. I have finished it, and hope God will bless it with success. On it depends really my future subsistence, and my power to bring up my boys like gentlemen. I am now sitting in my parlour with Milton's *Christian Doctrine* before me, reading, and quietly awaiting the new year; in an hour it will be here. 1826! Shall I live to see 1856? Yes; by temperance, and piety, and keeping my mind tranquil, and pursuing my enchanting art. By God's blessing I shall; but not else. I think I may say I have conquered several evil feelings. I am more regular; not so rash or violent. I have subdued my hankering after polemical controversy; conduct myself more as if constantly in the eye of my Maker. All this I attribute to the purity of feeling generated by marriage. O God, for Thy infinite blessings throughout accept my deep gratitude. Pardon the many errors my dear Mary and myself have been guilty of. We acknowledge Thy goodness in humbleness and awe. Thou hast blessed us with another boy. Oh give us life to protect him till he can protect himself; to educate him in Thy fear and love, and make him, with our other children, good, virtuous and distinguished. Grant these things for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, in awe."

1826

By the 14th of January, 1826, his picture was finished and sent to the British Gallery. "It is curious," he remarks (15th) "the mixture of apathy and anxiety with which I await the fate of my picture.

picture. After all it is very little better than Dentatus, painted eighteen years ago. The background has more air, but it is not a bit better painted. Fuseli said you will never paint better so long as you live: perhaps the kneeling woman surpasses any other figure in Dentatus. But on the whole, eighteen years have done little for my talents."

Haydon was much gratified during this month by the receipt of a long and affectionate letter from Wilkie, describing his impressions of the great works at Rome. The close intimacy between Wilkie and Haydon was by this time at an end, and the hope which Haydon expresses on receipt of this letter, that the old feelings of their student days might be renewed, was not destined to be realised, though the two often met and always as friends.

1826 was a year of great commercial convulsion, the effects of which reached artists as well as men in business. Haydon, as will be seen, suffered among others. Already by the 27th he notes: "In the city to get cash. My creditor looked nervous. This panic has strangely altered commercial men's looks.

"28*th*.—At the Gallery. Disappointment; though I ought to be satisfied with the look of my picture. Tone does not do for a modern exhibition. It looked sickly and flat: the artists thought not, but there is something which freshness of colour, I think, would add to a historical picture. I am never satisfied with my pictures in a modern exhibition. I will try something new.

"29*th*.—Spent three hours with S——, and a very entertaining three hours. Yesterday (Saturday) he was two hours with the King. S—— said the King was showing him the plan for Buckingham House. 'There,' said the King, 'is a road and door for people who come in a hackney coach; that's the road for ministers and ambassadors; there's the road for the Royal family, and that's the road for—(here he hesitated)—for us,' said he with emphasis, 'on great occasions.' S—— said the King was the best mimic he ever saw in his life (from S——'s good sense and taste I am quite sure the King unbends to him), but he little thinks that he, mimic as he is, is mimicked. S—— said that he thought the King the shrewdest man he ever saw. That he knew the world well—deeply.

"The King little thinks that under that impenetrable exterior, that mild, modest, humble, unaffected manner, lies the deepest insight, and that while the King is supposing he sifts S——, S—— is sifting him with the power and scrutiny of the devil himself.

"This man turns the nobility round his finger like a plaything, and they, good honest souls, fancy they are using him. Long, who

who introduced him, did so thinking he could supply his own place in business matters of Art. Alas! S—— will very shortly supply his place in everything. Long is shrewd, but S—— is shrewder. S——, in fact, is a match for all of them, and if he were a little more educated would be invaluable to any King.

"S—— told me I might be sure my picture would do everything I wished."

In February Haydon addressed a letter to Mr Canning, who was now Foreign Secretary, asking him for an interview in which he might urge upon him the claims of historical art to public patronage. He was not more successful in this application than he had been with those to Mr Robinson and Sir Charles Long. Mr Canning begged him (Feb. 4) to communicate his business in writing. This he did as follows:

"Sir,

"I beg to express my gratitude for the honour you have attached to me, in paying attention to my request.

"My object was to ascertain if you would think it an impropriety if I presumed to ask if you would present to the House of Commons, early this session, a petition in favour of the public patronage of historical painters, by the annual vote of a moderate sum, to be laid out as might hereafter be resolved on.

"I hoped by an interview to interest you in the condition of historical painting, to induce you, Sir, to make an effort for its protection; to put you in possession of facts, for the exercise of your judgment. Mr Burke said long ago that till a minister interfered for the arts, no further advances could be expected in the higher branches. The state of taste, and of the other branches of the arts which depend on private patronage, prove that things are tending rapidly to the desired conclusion, and only wait the impulsion of influence and power to bring them at once to their first elevation.

"Pardon my presumption, Sir, in saying, that every admirer of yours would feel delighted to see you fill the opening which the greatest statesmen of our country have hitherto left vacant.

"I take the liberty of enclosing you a copy of the petition, and earnestly hope in God I may be so fortunate as to interest you in the subject."

Mr Canning declined to present the petition, first, because its presentation by a minister would imply previous consideration and consent by the Government; and secondly, because, even if such consent had been given, the business belonged to the First Lord of the Treasury, and not to the Foreign Secretary. Haydon then applied to Sir Charles Long, who while declaring his willingness to present the petition, adds that "with every wish to encourage historical painting, he has never been of opinion

opinion that it would be successfully promoted by the means suggested in the petition."

An interview followed (Feb. 14th).

"On the subject of my petition, Sir Charles behaved very candidly, and told me he took a very different view of the subject to that which I did. He said he had been long in the House of Commons, and that there was nothing less known than art; that when the Waterloo Monument was proposed, many different plans were sent in; that Lord Londonderry said the thing had better be given up; that all money voted by the House of Commons would be subject to supervision, and that the Directors, as independent gentlemen, had determined, if the House voted the money, to refuse it, because they would not be subject to the investigation of Mr Hume. When Sir Charles said this, his face had an expression quite extraordinary. It gave me more notion of Hume's power and the dread place-hunters have of him than anything else on earth could have given me. He then stopped. I said: 'Your objections do not apply to the vote of money, but to the investigation that would naturally take place as to its expenditure. Do you not think that £4000 a year spent in Art would benefit it?' 'Why I don't know,' said he; 'if £4000 was voted, and we were worried as to our expenditure, I would resign my office as Director.'

"'Yes, sir, but why should money here do more harm than in Greece and in Italy? It has never been tried, and though no motion or vote would follow this session, yet by keeping the subject before the world, something like attention must be the consequence. Surely if money is voted for sculpture or the Museum, it may be for painting. Why not place painting on the same level?'

"It was no use talking: he seemed to have a rooted aversion. 'If not indelicate,' said I, 'I still wish that you, Sir Charles, would present the petition.' He would do it, if I still wished, but no motion would be made by him. He then said Lord Liverpool had sent for him. He put on his glasses, and looked over some papers. I bowed and took my leave.

"So much for Sir Charles.

"Now the question is whether more good or harm would accrue from his presentation? The public is decidedly against him, and if he slurs the thing over, he will injure and not benefit the cause. God knows. I shall put Mr Brougham in possession of what passed, and beg him to watch the time of presentation. Long is a complete courtier. It was curious to see the art with which he appealed to my prejudices about the Royal Academy.

"Here was Long in a palace, and I, who had devoted my life, without

without a selfish feeling, to the honour of my country, just escaped from a bailiff by getting my landlord to pay ten guineas, while I walked down to keep my appointment with Sir Charles. Such is life: self-interest, absence of enthusiasm and high feeling, plodding meanness, and sleek slavish cringing to power, though despised by the world, secure a man a palace and fortune, while public spirit, high feeling for your country's honour, generosity and independence, though admired by the world, render a man poor, and leave him the Bench for a refuge."

After much hesitation, by Seguier's advice, Haydon determined to try Mr Ridley Colborne, from whom he met at least with sympathy. Though Mr Colborne had no expectation that the petition would lead to anything, yet he conceived it would keep the subject alive, and presented it accordingly (Feb. 23rd), "especially well." It was as follows:

"A petition of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, of 58, Connaught Terrace, Portman Square, was presented, and read; setting forth, that in all countries where the arts have flourished, the native artists were the principal objects of national patronage, and their productions the leading features in the public collections; that no country where this principle in the encouragement of the arts was not the leading principle ever rose to any great eminence or palpable superiority, or ever displayed in painting, or sculpture, or architecture, undeniable evidence of original national genius; that the ancient Greeks, who are become proverbial for superlative excellence, made the native artists and their works the principal objects of national employment; that the ancient Romans, on the other hand, never rose to any distinguished excellence in painting or in sculpture, and cannot bear comparison with the ancient Greeks; that this deficiency was not from want of capacity in the people, but from want of employment by the government, because in architecture, where employment was bestowed, the ancient Romans have a great name; that in a subsequent period, when the heads of the Catholic Church felt the necessity of adding the powers of painting and sculpture to illustrate the doctrines of their belief, the descendants of the same people, having then an opportunity for the display of their native talents, shone forth with such grandeur of genius as to have been ever since as much objects of reference and standards of excellence nearly as the ancient Greeks; that it is therefore evident, had the same opportunity been given to their illustrious ancestors, the same results would have followed; that the petitioner humbly wishes to impress the importance of this principle of patronage on the attention of the House, in consequence of the projected intention of a National Gallery, for no Gallery can strictly be called National, nor will any Gallery be ever of that advantage to the native Art, if it be built only to receive foreign productions as examples of instruction, without provision

provision being made for the purchase and reception of native works ; that the public of this country has been blamed for having no taste for historical painting, but this assertion appears to the petitioner to be unjust ; for the petitioner is convinced, from his own experience, that some plan of public patronage for native Art is earnestly desired, and would be extremely popular, and that the public would be disappointed if, in the plan of a National Gallery, the purchase and display of native works did not form a conspicuous feature ; that the petitioner humbly suggests to the House whether there be another instance in the history of the world of any other nation, which has obtained a great name in the arts, having advanced so far in poetry, in science, in philosophy, in naval and military glory, in commercial greatness, or in political wisdom, as Great Britain has done, without having established some system of public encouragement by which the arts might keep pace with the greatness of the country in other matters ; that the petitioner therefore submits to the House, if it be unjust that the English historical painters, after having effectually rescued their country from the suspicions of an inherent deficiency of talent, by a continual struggle against prejudices, domestic and foreign, for more than half a century, should desire humbly that assistance from the House by which alone they can hope or expect to establish their country's capacity in the face of the world, as the painters in the other branches of Art have already so triumphantly done, in consequence of the liberality of private patronage, and the establishment of the British Gallery, which has done so much, more especially as the sum required would be very moderate, and scarcely felt or perceived in the national expenditure ; that the petitioner therefore humbly hopes that the House will not think it presumption in him, as an individual of that class, to mention, for the decision of the House, if the House should hereafter think fit, that a sum not exceeding £4000 be annually, or at first every two years, set aside, principally, but not exclusively, for the encouragement of historical painting, to be spent either in the purchase of distinguished works already before the public, or in the employment of artists already established, whose character and talents would insure a proper return for such liberality, and according to any future plan, or under any direction the House may hereafter approve or decide on ; that the petitioner humbly hopes the House will not think this subject beneath their attention, or inconsistent with their duties at this particular period, and, when the National Gallery comes under their discussion, that they will deign to give it that notice which in their wisdom they may deem due, for the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen have always considered the arts an engine not unworthy to be used in advancing the commercial and political greatness of a people."

I must remark, here, that it is difficult nowadays to rate too highly the courage of Haydon's persistence, because we can hardly

hardly rate too low the conception then prevalent, even among men who held the first place as lovers of Art, of what worthy patronage of Art really was. The best of them do not seem to have understood by it anything beyond buying pictures, and thus encouraging the painters whose works they especially admired. I cannot find from anything in these Journals, that Art was by any of the great patrons of that day ever seriously considered as an element of national education, or a source of national glory. It cannot, I think, be denied to Haydon, that his perpetual pressing of a nobler estimate of the relations of artists and people has done something to create the feeling which has at length expressed itself, however imperfectly, in the plans for decorating our new Houses of Parliament.

This matter of the petition off his mind, Haydon set to work on his new picture (a commission from Sir John Leycester) of Venus appearing to Anchises, as described in the Homeric Hymn. He was at work on this by the 27th of February.

"Hard at work. Got Anchises and Venus right. These commercial distresses have reached me. My employer could not pay me, I could not pay others, and these last five weeks I have been suffering the tortures of the '*inferno*.' I heard to-day from Sir Walter Scott. What a picture of life are my journals. Two volumes ago, Scott sent me £10 for Godwin, then £20 for myself, and now he writes me he has lost a large fortune, and is in distress, though with a handsome competence.

"21*st March*.—I am dreadfully harassed. My friends advise me to send Sir John Leycester's picture to the Academy, but I really cannot. After having said what I have said, and written what I have written, it would not, it could not be consistent.

"'But it would do me honour.'

"What honour? The honour of being applauded by six or seven blockheads. Willingly I could shake hands and forget all, but I must be met half-way. The Academy is certainly modified, but still John Bull never pardons an appearance of renegadeism.

"24*th*.—Hard at work till quite faint. What a beautiful and glorious delusion Art has been to me, with all its suffering and all its hollow rewards! Still, necessitous as I am, I would begin again as I began, and go on as I have gone on, sure as I might be of the same result.

"25*th*.—Out all day in the city on cash matters—cursed cash matters."

The question was now should he send his picture to the Academy or not? Pride rebelled against a step which he felt would be construed into an act of submission, but necessity and self-interest

self-interest were stronger than pride, and he yielded, sending his picture, after a severe struggle. "Spent the day in excruciating doubts what to do; with five children, surrounded by difficulties, and with nothing ready for individual exhibition, the Royal Academy alone is open to me. Will it be inconsistent to send? No. The greatest part of the men now leading are my old fellow-students. The Academy is not what it was when I attacked it. I consider it materially modified, and why should I keep up a senseless hostility for the sake of gratifying the malignant and discontented, who have clapped their hands while I have been the victim? The party that expelled Reynolds and brought the Academy into contempt is dead and powerless. This party I attacked and successfully. Young men of talent have been admitted, and its whole state and condition is improved. So thinking, I resolved to send my pictures there, which intention I hope will conciliate and destroy the angry feeling, and the notion that I have kept aloof from contempt. Really I hope it may lead to harmony and peace.

"After the pictures were gone came the bitterness of reflection. Had I not violated a great principle? Had I not gone on my knees? Had I not by the move put myself in the hands of men I had treated with utter contempt, and could I expect anything but contempt in return? God knows! I found the Academy too strongly embedded in the aristocracy of the country, headed by the King, to remodel. I was ruined in the attempt. I never flinched. As I find it not vanquishable by open attack, I will now try conciliation.

"Perhaps after all I do this on the same principle on which Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail, to make people talk—and talk they will."

Within a few days after executing this resolve he was at work on "the finest subject on earth"—Alexander taming Bucephalus. The Journal contains the usual evidences of energetic labour in the way of preparation and arrangement. Anatomical studies of the horse show that he began, as usual, by laying a sound foundation of accurate structural knowledge. The numerous sketches of the composition both for line and chiaroscuro testify as unmistakeably to the pains he took in this part of his labour, as long extracts from the Greek writers, and memoranda of frequent and extended researches at the British Museum, show the care with which he got together his literary materials and authorities.

"*April 25th.*—This last week I have worked hard at the horse, and I hope mastered his anatomical arrangement in a degree, till I go to nature. Stubbs is useful, but his horses are not grand enough in light and shadow for a painter. They may be just as correct

correct without violating the principle of effect. They are delicate, minute and sweetly drawn, with great character, but they want substance.

"*30th.*—To Stubbs and one dissection of the fore-quarter of an ass, however, I owe my information. Thanks to him. The last day of the month—a month in which I have worked little indeed. The times, the ruin of friends, the danger of my own prospects, have all had weight and distracted and disturbed my mind. Poor Wilkie is yet unable to paint, and really I begin to fear that at his time of life he may never be able to paint again, if he does not soon recover. I am now without a single commission again; I have just lost one of five hundred guineas. The only people who do not suffer, and who never do, are the portrait-painters, as usual."

This picture introduced him to Lord Egremont, one of the kindest and most liberal patrons Art had at this period.

"*May 14th.*—This day, two-and-twenty years ago, I left my father's house for London, and it is curious that on this day Lord Egremont called and gave me a commisison for Alexander. God grant me health and eyes, means and genius to make this my best work.

"The following conversation passed yesterday with my kind friend, Carew, the only friend I ever met in the art. I wrote to Lord Egremont, saying I had lost from the distresses of the times a five hundred guineas' commission which I had depended on.

"Carew was at breakfast with Lord Egremont. 'What bedevilment has Haydon got into now?' 'None, my Lord. He has lost commissions he relied on, and of course, having a wife and five children, he is anxious they should not starve.' 'Well, well, I'll call on you to-morrow, at three, and then go over to him at half-past.' Lord Egremont called accordingly at Carew's;[1] we saw him get out of his carriage, and go into the house. Dear Mary and I were walking on the leads, and agreed it would not be quite right to look too happy, being without sixpence: so we came in, I to the parlour to peep through the blinds, and she to the nursery. In about ten minutes I saw a bustle with the servants. Lord Egremont came out of Carew's, buttoned his coat and crossed over. He came in, and walked up. 'I hope my Lord, I have not lost your esteem by making my situation known to you?' 'Not at all,' said he; 'I shall be happy to assist you.' He looked at Alexander, and said: 'I should like this. You must go on with it, and I shall call up occasionally.' He came down, and went away smiling as if pleased with his own

[1] Carew's house was in Connaught Terrace, within sight of Haydon's, on the other side of the way.

resolution.

resolution. Carew said before he came over he talked of me the whole time. 'What mess is this?' Carew repeated the facts. 'Is he extravagant?' 'Not in the least, my Lord; he is domestic, economical and indefatigable.' 'Why did he take that house after his misfortunes?' 'Because the light was good, and he is at less rent than in a furnished lodging.' 'Well, I must go over, and do something.—But why did he write?' 'My Lord, he was a very young man, and I believe he sincerely repents.' 'He has made himself enemies everywhere by his writing,' said he. He told Carew he thought Alexander the very thing, the cleverest picture I had conceived. It is decidedly so, I know. God only grant me health and peace to bring it to a grand and triumphant conclusion, and to make so generous a nobleman my lasting friend."

For his Bucephalus he made many studies at the riding-school of the Horse Guards;[1] nay, occasionally had one of the chargers in his parlour. By the 11th of June Bucephalus was in the picture.

"Obliged to raise money on my property of all descriptions. Lord Egremont must not be spoken to, but I wish he knew it. I am sure he would wish I should work with an easy mind; at least, patience.

[1] This account of some of his studies for the picture is from a letter written several years after:

"When Lord Egremont gave me the order, he wrote to the Colonel who then had the command at the riding-school, St John's Wood, to allow me to choose the finest model of man and horse for his picture; the Colonel gave me immediate leave to make my choice, which I did—permitted me to have the riding-school to myself, and study the action and bearing of man and horse.

"First of all—the lifeguardsman, a fine young man, stripped his limbs and mounted: he then rode his horse fiercely round at gallop till he was winded; he then drew him up, as he passed me, and halted him to a stand, at the supposed distance the King in the picture would stand from my position in the riding-school. By repeating this several times, and passing me at gallop and trot, I observed narrowly the agreeing action of hind and fore quarters, and neck, when pulled in, as well as the expression of ears, mouth, eye and nostrils.

"The Colonel then himself galloped a grey mare of his own round, pulled in, and I sketched the nostrils of the mare, whilst breathing hard, to get the shape and character. After making one finished sketch in chalk of man and horse, besides several others, and the action and expression of the horse being approved by competent judges in the school, I was allowed to have both man and horse to my house; and the horse, though mettled, being drilled and obedient, walked into my house like a dog, and he and the man stood in my parlour six hours whilst I made an oil sketch of both. The man and horse were then taken to a meadow behind my house, and the horse raced in it till exhausted, and at full speed pulled suddenly up. Having thus made myself master, from nature only, of the action and expression wanted, I painted the man and horse into the picture, and retouched both from life again in the picture."

" 12*th*.—Worked lazily—saw nothing distinctly. The model was exhausted, and I was dull; and so, after five hours' twaddling, I gave up.

" 13*th*.—Got Alexander and horse together well. He must look a youth, or the gist of the thing is lost. At present he is like a long-forked lifeguardsman. How soon one could finish a picture if one dashed at it like Rubens, careless of character. Finished Pepys' *Memoirs*, a Dutch picture of the times, deeply interesting. O God, grant me no longer life but while I can read and paint.

" 18*th*.—Hard at work to little effect. Got in Alexander's head, when a sudden effect on the model's head made me alter my original intention, and now it turns out it is not the thing. This has not happened to me for years. Always attend to the first ideas; I never altered but to repent. In Lazarus and Pharaoh I never altered, and succeeded in every head. One head indeed I altered (as I did this), and was obliged to revert to my original idea. In Lazarus, the father looking up I put in first against the sky. Everybody gives it against the alteration—low and high—and they are right, I fear.

" 20*th*.—Pumiced out my yesterday's head, and I hope succeeded in my new one. God be praised with all my soul!

" 21*st*.—At the horse's head; doubtful success; at it again to-morrow.

" 22*nd*.—The head this morning looked well. So true is that which Wilkie has often said to me, ' Never rub out in the evening of the day you have worked hard, if your labour should appear a failure.' Your nature, strained from over-excitement, is apt to be either disconcerted at your imagination being so much more noble than your attempts, or your digestion being deranged by long thinking affects the brain, and fills it with gloomy apprehensions. I was exhausted last night: this morning got up refreshed and everything looked smiling.

" 23*rd*.—Obliged to pawn my other lay-figure, the female, for £5; cost me £30; obliged. Borrowed a horse's head to paint the teeth and gums from, and had not 8s. to pay the man. However, I am not now as during Solomon. I am high in the world, in a good house, have my food, a dear wife, a sweet family and good credit; but it is hard to part with materials like these. My studies (Elgin ones), my books (most of them), and now my lay-figures, are all pawned. I looked at Vasari, at Lanzi, at Homer, at Tasso, at Shakespeare, but my heart was firm. The very back of a book containing the works of a celebrated genius is enough, if you know the contents well, to fill the mind with crowds of associations. I kept them. I may do without a lay-figure for a time, but not without old Homer—that great, native, true,

true, immortal, illustrious incarnate spirit. Hail to thee, blind and begging as thou wert! The truth is, I am fonder of books than of anything else on earth. I consider myself, and ever shall, a man of great powers excited to an art which limits their exercise. In politics, law or literature they would have had full and glorious swing, and I should have secured a competence. It is a curious proof of this that I have pawned my studies, my prints, my lay-figures, but have kept my darling authors.

"27*th*.—My exhibiting with the Academicians has given great satisfaction to everybody, and they seem to regard me now without that gloomy dislike they used to do. I heartily wish they may become as they seem—cordial—and that in the end all animosities may be forgotten in our common desire to advance the art. This is my desire, God knows; whether it be theirs time only will show. Westmacott called to-day; yesterday I went to see the horse for his statue of George III. for the end of the long walk at Windsor. Why will a man attempt a language without learning the A, B, C of it?

"It showed a great want of knowledge of the form of a horse, but in certain views it was grand and imposing. I hinted certain deficiencies, but I question if he was pleased. Still he thanked me. He liked Alexander, but agreed he was not young enough. I'll get the air of youth by contrast.

"Westmacott has always spoken of me in the highest terms; he was affected when I told him this. He has a kind heart, and I hope we parted pleasantly. 'I heartily wish you were amongst us,' said he. 'So do I,' said I. 'Time and conciliation,' said he. 'That's my present principle,' I said. He told Carew he was glad I was so much improved.

"My God, how I have been mistaken!

"It is pleasant to be at peace, and at peace I wish to be for the rest of my life. Had I never got infected with ——, I should have always been so. But, however, time—time—time. I cannot expect to be received with open arms at once after the severity with which I have treated these men. But I see they are pleased with my present frame of mind; and making a little allowance for what is due to themselves, the two or three I have spoken to have evidently behaved with great kindness. I see they have a high opinion of me. But no concession; d—— me if I make any concession. I'll be patient, and give them three years. If at the end of that time I am trifled with, then to hostilities again. I should wish to do the good I want accomplished, backed by the Academy; but if I cannot, I must make one attempt to do it again without them, and perhaps perish before I accomplish it. God only knows. Time—time—time."

After

After a long day of research at the British Museum among Greek books and Greek coins and sculptures, "How beautiful," he says, "it must have been to have entered a Greek Doric temple, at the head of a secluded river, buried in a grove, and there contemplated the most divine statues and most exquisite pictures. What a people they were for the arts!

"These three days have been delightfully spent. This is the happiness of historical painting. Dentatus acquainted me with the Romans: Solomon, Jerusalem and Lazarus with the Israelites and Eastern nations: Pharaoh with the Egyptians and Alexander with the divine Greeks. Every hour's progress is an accession of knowledge, of pleasure and happiness. The mind never flags, but is kept in one delicious tone of meditation and fancy: whereas in portrait one sitter, stupid as ribs of beef, goes; another comes; a third follows. Women screw up their mouths to make them look pretty, and men suck their lips to make them look red. The trash that one is obliged to talk! The stuff that one is obliged to copy! The fidgets that are obliged to be borne! My God! I will defy any man of strong imagination to curb it, if he idealises at all, so as to elevate a common head, and yet keep a likeness. It requires a certain portion, but not such a portion as carries a man out of himself. This is the history of a portrait painter's nature of mind.

"Day after day goes away, and your mind rots for want of opening some new source of knowledge, unexplored and promising. I really don't care about the half-tint of a cheek. I really do not. I would rather devour Ælian, or search Strabo, and blaze with Homer—I really would—and give my imagination the reins for hours, than paint a cheek like Vandyke. This is the truth."

These investigations suggest a remark which has an application to plagiarism in Literature as well as in Art. "There is hardly anything new. I never literally stole but one figure in my life (Aaron) from Raffaele. Yet to-day I found my Olympias, which I dashed in in a heat, exactly a repetition of an Antigone, and the first thing I saw in the Louvre was Poussin's Judgment of Solomon, with Solomon in nearly the same position as in my picture. Yet I solemnly declare I never saw even the print when I conceived my Solomon, which was done one night, before I began to paint, at nineteen, when I lodged in Carey Srteet, and was ill in my eyes. I lay back in my chair, and indulged myself in composing my Solomon.

"I will venture to say no painter but Wilkie will believe this, though it is as true as that two and two make four."

By the 7th of July his difficulties had fairly driven him, he writes, "up in a corner." At last he determined, though warned of

of the danger of such a step, to disclose his embarrassments and necessities to Lord Egremont. "I begged him to pardon my laying open my circumstances to him. I was warned against applying for money to him by others. It ruined Rossi with him; but Rossi, I suppose, applied in the style of a butcher.

"Oh what anxiety dearest Mary and I suffered last night! 'It will succeed,' said she, 'or ruin you.' Had it offended him I should really have had great difficulties, but still I would have got through. Well, at dinner-time he called: I let him in with a beating heart. He walked up, liked Alexander very much indeed, and after looking some time said: 'Why what have you been about all your life?' 'Painting large pictures in hopes of the sympathy of the public, my Lord.' 'That was imprudent,' said he. 'It was,' I replied (but I thought, 'I wish I could be as imprudent again'). 'Well, I have brought you £100.' 'My Lord, that's salvation.' He smiled and put five twenties on a chair. He then walked about my plaster-room; as I followed him—'Take up your money,' said he. I did so. 'Where are your large pictures?' I told him. His manner was altogether mild and benevolent, and he had not to-day that short sharp tone he has in general, which is not natural to him, and which he puts on, I am convinced, to keep people at a distance.

"He seemed full of knowledge of me and my affairs, and I doubt not I shall yet have a regular conversation on the subject. Well, God be thanked, I am once more lifted from a pit by a guardian angel.

"Alexander evidently pleased him. 'I wish,' said I, 'to make him an aspiring youth,' at which he nodded. 'Don't make the queen d——d ugly.' 'No, my Lord, that I won't' ('I flatter myself I like a handsome woman, and know as much of them as your Lordship,' thought I). 'The king promises finely—Clytus I like very much. It is very fine.' He seemed pleased with himself, and with me, and walked about, and turned round on his heel, as if now he had a right to be familiar.

"The only reward I wished him—and that would have been, God knows, sufficient—was to have seen my Mary's face in the evening.

"Long life to him with all my soul, and from my soul I offer God my gratitude."

We have seen how Haydon had so far conquered his pride as to send his Venus and Anchises to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. He followed this up by a step, his account of which in his Journal (July 10th) he has headed (in 1839), "This is the disgrace of my life." As my object is to let the painter speak for himself wherever I can, and as the incident is an important one

one in his life, and the narrative characteristic, I transfer to my pages without abridgment his account of the visits he paid to members of the Academy, with a view to conciliate that body, and, if possible, pave the way for his own admission to it. He was ashamed of this step, when it turned out unsuccessful. I must confess that it is my own impression that his shame at this ineffectual act of submission, like his original quarrel with the Academy, was more owing to personal feeling than to considerations of principle, though these might be mingled with the less worthy motive.

"A month ago, taking into consideration the kind reception I had met with in the Royal Academy, by the hanging of my pictures, and the great good I had since derived from sending them there, I called on Calcott, who called on me after Solomon and its success, and then spoke to me in a strain of subdued quiet. Oh, what an ass I was not to meet him then half-way! I missed it, treated him with hauteur. I was victorious, honourably and openly victorious. But I was not a frank and forgiving foe, and now it was my turn to call on him.

"Call I did, with a variety of sensations, and saw Calcott. I recalled his visit to me, told him I now called on him; that my feelings had undergone a change in consequence of the way my pictures had been treated; that I felt weary of keeping aloof from the profession, and asked him what chance he thought I should have of bringing things round amicably. He looked grave and important, but still I saw it was put on. He was pleased. 'Why, really, Mr Haydon, I won't hurt your feelings by saying what I think of your former violence.' 'Yes, but Mr Calcott, remember the cause' (repeating all my arguments); 'remember, I never criticised the works of any living artist. What I did was on public grounds.' 'Well, Mr Haydon, we won't talk about the matter. If you wish for reconciliation you will have heavy work.' 'Well,' said I, 'Christian, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, shook off his load at last, and so shall I.' He said he wished me success, and held out his hand, which I shook and went away. In spite of the great irony of his expression, he was pleased, I swear.

"To-day I called on Shee: I told him, after sixteen years' absence, I wished to recommence our acquaintance. Shee was much agitated, and asked me to walk in. There we discussed the whole matter. I maintained I began life with an enthusiasm for the Academy; that I offended my patron by refusing to concede to his desire of keeping Dentatus for the Gallery;[1] that I sent it to the Academy, and that they, after hanging it up, then took it down and placed it in the dark. (As I knew he was one of the

[1] The British Institution.

hangers,

hangers, I determined to tell this out.) He said he was used just as badly: but I replied, 'Portraits were paid for; historical pictures were the work of years, and such a proceeding, in the case of commissions from noblemen, whose vanity became alarmed if repute did not follow employment by them, was ruin.' He said: 'Then it was your own personal disappointment?' 'Yes; for if a student, a devoted, enthusiastic young man, as I was, praised by all, after having given such successful proofs of having studied soundly, was not considered qualified for election or honour because he had not taken the trouble to render himself personally agreeable to the Academicians (taking into consideration the treatment Reynolds too had met with from the same party), I was justified in suffering my personal disappointments to excite me to a general attack on the system. The personal consequences I was not aware of. I might have foreseen them if I had hesitated; but I was heaped with calumnies, anonymous letters, had everything put on my shoulders, was accused of envy and hatred, called a Barry, when I have always preferred clean sheets, a glass of wine and a clean house, and am naturally happy tempered.' So we went on; he did not make any convincing reply to this. I agreed with everything he said about an artist writing, because I felt its fatal truth. It embitters and destroys his mind and his conceptions, turns aside the tranquil train of his thoughts and renders his habits of thinking unpictorial. Making allowance for the severe things I have said of Shee, I expected and should have excused occasional hits. 'My dear sir' (with his brogue), 'a public body is invulnerable; a public body is only amused at the attacks of individuals.' 'Ah,' thought I, 'were you amused, my dear Mr Shee, when you called a general meeting of the Academy to take into consideration my accusation of mean motives for taking away the cartoon of Ananias? Though no other step was taken, by Fuseli's advice, than entering on your books the fact of the cartoon being lent to the Gallery, and your right to claim it' (which Wilkie told me of), 'I believe this was a little more than amusement.' However I said nothing. I made them all tremble, and this they remember well. And, by heavens, my calling makes them tremble still. Shee shook hands heartily, and then said he would call very soon; so we parted as I wished.

"Now to old Flaxman. I think if I can get Beechey, Flaxman and Shee to say: 'I wish you well,' the greatest part of the road is got over.

"In the course of conversation we talked of Cymon and Iphigenia at the Gallery. 'Portrait painters,' said Shee, 'when they paint history, beat the historical painters.' If I had put him

him down, as I could in an instant, away would have gone our reconciliation. Who beat Raffaele, Rubens, Michel Angelo, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, Giorgione?

"Because Reynolds beat West in force, depth and colour, portrait painters beat historical painters in character, expression, form, drawing and composition! This is a specimen of the sort of family trash and namby-pamby that is the circulating medium of the Academy. It makes me sick. (I'll bet my existence I shall never have patience to go through.) Portrait painters, from the habit of imitation, will no doubt beat historical painters who compose and finish without reference to nature. But because Reynolds beat West, Fuseli, Singleton, Copley and others of that species—does he mean to say that the great historical painters, who never painted without life, have left anything for portrait painters to complete? Ah, Shee, I could have pointed to Prospero and Miranda over your chimney-piece as a refutation, but good breeding rendered it necessary to bow.

"And now for my old friend Chantrey.

"I always admired his simplicity and harmlessness of nature. Whether wealth and fame have altered him I must see. Once, when I called on horseback, he held my stirrup while I mounted, and that too when his Sleeping Children were before the world, and he was in the full blaze of repute. I always remember this as a proof of his unaffectedness. Chantrey agreed with me in my attack; he seceded and left me. We shall see how he will take a visit on my part to pave the way to reconciliation.

"When he set up his carriage he was not to be borne. It was all day: 'John, tell Richard to desire Betty to order Mrs Chantrey's maid to tell Mrs Chantrey to send down my snuff-box.' He rode about as full of conceit as an egg; but I believe Chantrey's heart to be good, and we shall see.

"I shall only call on those whose feelings I have hurt, and I hurt the feelings of some of whom I had no right to complain, but as they were of the body corporate.

"This was wanton, and gives me pain—great pain. Surely there can be no degradation in trying to heal up the wounds one has inflicted, without thought, at thirty. Old Flaxman, though pompous, is good.

"*July 13th.*—To-day I saw Beechey, who is hearty and sincere. I afterwards called on Flaxman, who received me most kindly. I saw the Michael he is doing for Lord Egremont. The head is fine.

"I said: 'Mr Flaxman, I wish to renew my acquaintance after twenty years' interval.' 'Mr Haydon,' said the "intelligent deformity,"

deformity," 'I am happy to see you—walk in!' 'Mr Flaxman, sir, you look well.' 'Sir, I am well, thanks to the Lord! I am seventy-two, and ready to go when the Lord pleases.'

"As he said this, there was a look of real unaffected piety, which I hope and believe was sincere.

"'Ah, Mr Haydon, Lord Egremont is a noble creature.' 'He is, Mr Flaxman; he has behaved very nobly to me.' 'Ah, Mr Haydon, has he? How?' 'Why, Mr Flaxman, he has given me a handsome commission.' 'Has he, Mr Haydon? I am most happy to hear it—most happy—very happy'; and then with an elevation of brow, and looking askance, he said: 'How is your friend Mr Wilkie?' 'Why, Mr Flaxman, he is ill—so ill I fear he will never again have his intellects in full vigour.' 'Really, Mr Haydon, why it is miserable. I suppose it is his miniature-painting has strained him, for between you and me, Mr Haydon, 'tis but miniature-painting you know: hem—he—m—e—e—m.' 'Certainly, Mr Flaxman, 'tis but miniature-painting.' 'Ah, Mr Haydon, the world is easily caught.' Here he touched my knee familiarly, and leaned forward, and his old, deformed, humped shoulder protruded as he leant, and his sparkling old eye and his apish old mouth grinned on one side, and he rattled out of his throat, husky with coughing, a jarry, inward, hesitating hemming sound, which meant that Wilkie's reputation was all my eye in comparison with *ours!*

"'Poor Fuseli is gone, sir.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Ah, Mr Haydon, he was a man of genius, but, I fear, of no principle.' 'Yes, sir.' 'He has left, I understand, behind him some drawings shockingly indelicate.' 'Has he, sir?' 'Yes, Mr Haydon. Poor wretch!' said Flaxman, looking ineffably modest. 'Mr Flaxman, good morning.' 'Good morning, Mr Haydon. I am very, very happy to see you, and will call in a few days.'

"From him I called on Westall, who was out of town, and then on my old friend Bailey. Bailey had got on well in life, and was now in a large house, and with plenty of employment. I broke bread and drank wine with him, and he told me I might depend on him. I was too tired to do more, and came home to look at my picture with delight.

"I have been very kindly received, and my intentions seem to give decided satisfaction.

"I certainly wish to be at peace for ever.

"17*th*.—To-day I saw Thompson, Ward, Howard, who is a gentlemanly clever fellow—Soane, whom I used dreadfully ill—Stothard, who has an angelic mind. As an instance of his calm nature he said: 'I never read the papers, Mr Haydon; they disturb my peace of thinking.' There he sat making a sketch of

of Kemble's tomb for a gentleman, from a drawing of a lady's, and his beautiful pictures unbought about him—beautiful, that is, as far as sweetness of feeling went. I felt quite affected. He has not material enough for modern Art. He told me he remembered Sir Joshua looking at the effect of some people in a pork shop near Newport Market, and imitated his manner, holding his head back, and taking off his glasses to see the effect. I could not help contrasting Stothard's simplicity and sincerity with Flaxman's frog-like croaking flattery.

"He has a fine head, with silvery hairs, hanging brows and a benignant smile that expresses a happy conception and a perpetual feasting on sweet thoughts. I left him highly gratified. He said he complained at the time to the hangers that Dentatus was not done justice to, and that they said 'It was a glaring picture.' Every word uttered at the time, and which I got hold of one way or the other, proves the extent of the tacit agreement to stop my progress and embarrass me for a time. This single act of hanging that picture in the dark changed the whole current of my life for a time. So great is the power of men who arrange the exhibition. I told Stothard that a week before the picture was sent in my room was filled with people of fashion and beautiful women, and that after it was so hung I never saw even my particular friends for a year. It darkened all my prospects. It was not a picture dashed together in a hurry for a temporary effect, but the labour of a year or longer, deeply studied and deeply thought on, on which my future fortune depended. I painted it to prove my sincerity, to prove the value of the studies I had made in that very Academy, and yet I was sacrificed to a base intrigue of West, Phillips, Howard, and Shee, who agreed to undo what Fuseli had induced them to do. After having hung it and voted it a place, could there be a greater cruelty or injustice than to take it down? I am happy to see, when I speak of this, the Academicians cannot bear my searching glance, and to all I have mentioned it as the first cause of my defection.

"Howard and I afterwards had a very interesting conversation. He gave up the prospects of Art in the country. I did not. He is the beau ideal of modern historical Art formed on the Roman antique—Flaxman, in fact, in colours—but an intelligent, refined man, a great favourite I have heard with Sir Joshua. He did not see the good effects in the long run of the school Wilkie has formed. It has effectually counterbalanced the slobber of Reynolds, and will in the end reflect itself back again on history, and be the means of advancing the whole system of Art. Howard of course complained of its having engendered a premature Art. I agreed; but still I see the end of that and the good that must accrue.

accrue. Of course he was a disappointed man. Now I am not a disappointed man, though a ruined one.

" I then saw old Bone, the enamel painter, who has got a nervous twitch and a croaking voice, as if he was always watching a bit of ivory in a furnace for fear it should crack. He showed me all the celebrated characters of Elizabeth's reign. Elizabeth, by Sir A. More, capital—a man's head on woman's shoulders. Burleigh's was goodness and integrity personified. Spenser's like the sweetness of his own stanzas. ' Is it like Shakespeare? " said I of a portrait of Shakespeare. ' Why,' said old Bone, ' they have talked so much about Shakespeare they begin to know less than ever.'

" Soane was crabbedly good-natured, and happy to see me. Indeed all received me frankly, and shook hands heartily. They were evidently pleased. As a specimen of taste, on Soane's chimney-piece were bits of paper to light candles with, crumpled architecturally, in his peculiar style.

" Thompson and I had a long conversation. He is a gentlemanly fellow. He told me good-naturedly of several bits of rudeness on my part to him, which I never meant or thought of.

" With Ward I entered into a long conversation, and he was astonished at my declaring I never criticised any modern works whatever.

" The lies that have been circulated about me, as I find now I come to see my enemies, are quite extraordinary.

" So has passed this day.

" *July 25th.*—Out again and saw the rest of the Academicians. Phillips and I had a long confab. Phillips is kind but irritable. His manner of Art is heavy—a sort of exaggeration of Kneller's and Reynolds's breadth. He was pleased at my coming. He asked me if I did not do this, and I asked him if he had not done this and had not done that; by which means we came to an anchor. He is the only man who has not behaved in the same manly way as the rest behaved; but it is temper. This was the reason. ' Do you believe,' said he, ' the ancients according to Pliny had only four colours—white, ochre, red and black? Ochre,' he added, ' is no yellow.' He then mixed white with it to show me. ' But,' said I, ' I will make ochre look like gold by contrast and by management; glaze it for a half-tint, touch in dark and red reflections, then heighten by white touches in lights. You will find the local colour—the real ochre—will look golden.' ' But they must have had no blue.' ' Well,' said I, ' the finest pictures in colour, expression and form could be painted without blue, though Titian's richness is principally owing to blue. Besides, by management, I will make black look blue.'

" He

" He then said: ' They knew nothing of light and shadow.' ' Why,' said I, ' do you remember Quintilian?' ' Does Quintilian say anything?' said Phillips. ' Ah,' thought I, ' *prenez garde, M. Haydon. Il faut être un ignorant en présence de M. le Professeur; souvenez-vous en bien.* Shall I send you an extract?' said I. ' I shall be obliged,' said he. ' What is your notion of the vehicle of the ancients?' ' Gad, sir, I know so little, really I have no idea. What is yours, Mr Phillips?' ' It was water,' said he; ' how could a sponge else be thrown against a picture,[1] and produce the effect?' ' Of course,' said I, though I thought on that reasoning it might be soap and water, for if it was water, because a sponge was used, a sponge is as often used with soap as with pure water.

" It is surely as likely, at least, that Protogenes having just obliterated what he had painted with a sponge, the sponge might have been covered with the colour and vehicle taken off, and if he dashed it up against the picture, the same vehicle and colour must have been again dashed on. It might be oil, or wax, or spirits, because sponge could equally clear all.[2] Nothing certain could be obtained from taking the sponge as a principle of reasoning.

" All this I did not say, but thought and looked profound; so I dare say he fancied I was amazingly struck by his remark.

" By this time he got peevish, and so I bid him adieu. I will certainly attend his first lecture.

" From Phillips I called on Sir Thomas, and I must say was amazingly struck by the beauty and force and grace of the women in his gallery. I think I can venture to say with truth that he is the only man since Vandyke who has detailed, without destroying, the beauty of a face. He is not mannered as he used to be; and a head of Lady Sutton's was really beautiful—pure in colour and expression. His old men and his women are his forte; his children are affected; his young men puppies; but his women are fashionable, though, perhaps, a little dollish. That heavy lumbering breadth without detail he has left off, and he deserves his employment.

" I did not say all I thought, because it might look like praising him to ingratiate myself.

" Lawrence and Sir George Beaumont are the two most perfect gentlemen I ever saw—both naturally irritable and waspish, but both controlling every feeling which is incompatible with breeding.

[1] Alluding to the story of Protogenes having thrown his sponge in despair at a picture he was painting of a dog with foam coming out of his mouth, and having thus produced the effect he was seeking.

[2] It was Tempera. Phillips was partly right.—B. R. H. 1837.

" At

" At a large party once at an hotel in Jermyn Street, to breakfast with Sir Walter Scott, Sir George remained a long time with his empty cup waiting for tea. The conversation being lively, he was forgotten by Sir Walter, and I sat watching him to observe how he would bear it. It was quite a study to see how admirably Sir George by anecdotes, and laughing, and listening, all of which was intentional, kept everybody from believing he was neglected, or thought himself so. At last his cup caught Sir Walter's eye; he filled it, with an apology, and Sir George took it as if he had then only been thirsty, and as if on the whole his tea was a great deal better than if he had had it sooner. It was exquisitely done. Lawrence is not so inherently a gentleman. His air looks like obedience: in Beaumont it was like delicacy.

" From him I called on Cooper, and after so many commonplace people Cooper, who is really a man of genius, was a consolation. His walk is English History. His knowledge is great there, and he talks well and enthusiastically. With him I spent an intelligent, argumentative and instructive half hour; so much so that I almost forgot my object, and at last it came in incidentally, and was again soon swallowed up in the discussion of matters more important. I have been used all my life to literary men, or men of genius. The portrait painters are really so buried in self, and so occupied with individuality, that, except Lawrence, they are abroad on subjects of general interest. In the houses of Phillips and Shee there was not one bust of antiquity or work of Art, while Lawrence's house is filled with them.

" The moment Cooper and I met there was a set-to, and his manner in talking struck me as like Wilkie's. It was quite a pleasure, a relief and an excitement. I left Cooper with several new subjects of thought, many original ideas, and walked leisurely home, determined not to disturb myself any more to-day.

" Neither Shee, Phillips nor any other said one thing I remembered, except Lawrence.

" Perhaps it may not be a paradox to say the most waspish men are the best bred.

" The perpetual consciousness of a defect of temper which would destroy all affection begets a perpetual effort at control. Reynolds, Lawrence and Sir George are examples. Reynolds was naturally irritable. His good fortune and success, with the submission he received, kept him amiable; but the first time he was thwarted he got into a passion, and resigned.

" *August 5th.*—Hard at work on the drapery of Olympias, as I knew my lay-figure must go again in the evening for cash. In the evening it went till the next advance. I hope to get through now without feeling the want of it.

" *6th.*

" 6*th*.—In Kent with Mary. Boy to school—Hayes—delicious place. The scent of woodbine, honeysuckle, roses and grass so exquisite that I could have laid down like a dog and rolled about, enchanted and snuffing.

" 11*th*.—Hard at work. Finished Philip. Now for Olympias —a sort of Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra. The king's hands did well to-day.

" 12*th*.—Hard at work and succeeded with the queen—Olympias. Remembering what my old friend Apelles said (that he knew when to leave off) the moment I had hit the expression I ceased, congratulating myself on my forbearance, although the surface was a little too rough, and the colour not quite the thing yet. Expression is the prime point, and I never will risk expression for anything.

" 13*th*.—To-day the queen's head looked exactly the thing, and I rejoice I left off; though I was agitated and nervous to go on, and should have spoilt it in five minutes, had not dearest Mary begged me to keep my resolution.

" 14*th*.—Both yesterday and to-day harassed to death. When I was employed on portraits I ordered several frames; the attacks of the press destroyed my portrait-painting, and these frames were left on my hands. I gave a bill for the amount, £37, 15s. 0d., was not paid for my Pharaoh, could not pay the bill and have lost two precious days in trying to get time to complete my picture. I hope to go to work to-morrow, as I am literally hungry to go on.

" Called in at the National Gallery, and forgot my bill for two hours with Titian, Raffaele, Vandyke, Rubens, Reynolds, and, happy am I to add, my old friend Wilkie. When I recollect that Wilkie painted this Blind Fiddler in the summer of 1806, No. 10 Sol's Row, top of Tottenham Court Road, in a paltry first floor—that he had but fifty guineas for it, and that now it is one of the prime ornaments of the English school at the National Gallery—when I recollect all the models he had, especially the old grandfather, whom we both painted, and the circumstances attending each, and the little anecdotes connected with them, I am deeply gratified.

" 18*th*.—Out to meet, persuade and battle with a lawyer: we compromised the matter, but it destroyed my time and I returned totally unhinged. This is the way half my precious time is lost. I not only lose my time but I pay for losing it, which is a double loss.

" 20*th*.—Sunday. Spent a heavenly day. No duns, no lawyers' letters, no disturbance of any sort; but silent, peaceable and holy in my feelings. My heart continually grateful to God. I only

I only ask, if painting on a Sunday generates such feelings, and going to church and listening to a stupid parson generates the contrary, which is most acceptable to God?

"21*st*.—Painted the queen's hand. Obliged to go out just as I felt abstracted and delighted. *Obliged*. Law. 'Your money or a writ.' This should be the lawyer's motto, or 'Your money or a prison.' Either will suit these amiable, established robbers. Footpads are respectable in comparison. At least I think so, who am generally a debtor and not a creditor.

"*September* 1*st*.—The first thing I began the month with was a lawyer's letter, threatening proceedings if I did not settle directly. Away I was obliged to go on the top of a stage for the city. I talked him over for a month. He asked what I was about. I described the subject, and as I was talking I saw him open his mouth, and follow me by its motions. 'All right,' thought I, and I soon brought him to anchor. As I went along I studied as fine a sky as I ever remember seeing. The arched vaulted look and sunny airiness was a perfect lesson which I did not miss.

"2*nd*.—Out again on the usual affairs. 'Sir, a warrant will be granted if you do not pay up your water-rate.'

"Oh what a pity there should be taxes, water-rates, poor-rates, tailors' bills, book bills, rents, butchers' and bakers' bills, for a man of genius. He should be let alone, and though perhaps he would die in a few years from over-conception, it would be better for painting.

"5*th*.—Saw elder Reinagle, a nice old fellow. He remembered Sir Joshua using so much asphaltum that it dropped on the floor. Reinagle said he thought me infamously used, and wondered I had not gone mad or died. 'Where is your Solomon, Mr Haydon?' 'Hung up in a grocer's shop.' 'Where your Jerusalem?' 'In a wareroom in Holborn.' 'Where your Lazarus?' 'In an upholsterer's shop in Mount Street.' 'And your Macbeth?' 'In Chancery.' 'Your Pharaoh?' 'In an attic, pledged.' 'My God! And your Crucifixion?' 'In a hayloft.' 'And Silenus?' 'Sold for half-price.' Such was the conversation, at which the little man

"'Shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.'"

During September, Haydon, who had not quitted London for two years, finding that his mind had "become rusty," rushed down to Brighton, where, he says, "he rolled in the sea, shouted like a savage, laved his sides like a bull in a green meadow, dived, swam, floated and came out refreshed." Enjoying the effects of the change and the sea air, he returned to town, and at the beginning of November brought down his wife and children. In

In the interval he mentions meeting with Bannister, once the most "sympathetic" of actors, on the winning effect of whose voice and manner old playgoers are still eloquent.

"30*th*.—Met Bannister by accident in Chenies Street, Bedford Square. His face was as fresh, his eye as keen and his voice as musical as ever. I had not seen him for years. He held out his hand just as he used to do on the stage, with the same frank, native truth. As he spoke, the tones of his favourite Walter[1] pierced my heart. It was extraordinary the effect. 'Bannister,' said I, 'your voice recalls my early days.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I had some touches had I not?' He told me a story of Lord Egremont. B. bought at Sir Joshua's sale the Virgin and Child. He sent it to a sale at a room for 250 guineas. Lord E. told the seller he would give 200. It was agreed to. Lord Egremont afterwards said to Bailey, 'I have bought Reynolds's Virgin and Child.' 'Ah,' said Bailey, 'it was Bannister's picture. You gave 250.' He said nothing; but the same day wrote to Bannister he was ashamed to have offered less, and sent him a cheque for the 50 owing.

"I said to Bannister, as Napoleon said to Talma, 'We are talking history; I shall put this down.' 'Shall ye though?' said he, as his face flushed. 'That I will,' said I; and he hobbled off with a sort of wriggling enjoyment. His acting was delightful; and his tones to-day accounted for his fame. They were as a man's something like Mrs Jordan's as a woman's. Mrs Jordan when making up a quarrel with a lover was touching beyond description."

Here are a brace of stories—*se non veri, ben trovati*. "Spent two hours with S——. Among other gossip he told me, a large party at Petworth were dining, among whom was Lady L——, with a page, a boy who holds her pocket handkerchief, and so forth. The first day this passed off well. The next, to the astonishment of the company, Lord Egremont had a great tall fellow behind him in a smock frock. In the middle of dinner Lord E. called out, 'Page, give me some bread.' All eyes were immediately turned on her Ladyship, and off went my Lady the morning after. The above is a fact.

"The following is a pendant, and a very good story:

"This page was one day very impertinent to her Ladyship. She wrote a note to Lord L——, saying, 'Give the bearer a box on the ear.' The page took the letter, and meeting his Lordship's huge Swiss running footman, gave him the note to carry. The fellow took the note to his Lordship. His Lordship opened it, and read, 'Give the bearer a box on the ear.' The bearer was about 7 ft. 2 in. high!"

[1] A great part of his—the milder ruffian in the *Babes in the Wood*."

While

While at Brighton with his family an invitation to Petworth arrived. His account of the visit may excite a smile, from the naïveté of enjoyment, and the self-satisfaction of the writer. But it gives a glimpse of a hospitality so frank, kindly and unstinted, and the emotions and impressions it discloses belong so peculiarly to Haydon, that I insert it without curtailment.

"*November 13th.*—Set off for Petworth, where I arrived at half-past three. Lord Egremont's reception was frank and noble. The party was quite a family one. All was frank good-humour and benevolence. Lord Egremont presided and helped, laughed and joked, and let others do the same.

"*15th.*—Sketched and studied all day. I dine with the finest Vandyke in the world—the Lady Ann Carr, Countess of Bedford. It is beyond everything. I really never saw such a character as Lord Egremont. 'Live and let live' seems to be his motto. He has placed me in one of the most magnificent bedrooms I ever saw. It speaks more for what he thinks of my talents than anything that ever happened to me. On the left of the bed hangs a portrait of William, Lord Marquis of Hertford, created Knight of the Garter 1649, and by Act of Parliament restored Duke of Somerset 1660. Over the chimney is a nobleman kneeling. A lady of high rank to the right. Opposite, Queen Mary. Over the door, a head. On the right of the cabinet, Sir Somebody. And over the entrance door, another head. The bed curtains are of different coloured velvets let in on white satin. The walls, sofas, easy chairs, green damask, and a beautiful view of the park out of the high windows.

"There is something peculiarly interesting in inhabiting these apartments, sacred to antiquity, which have contained a long list of deceased and illustrious ancestors. As I lay in my magnificent bed, and saw the old portraits trembling in a sort of twilight, I almost fancied I heard them breathe, and almost expected they would move out and shake my curtains. What a destiny is mine! One year in the Bench, the companion of gamblers and scoundrels —sleeping in wretchedness and dirt, on a flock bed low and filthy, with black worms crawling over my hands—another, reposing in down and velvet, in a splendid apartment, in a splendid house, the guest of rank, and fashion and beauty! As I laid my head on my down pillow the first night I was deeply affected, and could hardly sleep. God in heaven grant my future may now be steady. At any rate a nobleman has taken me by the hand, whose friendship generally increases in proportion to the necessity of its continuance. Such is Lord Egremont. Literally like the sun. The very flies at Petworth seem to know there is room for their existence, that the windows are theirs. Dogs, horses, cows, deer

deer and pigs, peasantry and servants, guests and family, children and parents, all share alike his bounty and opulence and luxuries. At breakfast, after the guests have all breakfasted, in walks Lord Egremont; first comes a grandchild, whom he sends away happy. Outside the window moan a dozen black spaniels, who are let in, and to them he distributes cakes and comfits, giving all equal shares. After chatting with one guest, and proposing some scheme of pleasure to others, his leathern gaiters are buttoned on, and away he walks, leaving everybody to take care of themselves, with all that opulence and generosity can place at their disposal entirely within their reach. At dinner he meets everybody, and then are recounted the feats of the day. All principal dishes he helps, never minding the trouble of carving; he eats heartily and helps liberally. There is plenty, but not absurd profusion; good wines, but not extravagant waste. Everything solid, liberal, rich and English. At seventy-four he still shoots daily, comes home wet through and is as active and looks as well as many men of fifty.

"The meanest insect at Petworth feels a ray of his Lordship's fire in the justice of its distribution.

"I never saw such a character, or such a man, nor were there ever many.

"16*th and* 17*th*.—The politics of Petworth are interesting. Of course amongst so many dependents jealousies will arise; and I soon saw that the old military heroes who had for years been drinking my Lord's claret were confoundedly annoyed at the sudden irruption of ——, who, being a keen active fellow, did not conduct himself with all possible respect to the two old colonels. He left the dinner-table before they had finished their wine; he contradicted their military notions, which Lord Egremont never took the trouble to do; and the old heroes, disturbed in their entrenchments by this young interloper, revenged themselves by abusing him in all ways.

"18*th*.—I left Petworth to-day, and arrived safely at Brighton, where I found my dear children and dearest Mary well.

"Before leaving that princely seat of magnificent hospitality, I wrote, when I retired to my bedroom last night, the following letter:

"'My Lord,

"'I cannot leave Petworth without intruding my gratitude for the princely manner in which I have been treated during my stay; and in earnestly hoping your Lordship may live long, I only add my voice to the voices of thousands, who never utter your Lordship's name without a blessing.

"'I am, my Lord,

"'Your Lordship's humble and grateful servant,

B. R. Haydon.'"

Refreshed

Refreshed by rest, and cheered by the hearty hospitality of his noble employer, the painter's fancy "was now teeming with inventions daily," and conceptions "streaming out like sparks from a furnace." By the end of the month his Alexander was concluded, and the Journal bears evidence, in its thick-coming designs and sketches, of the activity that peace, employment and hope were quick to engender. Among these are sketches for Mercury and Argus, for a Judgment of Paris, and for the picture which he now began of Eucles, who rushing from Marathon to Athens with the news of victory drops dead at his own door. The story is in Plutarch, and the painter had imposed on himself a difficult achievement—to express in his principal figure triumph and patriotic joy struggling with the weakness of imminent death. It occupied him for the remainder of the year, of which he gives his summary as usual.

"*December* 31*st*.—Another last day; so we go on and on. The sun rises and sets as it has ever done, while we rise and fall, die and become earth, are buried and forgotten.

"For want of a vent my mind feels like a steam-boiler without a valve, boiling, struggling and suppressing, for fear of injuring the interests of five children and a lovely wife.

"Bitterly I have wanted and intensely I have enjoyed during this year.

January and February	Law and harassed.
March . . .	Hard work and harassed.
April . . .	Sketched and harassed.
May . . .	Ill and harassed.
June . . .	Began Alexander.
July	Hard at work.
August . . .	Hard at work.
September . .	Hard at work.
October . . .	Hard at work.
November . .	Brighton and Petworth.
December . .	Finished Alexander, and more harassed than ever.

"Thus ends this year, and I am harassed to death for paltry debts. My Mary is well, and dear Frank quite recovered: all the children are wonderfully better, and we have all passed a happy Christmas. Last year I was not harassed in petty money matters, but sickness had seized the house. I have therefore to thank God sincerely for the mercy of my dear family's health, and hope He will grant me strength to conquer and bear up against my wants. O God, grant it! Grant me the means this ensuing year to diminish my debts. Grant this time twelvemonth I may have deserved less pain of mind in that point, and may have it. O God

God protect us, and grant us all that is best for our conduct here, and our salvation hereafter. Amen.

"Alas! how unlike the endings of former years! No noble scheme animates and inspires me. The coldness of men in power —the indifference of the people—the want of taste in the King, and the distressing want of money—the state of the Academy—all, all, press down hope and freeze up the most ardent and enthusiastic imagination.

"I have tried the people and was nobly supported. I have tried the Ministers, and was coolly sympathised with. I have tried the Academy, and was cruelly persecuted. But the people alone could do nothing. Time—time—time!

"I do not despond, but I do not see *how*. I have lost my road, and am floundering in bypaths. I see no more the light that led astray. It has sunk, and left me groping—hoping, but cheerless.

"Still I pray I may not die till the Grand Style is felt and patronised. Amen, with all my soul."

1827

The year opened gloomily. On the 12th of January an execution was in the house, and he was only saved from arrest by the prompt assistance of his friend, Sir F. Freeling. Lord Egremont, who had promised him £200 (the balance of the price of his Alexander) at the beginning of the year, did not send it till the 16th, as I find from the Journal.

"*January 16th*.—A happy day indeed for me. Lord Egremont sent me my cash, which literally saved me from ruin. The execution on the 12th was the meanest thing ever done to me, and I take my leave of giving others such power.

"I had no less than three warrants of attorney, three cognovits and three actions. The perpetual loss of time and anxiety literally obstructed my thinking. I was flying from one to the other to get a couple of days to paint. Oh what would his Lordship have saved me from if he had sent me this a month ago! However, it cannot be helped, and God be thanked it came at last. One man after I had paid him £10 out of £16, and paid for four dozen of wine, ran me to £18 expenses on the £6 left.

"Another on £76 to £18, 6s.

"Another on £17 to £4.

"Another on £21 to £4, 5s.

"Another on £8, 10s. to £2, 6s.

"Another on £8 to £3.

"Another on £5 to £1, 4s., etc., etc. And this is the way I an served if behindhand a moment!

"The

"The moment my mind was relieved from these agonising pressures it began conceiving subjects as I walked along the streets, with a sort of relishing delight.

"20*th*.—I called on Chantrey at Brighton. I had not seen him for eight years, and was astonished and interested. He took snuff in abundance. His nose at the tip was bottled, large and brown, his cheeks full, his person corpulent, his air indolent, his tone a little pompous. Such were the effects of eight years' success. He sat and talked, easily, lazily—gazing at the sun with his legs crossed.

"He came to the door and we chatted a long time in the air. I soon saw that the essence of the *Quarterly Review* which alludes to him came from himself. I asked him how he got on with Lord Egremont's Satan. He said he deferred it. 'Stop,' said Chantrey with a very profound look, 'till I am perfectly independent, and then you shall see what I will do in poetical subjects.'

"To see a man of Chantrey's genius so impose on himself was affecting. Here he was, for that day at least, quite independent; gazing at the sun, sure of his dinner, his fire, his wine, his bed. Why was he not at that moment inventing? Good God! if I had waited till I had been perfectly independent, what should I have done?

"Invention presses on a man like a nightmare. I composed the Crucifixion, in part, while going in a hackney coach to sign a warrant of attorney. I began Solomon without a candle for the evening. I finished it without food—at least meat—for the last fortnight. And here is Chantrey putting off poetical inventions till he is perfectly independent!

"I smiled to myself to see a man of such genius under such a delusion."

Sir George Beaumont died this year. Haydon, who, in spite of their quarrel, did justice to the kindly qualities of Sir George Beaumont and to his real love of Art, says of him: "Sir George was an extraordinary man, one of the old school formed by Sir Joshua—a link between the artist and the nobleman, elevating the one by an intimacy which did not depress the other. Born a painter, his fortune prevented the necessity of application for subsistence, and of course he did not apply. His taste was exquisite, not peculiar or classical, but essentially Shakespearian. Painting was his great delight. He talked of nothing else, and would willingly have done nothing else. His ambition was to connect himself with the Art of the country, and he has done it for ever. For though Angerstein's pictures were a great temptation, yet without Sir George Beaumont's offer of his own collection,

tion, it is a question if they would have been purchased.[1] He is justly entitled to be considered as the founder of the National Gallery. His great defect was a want of moral courage; what his taste dictated to be right he would shrink from asserting if it shocked the prejudices of others or put himself to a moment's inconvenience. With great benevolence he appeared, therefore, often mean; with exquisite taste he seemed often to judge wrong; and with a great wish to do good he often did a great deal of harm. He seemed to think that to bring forth unacknowledged talent from obscurity was more meritorious than to support it when acknowledged. The favourite of this year was forgotten the next.

" His loss, with all his faults, will not easily be supplied. He founded the National Gallery. Let him be crowned. Peace to him."

The remembrance of Sir George naturally brought up that of Wilkie, to whom he had been an early patron and friend. In contrasting himself and Wilkie, " Wilkie's system," says Haydon, " was Wellington's; principle and prudence the groundworks of risk. Mine that of Napoleon: audacity, with a defiance of principle, if principle was in the way. I got into prison. Napoleon died at St Helena. Wellington is living and honoured, and Wilkie has had a public dinner given him at Rome, the seat of Art and Genius, and has secured a competence, while I am as poor and necessitous as ever. Let no man use evil as a means for the success of any scheme, however grand. Evil that good may come is the prerogative of the Deity alone, and should never be ventured on by mortals."

Dissatisfied with his Alexander, Haydon this month determined to repaint the hero, observing (February 18th) on what he wished to realise in the figure: " It is a difficult point. He must not look as if at the head of an army. He must look as if having just accomplished a dashing attempt made in the flush of youth and vigour of reflection. More of a growing youth in his form."

Now came political changes. *Feb. 19th.*—" Lord Liverpool seized on Saturday with apoplexy: what a break up there will shortly be amongst ministers and the Royal family! For my part, I should like to see the Wellesleys having the sole direction of the country, as they will have.

" *20th.*—There are three things in this world I hope to see before I die—the Americans thrashed at sea, my own debts paid and historical painting encouraged by Government.

" *21st.*—Succeeded (I flatter myself) with the head of Alexander. I have hit the air of ambition, daring, firmness, cruelty,

[1] For the nation.

generosity

generosity and reflection which characterised the noblest human animal that ever lived."

Lord Egremont's letters on the projected alteration contain passages of good sense and sound criticism, and the change pleased him. In a letter of March 7th he says:

"Alexander now looks like a young hero, and I shall be very well satisfied with him if he is the same in the picture as he is in the drawing. I would not give a farthing for the opinion of all these persons;[1] but the object now is to make the best use of this picture to get other orders and more employment for yourself, and if you think that consulting all these persons will conduce to this object, as I think it may, I should advise you to do so."

By the 10th of March the alteration was completed, and the picture really finished and ready for exhibition. Yet he could hardly give up working on it.

"*March 11th.*—Still hovering about Alexander. I altered the tone of colour by Clytus; made it a more pleasant mixture of hot and cold. I sometimes make my reds hot by keeping the lights on red drapery not light enough. The Lazarus was free, quite, from any heat: so was the Solomon.

"It is a very nice question in Art—though not if a man has the courage of Euripides—to tell how far to meet the received impression of the vulgar.

"A wrist in a certain position is like an edge. The vulgar, who know nothing, all say, 'Is not that wrist narrow, Mr Haydon?' 'Yes; but it must be so.' This does not seem to satisfy them. Ought I to make it broader to suit the general impression of a wrist? No. The vulgar ought to reflect and find out the reason of an artist."

Before this time Haydon had conceived two subjects, both of which he afterwards painted—Alexander's Combat with the Lion, and the First Sight of the Sea by the Ten Thousand, from the Fourth Book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. He was doubtful which of the three subjects (Eucles, Alexander and Xenophon) to begin with as a picture, but, at last, determined on the Eucles.

Haydon's painting-room was now crowded with visitors to see Alexander before it went to the Exhibition, whither it was duly dispatched on the 4th of April. On that day he has an entry:

"Sent Alexander to the Exhibition. I contrasted as I went down my feelings now and when I followed Dentatus, 1809, seventeen years ago. Apathy now, then all nervous anxiety lest a dray-horse should kick a hole; now indifferent if a house fell on it—not quite, but nearly."

[1] Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, Marquisses Lansdowne and Stafford, Lords Aberdeen and Farnborough.—B. R. H.

Among

Among his visitors was Charles Lamb, from whom I find a pleasant letter mentioning the fact.

"Dear Raffaele Haydon,

"Did the maid tell you I came to see your picture, not on Sunday but the day before? I think the face and bearing of the Bucephalus-tamer very noble, his flesh too effeminate or painty. The skin of the female's back kneeling is much more carnous. I had small time to pick out praise or blame, for two lord-like Bucks [1] came in, upon whose strictures my presence seemed to impose restraint: I plebeian'd off therefore.

"I think I have hit on a subject for you, but can't swear it was never executed—I never heard of its being—'Chaucer beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.' Think of the old dresses, houses, etc. 'It seemeth that both these learned men (Gower and Chaucer) were of the Inner Temple; for not many years since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geoffry Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.'—*Chaucer's life by T. Speght, prefixed to the black letter folio of Chaucer*, 1598.

"Yours in haste (salt fish waiting),

C. Lamb."

The passage of Plutarch (*De Gloriâ Atheniensium*), which records the incident of the death of Eucles, describes how that warrior ταῖς θύραις ἐμπέσοντα τῶν πρώτων expired with the simple words χαίρετε καὶ χαίρομεν. For an explanation of the τῶν πρώτων I find Haydon laying under contribution Gaisford, Scholefield, Valpy and other scholars of less note. The question was, whether the words meant "at the first houses he came to," or, "at the houses of the chief men?" a question, as Gaisford pointed out, of no possible importance to the picture; but probably Haydon was not sorry to parade his Greek before the professors. He had at last determined on beginning with this subject, but political changes affected his application. It was a stirring time, with the Catholic question agitating all minds.

Thus, April 10th, I find, "This breaking up of the ministry has disturbed us all. I regret Wellington. While he was at the head of the army I felt safe. He has made a mistake. This illustrious man is no longer necessary for the safety of the nation. Napoleon is no longer a bugbear; and now, with the well-known gratitude of nations, Wellington is

> "'Ungrateful and savage, and sullen, and cold,
> The nation's scorn, and army's hate.'

"This is Moore in the *Times*. Think of a man being so spoken of, who rescued the world from Napoleon's grasp, and

[1] Duke of Devonshire and Agar Ellis.—B. R. H.

aised

raised his own country to the highest glory. 'The nation's scorn'; that is, the scorn of the Whigs and Radicals, because he destroyed the hopes of their hero, Napoleon:

"'To have done is to hang
In monumental mockery.'"

Lawrence offered a criticism on the Alexander, which the painter of it dissents from with some reason: "Saw Lawrence, who thought my Olympias not animated enough. He said it ought to be more like Volumnia. Never were two beings so opposite as Volumnia and Olympias. Alexander has merely broken a vicious horse, and it would have been beneath her, on such an occasion, to have done more than welcome his success as a feat scarcely worthy of her anticipation of his genius.

"Volumnia would have blessed her son even if she had died the victim of his cruelty: Olympias would have made no scruple to have sacrificed Alexander, had he roused her revenge or wounded her pride."[1]

Haydon had suffered, he thought, from the large size of his pictures. He now determined on adopting smaller canvases.

"*May* 14*th*.—Rubbed in Eucles in the cabinet size. Now I will try my hand on the darling size of England. Success to it. It is curious that I have at this moment a positive passion to try my hand at the cabinet size; to work it up like Rembrandt's small works—gemmy, rich and beautiful. I hope I shall succeed. I will attack those fellows now in their own way. This is the first day I have felt my love of Art revive for months. I had been all day in the city, and came home tired to death, and set to work, and before dark it was in. If I had begun in this size I should have made my fortune. I offended the nobility of England by standing out against their predilections. I advanced the art—ruined myself—and when my larger works are again a novelty, out I will bounce.

"16*th*.—Completed the head of Eucles, and hit the expression—a gasp of exhausted, flashing triumph. I am happy I have done so.

"18*th*.—Lord Egremont called; before he called he was with Carew. 'What am I to do with Haydon?' said he. 'My Lord, you know best,' said Carew. 'Why does he not paint portraits?' 'My Lord, his mind has been habituated to another style.' 'His style is too bold for this country: has he anything to do?' 'Nothing, my Lord.' After a few moments he said, 'He shan't starve. I'll go over to him.'

[1] Volume xiv. of Journals begins at this date, with this motto: "Hæc sub numine nos nobis fecimus, sapientiâ duce, fortunâ permittente."

"He

" He then came over, and behaved in the kindest manner; in fact, gave me another commission—for Eucles. Carew said his impression was that some poison had been poured into Lord Egremont's mind, that they had been endeavouring to push him to employ me on portrait, where they hoped I would fail.

" As he walked upstairs he said, 'How do you find yourself? Have you anything to do?' 'Nothing, my Lord.' 'Why don't you paint portraits?' 'My Lord, I am willing to paint anything for my family.' 'Only make 'em handsome,' said Lord Egremont; and then he said of Eucles, 'If you do not make a man catching him, you can't tell the story.'

" From me Lord Egremont went to young Lough, the sculptor, who has just burst out, and has produced a great effect. His Milo is really the most extraordinary thing, considering all the circumstances, in modern sculpture. It is another proof of the efficacy of inherent genius.

" Lord Egremont goes about helping everybody who wants it.

" 20*th*.—Hard at work on Eucles; finished the hand and arm; sorry work. When I was painting Lazarus I used to wonder at the insignificance of human beings when I left my painting-room. I wonder now at the insignificance of my own paltry imitation.

" 21*st*.—An execution put in for £18. I hope to get rid of it. If I do not to-morrow I will make the fellow sit for the other hand of Eucles. In looking at the small pictures to-day at the National Gallery I was astonished. The fact is, that having to-day and yesterday turned my mind to small size, and being astonished at the quantity of knowledge I was obliged to leave out, I went to look at other small pictures, and wondered at the same thing. It is really extraordinary, after doing the human figure the full size, to find how much one can conceal on a scale less than life.

" 'Why does he not finish more?' said Lord Egremont. 'His style is too bold for this country, though I am perfectly satisfied.' A love of finish argues an early or a decaying taste; where character, form, expression, colour and drawing are not coveted because the mode is not finished, it argues a sorry fastidiousness and weak understanding.

" 22*nd*.—Westmacott, with the most heartfelt kindness, assisted me to get rid of the execution. I came home and dashed at and succeeded in the head of Eucles in my larger picture—the other hurts my eyes."

Amidst his own distresses and self-assertions it cannot be said that Haydon was insensible either to the wants or the talents of other artists. He did what he could to relieve the one and to enforce appreciation of the other. At this time appeared before the town a young and self-taught sculptor, Lough. Though he

is

is still living, I do not think he will consider any confidence violated by the publication of what follows.

"*23rd.*—Young Lough spent the evening with me, and a very unaffected, docile, simple, high-feeling young man he is. His account of himself was peculiarly touching. He was born in Northumberland. From his earliest boyhood he was always making figures in clay with his brother. In his father's window lay an old Pope's Homer. His brother and he were so delighted with it that they used to make thousands of models, he taking the Greeks, and his brother the Trojans. An odd volume of Gibbon gave an account of the Colossæum. He and his brother, after reading it, the moment the family were in bed, built up a Colossæum of clay in the kitchen, and by daylight had made hundreds of fighting gladiators. A gentleman I know was returning from fox-hunting and saw in a garden attached to Lough's father's cottage hundreds of models of legs and arms lying about. He alighted and walked in, and found the ceiling of the kitchen drawn all over and models lying about in every direction. Lough was sent for, and invited to this friend's house, who showed him Canova's works and Michel Angelo's. To use his own language to me, Canova did not prick him but Michel Angelo affected him deeply. He used to follow the plough and shear the corn; and in this obscure Northumberland spot the only artist they heard of was Haydon. His Entry into Jerusalem they had long read about, and he and his brother used to sketch Christ and the Ass on the walls and wonder how I had placed him. This interested me very much; in fact, I was highly delighted. He went on chatting till past one, and I promised to come down and go over his figure by candlelight.

"*24th.*—I went down, and was perfectly astonished. The feet and hands are not equal to the rest, but the body, head, thighs, legs and whole expression and action are grand beyond description. The beautiful mixture of fleshiness and muscular action, of high style and individual truth, is beyond praise. The back is as fine as the Theseus; and this, from me, is no small thing to say.

"It is the most extraordinary effort since the Greeks—with no exception—not of Michel Angelo, Bernini or Canova.

"I pointed out one defect—in the loins. He had been so flattered I could hardly bend him to alter it. The moment he did it with a piece of wood he acknowledged the improvement. To see such a splendid effort of innate power, built up in an obscure first floor (No. 11 Burleigh Street, over a greengrocer's shop), without the aid of education, foreign travel, patronage, money or even food, is only another instance of the natural power which

which no aid or instruction can supply the want of. If he goes to Italy he will be ruined! What becomes of all those who go and doze in the Vatican? They come back castrated. Lough did not, like Chantrey, put off his hour of inspiration till he was independent. Alas, he could not. His genius sat on him night and day like an incubus—goaded, haunted, pressed, worried, drove him to exertion. I was a fortnight without meat during Solomon. Lough never ate meat for three months; and then Peter Coxe, who deserves to be named, found him: he was tearing up his shirts to make wet rags for his figure to keep the clay moist, and on the point of pulling it down. Mr Coxe saved it, aided him, and by this one act has made amends for a life of folly and his poem of the ' Social Day.'

" Lough will be a great man. He has all the consciousness of genius, with great modesty. The only fear is, he has become so soon ripe, and has so mature a style, that he may, if not perpetually curbed by nature, get into manner. I told him this, and he seemed grateful. The more I reflect on this extraordinary work the more delighted I am. The thigh and back looked like flesh itself."

His Alexander was now at the Exhibition—not hung, in the painter's opinion, as it deserved. Debt and difficulty were pressing. Lord Egremont's commission had not been followed by others. Still, harassed as he was, Haydon took an active part in helping on a proposed exhibition of Lough's works.

" *June 8th.*—Lazily at work. Interested for Lough and his exhibition, whom I hope in God I have rescued from a set of harpies who wanted to make him a tool. Cockerell got him a room. I have set him on the right road, and his own energy will do the rest.

" This is the only high and sound genius I have ever known. To-night he said to me, as if half afraid he should be laughed at, ' Mr Haydon, I fancy myself in the Acropolis sometimes, and hear a roaring noise like the tide.' ' My dear fellow,' said I, ' when I was at my great works I saw with the vividness of reality the faces of Michel Angelo and Raffaele smiling about my room. Nurse these feelings, but tell them not—at least in England.'

" *9th.*—Lough passed the evening with me, and we excited each other so much by mutual accounts of what we had suffered, that we both felt tears in our eyes.

" He declared solemnly to me that he had not eaten meat for three months, and began the fourth. He said every day at dinner-time he felt the want, and used to lie down till it passed. He felt weak—at last faint—giddy continually, and latterly began to perceive he thought sillily, and was growing idiotic. He had only

only one bushel and a half of coals the whole winter, and used to lie down by the side of his clay model of this immortal figure, damp as it was, and shiver for hours till he fell asleep. He is a most extraordinary being; one of those creatures who come in a thousand years; and last night when he said he went from my conversation always inspired, the gaunt and lustrous splendour of his eyes had a darkened fire, as if a god was shrined within his body, and for a moment forced his concealment. He told me with absolute horror that Hilton said Michel Angelo was a very clever man, but that there were many cleverer. Lough is the only man I have ever seen who gave me an idea of what people used to say of *me*. In short, he is the only man I have ever seen who appears a genius.

" 10*th*.—Lough's private day. It was a brilliant one. I wrote to Mrs Siddons, and begged her to come. She came, and I conducted her into the room. Perhaps it will be the last private day she will ever go to. The room cleared round her as if Ceres was coming in. She was highly delighted. Several Academicians were there; and as I did not wish to injure Lough by associating him with the prejudices connected with me, or to appear too principal in the affair, I gradually left her to herself. Westmacott sidled up to her. Here came the question, ' Shall I cut the little good man out, or shall I let him triumph? ' ' Well,' thought I, ' I brought her; he will be mortified if I put him by.' Mrs Siddons was going. She looked to me. I inclined back. She felt it. ' Good morning, Mr Haydon.' Westmacott offered his arm, and I immediately took Miss Siddons. Westmacott thus sallied forth in triumph. As a young gentleman ambitious of academic honour, it became me to be modest. I followed. Had I led, and left him the daughter, I should have lost his vote! Such is human nature, and such are the secret workings of every bosom in all assemblies of men and women who meet to smile, to be sincere and to be happy.

" The Duke of Wellington entered before Mrs Siddons and I had gone. I never saw one whose air and presence were so unlike genius or heroism. He seemed embarrassed, and as if he felt he was unpopular. As Lord Farnborough was looking at Milo with me, and talking with hollow abstracted insincerity of its grandeur—looking at the door to every visitor to see if he had not committed himself by coming—in came the Duke and away flew my Lord to him. I saw easily that Lord Farnborough would get off, if he could, without committing himself for sixpence. The question was *how*. I watched. The Duke felt great admiration indeed, and going to the books opened, wrote with his own illustrious right hand—which as the means of conveying the conceptions of his

his great genius had destroyed Napoleon—an order for Milo and Sampson. It was done in a spirited manner. He then turned round. One of Lough's patrons came over, shook his Grace by the hand and thanked him. The Duke said: 'He should go abroad,' in his loud, distinct and military voice. Silvertop, who had just heard my opinion, hesitated. The Duke, surprised at his view not being acceded to, half blushed, and said, 'Not to stay, but to see—eh—the—eh—great works, as others have done.' He then turned. I bowed to thank him: as he walked out he touched his hat, like a military man, to me and to all.

"The moment he went out Farnborough made a bustling pretence he had something to say, and hurried after him.

"To conclude: the day was, I know, a brilliant one. I saw it would be, and first advised this step. Such attendant circumstances can never concur in the execution of any future work of the same man. I therefore told Lough 'Be prompt and decisive, get a friend to do. I will direct, and promise you a harvest.' He did so. Lord Egremont approved. A friend, whose modesty forbids the disclosure of his name, got all the tickets ready; I marked the Court Guide; his servant took them round: Cockerell and Bigge secured his room, and—God be thanked!—we have placed this mighty genius on the road to prosperity. If his health keep strong, which I pray God it may, he will be the greatest sculptor since Phidias.

"14*th*.—I have been quite ill from excitement about Lough and my own anxiety to work again. The first day he took £8, 3s., the second £10, 4s. This will do, considering it is but a single figure."

To Haydon's great delight the young sculptor's exhibition was successful; but the excitement of it completely overcame the passionate painter, who saw in the difficulties so nobly overcome by this self-taught artist a reproduction of his own early struggles, and of the spirit in which they were encountered. I should have hesitated to introduce these passages, relating as they do to an artist still living and labouring amongst us, but that they seem to me to reflect equal credit on the friend and the befriended.

In June of this year came a repetition of the blow which had already fallen on Haydon in 1823. He was once more arrested for debt. Once more he appealed to the public through the newspapers, and to Parliament by petition. Mr Brougham presented his petition, and the newspapers printed his letters. It was in vain to preach to one of his sanguine temperament and determined habit of self-assertion—as his friend Du Bois did, with great good sense, at this time—"Rely on yourself and your own powers, which may yet work wonders; but pray, as you would avoid the gall of disappointment, build little on exciting the

the active interference of the public. Any battery opened against their poor pockets in favour of the fine arts will make as much impression, I fancy—to use a simile in the *Times*—as cannon-balls on a mud bank." But if public appeals were vain, private applications were met with a promptitude and liberality which show what a large fund of real benevolence there is lying in the world for the unfortunate to draw on. Sir W. Scott was here, as ever, among the readiest with his purse and his sympathy,[1] while the unaffected, manly kindness of the letters in which both money and sympathy are conveyed must have doubled their value. I find letters from Lawrence and Campbell, both kind, but alike unable to relieve. Mr Lockhart, whose strenuous and practical help on this and other like occasions calls forth repeated expressions of Haydon's gratitude, suggested the plan of a subscription for the purchase of one or more pictures, finished or unfinished. Joseph Strutt, of Derby, too, one whose heart seems always to have guided the distribution of his ample means, sent a draft of £100 for a picture to be painted at the artist's convenience. The Duke of Bedford, Lady de Tabley, and the artist's warm friend Mr Chauncey Hare Townshend, were equally active in this crisis.

The result of Mr Lockhart's suggestion was a public meeting on the 23rd of July, the following report of which it is worth while to append, as it contains a summary account of the painter's expenditure and embarrassments:

"A Public Meeting was held yesterday at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Lord Francis Leveson Gower in the chair, 'For the purpose of raising a subscription to restore Mr Haydon to his family and pursuits, he having been imprisoned one month in consequence of embarrassments arising from an over-eagerness to pay off old debts, from which he was exonerated, and the want of employment for eight months.'

"Lord F. L. Gower said, that the object of the meeting would perhaps be best forwarded by the perusal of a statement of Mr Haydon's affairs which had been prepared for the occasion by a friend.

"Mr Burn then addressed the meeting. He would be as brief in his remarks as possible; and in order to put the meeting fully in possession of the state of Mr Haydon's pecuniary affairs he would read a debtor and creditor account, which had been made out. Mr Haydon's debts amounted to £1767, 17s.; and the only assets which he had to meet them were the picture Eucles, which, when finished, will be worth five hundred guineas, and whatever might be the produce of the exhibition of that picture. Since 1823 Mr Haydon had contracted debts to the amount of £1131, 17s., and had received, by cash, for paintings, portraits, etc., £2547, 14s. 2d. The difference between the sum

[1] See note, p. 838.

£1131,

£1131, 17s. and the £1767, 17s. before mentioned, was £636, which was made up of debts incurred by Mr Haydon previous to his embarrassments in 1823, and consequently could not be carried to the profit and loss account since that period. It appeared then that Mr Haydon had expended, during the last four years, the sum of £3679, 11s. 2d., and as it was but right that this meeting should be informed of the manner in which he had done so, he (Mr Burn) would read the different items. They were as follows :

By housekeeping expenses, for four years, at £220 per year	£880	0	0
By professional expenses, viz.—			
Colours at . . £20 per annum.			
Models . . 60 ,,			
Drapery . . 10 ,,			
Brushes . . 10—£100 per year for four years .	400	0	0
By rent and taxes { Rent £121 / Taxes £30—£151 per year for four years . . .	604	0	0
By cash paid for furniture	190	18	7
By ditto paid debts owing previous to 1823 . .	397	0	0
By wearing apparel for self, Mrs Haydon and children, at £60 per year for four years . . .	240	0	0
By schooling for two children £60 per annum, equal £120 a year for four years	480	0	0
By servants' wages, £30 per year for four years .	120	0	0
By law expenses, within the same period . .	280	0	0
By travelling and incidental expenses, £20 per year	80	0	0
	£3671	18	7

" Such was the state of Mr Haydon's affairs, and the meeting would not fail to remark, that a considerable portion of Mr Haydon's burthen had arisen from his anxiety to discharge debts from which the law had freed him. He had seen Mr Haydon in prison, in distress, in destitution ; he was, in fact, at that moment, without the slightest prospect or hope of relief, but such as might flow from the sympathy of the public. Under such circumstances, it might be natural to inquire, even before relief was given, how an artist of Mr Haydon's acknowledged abilities, had failed to reap that encouragement which had so often been bestowed on artists in countries far less civilised than England. He believed that his friend had fallen a victim to his own too ardent imagination. He had not only aimed at the highest branch of his art, but he had neglected to remember that while he was toiling to reach the first station, he was making but little provision for the necessities of the passing day. It was well known that the cultivation of the arts tended to promote civilisation and happiness : Mr Haydon had laboured strenuously to forward that which he professed, and the generosity of the public could

could not be better directed than to his relief. Painters of his talent had been protected by monarchs themselves. If Mr Haydon had enemies who had the slightest inclination to oppose the object of that meeting, he would ask them to visit the prison, and then proceed with their opposition if they could. If there were critics who questioned the merits of Mr Haydon's performances, he would call on them in the name of charity to forget their opinions ; or if Mr Haydon had friends, as he saw he had, he would entreat them to seize on the opportunity which then presented itself, and exert themselves to rescue their friend from prison and restore him to his suffering family. It was proposed to raise a subscription for Mr Haydon, but not to place the money in Mr Haydon's own hands. Trustees were to be named ; and as he had prepared a series of resolutions which would explain the plan, he would beg leave to read them. It would be the duty of the trustees to liberate Mr Haydon as soon as possible, in order that he might exert himself in his profession, which he would do to the utmost, and then to make such arrangements as might appear best calculated to do justice to the creditors and rescue Mr Haydon and his family from distress. Mr Haydon had a wife and five children and was in the daily expectation of an increase to his family ; he had no hope of relief but in the sympathy and generosity of the public, and it was hoped that the appeal would not be made in vain.

" The resolutions were then put *seriatim*, and agreed to.

" Lord F. L. Gower said, that after the statement which had been made, it must be quite unnecessary for him to detain the meeting by offering any remarks. Mr Haydon's case was one of those in which every one who respected genius, or commiserated misfortune, must take a lively interest. His Lordship then read a letter from the Duke of Bedford, in which his Grace said, that absence from London would prevent him from attending the meeting ; but in consideration of Mr Haydon's merits and distresses, he begged to inclose a cheque for £50.

" Mr Burn said, that as an impression had gone abroad that Mr Haydon had received Parliamentary relief in 1823, he thought it right to state, that he then held a letter in his hand, in which Mr Brougham declared, that from circumstances no application had been made.

" Lord F. L. Gower having left the chair, together with a cheque for £20, the thanks of the meeting were voted to his Lordship and it broke up.

" In the course of a few minutes subscriptions to the amount of £120 were received, including £50 from the Duke of Bedford and £20 from Lord F. L. Gower."

At this meeting it was resolved, that under the circumstances which have caused Mr Haydon's present misfortunes, he was entitled to public sympathy and relief; that an account be opened with Messrs Coutts & Co. (who consented to receive subscriptions)

tions) in the names of J. G. Lockhart and S. G. Burn, Esqrs., as trustees for a subscription, with the intention, as soon as the amount subscribed should equal the price of his picture of Eucles (500 guineas), that lots should be cast for that picture, £10 to give one chance, £20 two, and so on.

The result was Haydon's release at the close of July.

While in the King's Bench he saw the mock election, a picture of which he afterwards painted. In a letter to the Duke of Bedford, written just after his release, he describes that incident.

"In the midst of this dreadful scene of affliction up sprung the masquerade election,—a scene which, contrasted as it was with sorrow and prison walls, beggars all description.

"Distracted as I was, I was perpetually drawn to the windows by the boisterous merriment of the unfortunate happy beneath me. Rabelais or Cervantes alone could do it justice with their pens. Never was such an exquisite burlesque. Baronets and bankers, authors and merchants, young fellows of fashion and elegance; insanity, idiotism, poverty and bitter affliction, all for a moment forgetting their sorrows at the humour, the wit, the absurdity of what was before them.

"I saw the whole from beginning to end. I was resolved to paint it, for I thought it the finest subject for humour and pathos on earth."

By the 15th of August the picture was rubbed in. Among the characters he encountered during his imprisonment was the man from whose information he furnishes this passage of secret history in illustration of Mr Canning's negotiations with the South American republics.

"*August 16th.*—What a half-year this has been! In the Bench I met Chambers the banker and a Dr Mackay who was employed by Canning to arrange and negotiate the treaty of commerce and independence with South America.

"Dr Mackay had resided many years in Mexico, and knew all the parties thoroughly. He made a fortune and had returned to England. He was sent for by Canning, and after all due preliminary caution sent out to Mexico.

"As he and I paced up and down the racket-ground by moonlight, he told me every particular, and interesting it was. I invited him to my room, and, like a true politician, or *employé politique*, he began to suspect me. 'Remember,' said he, 'before I proceed, you make no use of this.' I gave him my word and he proceeded. Vittoria was his old friend. On his way to Mexico, under pretence of pressing business, he called on Vittoria, and found him in actual negotiation with Spanish Commissioners; that evening a treaty was to be signed and settled. Vittoria

Vittoria begged him to dine. He refused a long time, but Mackay making him promise to put off the Commissioners till next day, he agreed. Vittoria sent word he was ill and Mackay was received as an English physician and old friend. That night the ground was broken. Vittoria complained they were forsaken by England. Mackay opened his powers, and it was agreed that Vittoria should continue ill, Mackay visiting and prescribing every day. He did so; and at last Vittoria got better and better, and received full authority from Mexico, and Mackay and he used to walk out to take a little air and retire unobserved into a by-street to a room hired for the purpose. In this way the treaty of independence and commerce was finally settled. One party proposed an article. After discussion it was written in a book, each party at liberty to reflect till next day. When they met again the article proposed and agreed to was restated and discussed again, and if nothing had occurred to alter and amend, it was finally entered into a separate book, from which there was no appeal.

" In this way Dr Mackay told me the whole treaty was settled. As he knew the Spaniards well, and that pride was their failing, he got nothing by downright opposition, but carried everything by yielding and persuading them that even he would not have so favoured England by such a proposition, etc., etc. Mr Canning was highly delighted and gave him great praise.

" It was interesting to talk to Dr Mackay, who had lost £40,000 (which he had amassed in Mexico by a long life of labour) in speculations on the Stock Exchange.

" Here he was planning steam stage-coaches, and talking of setting off for Mexico as soon as he was free and undisturbed. He seemed to have a very great idea of Canning's genius, and spoke of him with the greatest respect."

This is the painter's own description of the Mock Election, the picture of which was finished by the close of the year, and exhibited in January, 1828, at the Egyptian Hall:

" Nothing during the last year excited more curiosity than the Mock Election, which took place in the King's Bench Prison; as much from the circumstances attending its conclusion, as from the astonishment expressed that men, unfortunate and confined, could invent any amusement at which they had a right to be happy.

" At the first thought, it certainly gave one a shock to fancy a roar of boisterous merriment, in a place where it was hardly possible to imagine any other feelings to exist than those of sorrow and anxiety; but, on a little more reflection, there was nothing very unprincipled in men, one-half of whom had been the victims of villany, one-quarter the victims of malignity, and perhaps not the whole of the remaining fourth justly imprisoned by angry creditors in hope to obtain their debts; it was not absolutely criminal

criminal to prefer forgetting their afflictions in the temporary gaiety of innocent frolic, to the dull, leaden, sottish oblivion produced by porter and cigars.

"I was sitting in my own apartment, buried in my own reflections, melancholy, but not despairing at the darkness of my own prospects, and the unprotected condition of my wife and children, when a sudden tumultuous and hearty laugh below brought me to the window. In spite of my own sorrows I laughed out heartily myself when I saw the occasion.

"Before me were three men marching in solemn procession, the one in the centre a tall, young, reckless, bushy-haired, light-hearted Irishman, with a rusty cocked hat under his arm, a bunch of flowers in his bosom, his curtain rings round his neck for a gold chain, a mopstick for a white wand, tipped with an empty strawberry-pottle, bows of ribbons on his shoulders, and a great hole in his elbow, of which he seemed perfectly unconscious; on his right was another person in burlesque solemnity, with a sash and real white wand; two others, fantastically dressed, came immediately behind, and the whole followed by characters of all descriptions, some with flags, some with staffs, and all in perfect merriment and mock gravity, adapted to some masquerade. I asked what it meant, and was told it was a procession of burgesses, headed by the Lord High Sheriff and Lord Mayor of the King's Bench Prison, going in state to open the poll, in order to elect two members to protect their rights in the House of Commons!

"'Ah! l'étrange chose que la vie!'—MOLIÈRE.

I returned to my room, and laughed and wept by turns! Here were a set of creatures who must have known afflictions, who must have been in want and in sorrow, struggling (with a spiked wall before their eyes) to bury remembrance in the humour of a farce! flying from themselves and their thoughts to smother reflection, though, in the interval between one roar of laughter and another, the busy fiend would flash upon 'their inward eye,' their past follies and their present pains! Yet, what is the world but a prison of larger dimensions? We gaze after the eagle in his flight, and are bound by gravitation to the earth we tread on; we sail forth in pursuit of new worlds, and after a year or two return to the spot we started from; we weary our imaginations with hopes of something new, and find, after a long life, we can only embellish what we see: so that while our hopes are endless and our imagination unbounded, our faculties and being are limited; and whether it be six thousand feet, or six thousand miles, a limit still marks the prison!

"I bore in pain that day the merriment and noise so uncongenial to an aching heart; but the next, an irresistible desire induced me to go out, and, as I approached the unfortunate but merry crowd, to the last day of my life I shall ever remember the impression I received—baronets and bankers; authors and merchants; painters and poets; dandies of rank in silk and velvet,

velvet, and dandies of no rank in rags and tatters ; idiotism and insanity ; poverty and affliction, all mingled in indiscriminate merriment, with a spiked wall, twenty feet high, above their heads ! I saw in an instant the capacity there existed in this scene of being made morally instructive and interesting to the public, by the help of an episode in assistance. I told Mr ——, the banker, who stood by me, I would paint it, and asked him if he believed there ever were such characters, such expressions and such heads on human shoulders assembled in one group before ?

" Day by day the subject matured in my mind ; and as soon as I was restored to my family and pursuits I returned and sketched all the heads of the leading actors in this extraordinary scene, began the picture directly, and had finished it in four months.

" I will now explain to the spectators the details of the picture :

" In the centre is the Lord High Sheriff, with burlesque elegance of manner, begging one of the candidates not to break the peace, or be irritated at the success of his rival, towards whom he is bending his fist ; while Harry Holt, the pugilist, in a striped dressing-gown, is urging on the intended member, and showing him how he can most effectually hit. The intended member is dressed in green, with an oilskin cap, and a red bow (the colours of his party). The gentleman who actually filled this character is, I have heard, a man of considerable fortune in Ireland ; from the speeches he made, he evidently believed himself going to the House of Commons, as much as ever did Mr Canning or Mr Hobhouse. Right opposite, attired in the quilt of his bed, and in a yellow turban, is the other member, a gentleman who actually sat in the House two years, and who, by his experience in the finesse of elections, was the moving spring in all the proceedings of this. His face expresses sarcastic mischief—he is pointing, without looking at his opponent, with a sneer ! Between the Lord High Sheriff and the candidate in a quilt, is a Lord Mayor, with the solemn gravity becoming his office ; he holds a white wand with a blue and yellow bow, and a sash of the same colours —he was a third candidate. The colours of the first member I have made red, of the one in a quilt blue, and the Lord Mayor's colours blue and yellow.

" Immediately below, in a white jacket, is the head poll-clerk, with quizzing humour, swearing in the three burgesses before they are allowed to vote, and holding up his finger, as much as to say, speak the truth. The three voters are holding a bit of deal ; the first, a dandy of first fashion just imprisoned, with a fifty-guinea pipe in his right hand, a diamond ring on his finger, dressed in a yellow silk dressing-gown, velvet cap and red morocco slippers ; on his left stands an exquisite, who has been imprisoned three years, smoking a threepenny cigar, with a hole at his elbow, and his toes on the ground ; and the third is one of those characters of middle age and careless dissipation, visible in all scenes of this description, dressed in a blue jacket and green cap.

" Between the dandy in yellow and the short red-nosed man, dressed

dressed in the red curtain of his bed, with a mace, and within the hustings, is another poll-clerk, entering in a book the names of the electors. Above the clerk is the assessor, suppressing a laugh, and behind the member in a quilt, is a man sticking in a pipe, as an additional ornament to the member's person.

" These characters form the principal group ; the second group is on the right, and on the left is the third, while the prison wall and prison form the background.

" In the right-hand group, sipping claret, sits a man of family and a soldier, who distinguished himself in Spain ; he was imprisoned in early life for running away with a ward in Chancery ; embarrassment followed, and nine years of confinement have rendered him reckless and melancholy ; he has one of the most tremendous heads I ever saw in nature, something between Byron and Buonaparte ; it was affecting to see his pale determined face and athletic form amongst the laughing afflicted, without a smile ! without an emotion ! Indifferent to the humour about him, contemptuously above joining in the burlesque, he seemed, like a fallen angel, meditating on the absurdities of humanity !

" ' . . . Care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge ; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion.'—MILTON.

" In the picture I have made him sit at ease, with a companion, while champagne bottles, a dice-box, dice, cards, a racket-bat and ball on the ground announce his present habits.

" Leaning on him, and half terrified at the mock threats of the little red-nosed head constable with a mace, is an interesting girl attached to him in his reverses ; and over his head, clinging to the top of the pump, is an elector intoxicated and huzzaing !

" The third and last group is composed of a good family in affliction. The wife, devoted, melting, clinging to her husband ! The eldest boy, with the gaiety of a child, is cheering the voters ; behind is the old nurse sobbing over the baby, five weeks old ; while the husband, virtuous and in trouble, is contemplating the merry electors with pity and pain. The father and mother are in mourning for the loss of their second boy, for ' troubles never come in single files, but whole battalions ' ; in his hand he holds a paper, on it —' Debt, £26, 10s. *paid*—costs £157, 14s. *unpaid*. Treachery, Squeeze and Co., *Thieves' Inn*.'

" Behind this family is a group of electors with flags and trumpets, and all the bustle of an election. On one flag is ' The Liberty of the Subject ' ; on the other, ' No Bailiffs ' ; while the spiked wall and state house finish this end. The opposite end is the commencement of the prison, each window marking a separate apartment, and under a red-striped blind are a party of electors, listening to a speech before marching up.

" An old fat fellow, between the head constable and the young girl,

girl, is laughing at his mock severity, while two fellows, arm in arm behind, and a bill of exchange of the Hon. Henry Lawless lies on the ground, at 999 years' date, to Mr Cabbage, tailor, of Bond Street, for £1562, 14s. 7d., for value received, complete the composition, in which I have done my best to convey, to the nobility and the public, a scene that almost baffles pencil or pen!

"Many may be inclined to be severe, and disposed to ask, 'How I could be thinking of painting, when I was making the town ring with my afflictions?' I have only to reply, I could not help it; a man, who for years has never looked at a face without instinctive reference to its imitation, has absolutely a sixth sense, and in all probability, even at the stake, would study the expression of his executioners."

The following entries in the Journal in relation to the characters and circumstances introduced in the Mock Election seem curious enough for insertion:

"*August 22nd.*—Succeeded in the High Sheriff's head. It should be a sort of Beggars' Opera—Polly and Macheath affair. I have hit him, and the world will think so.

"*23rd.*—Hard at work, and advanced the High Sheriff. The careless, Irish, witty look, the *abandon de gaieté* of his head and expression was never surpassed by Hogarth. This is my genuine belief and conviction, and so will posterity think.

"*26th.*—Went to the King's Bench to make sketches. I sketched the head of a smuggler who carried the Union Jack in the election. Never in my life did I see such a head: air—wind—grog—risk—anxiety—daring—and defiance, were cut into his handsome weather-beaten head. 'After being at sea,' said I, 'does not this life hurt your health?' 'My health, sir? I keep up my health with grog. Eh, Bob?' turning round to a veteran crony. 'How many tumblers d'ye average?' 'Why, I think, sir, I may say five-and-twenty!'

"What a set of heads I shall have in this picture.

"Looked at Staunton's head to-day, and liked it.

"What a set of beings are assembled in that extraordinary place—that temple of idleness and debauchery. When you walk amongst them you get amongst faces that are all marked by some decided expression, quite different from people you meet in the street."

"*28th.*—Put in the gallant colonel exquisitely, from the remembrance of the principles of an idiot's head. I hit his likeness in a minute. Child's cheeks, woman's nose, age's lips and chin, fool's forehead.

"The calm beauty of Eucles, when I looked at it to-day after the rag-fair subject of the election, was extraordinary. The principles of the one will illustrate the other.

"*31st.*

"31*st*.—Last day of August. The last sixteen days I have employed myself well. I have got the Election well on. I went to the Bench to-day to sketch, and got so melancholy from stories of want and misery and crime around me I was obliged to return.

"*Sept*. 3*rd*.—Put in the gallant colonel. Capital character: Irish—hot-headed—duelling—idiotic—the only person *serious* in the whole scene. The subject grows on me rapidly.

"4*th*.—Holt, the boxer, sat. Finished him and the colonel's right hand.

"5*th*.—Hard at work and finished Holt. If I had not made a good likeness of Holt I should have lost my reputation in the ring. Holt said to-day, 'I have always heard of you, sir, for these twenty years; but not knowing anything of Art, I thought you were an old master.'

"How true is the antique! Holt is the only instance I ever saw of the hair springing up from the forehead like wire, as the hair of Alexander does on his bust.

"10*th*.—Worked hard, and advanced my puppy.

"11*th*.—Worked hard, and improved my puppy.

"12*th*.—Worked and finished the velvet cap of the puppy. I take such delight in this puppy, that on looking at Eucles after it seemed cold and chaste. I should not wonder if this picture has awakened a faculty that has been dormant."

On the 14th of September the progress of his work was for a while arrested by the birth of a son—Frederick.[1]

"16*th*.—'The child is father to the man,' as Wordsworth says. From a boy I had always an intense desire for seclusion. I remember then, as now, my delight in a study of my own. I remember constructing of pasteboard a little place shutting in a window, where I used to retire as soon as school was over, to sketch, and draw and meditate.

"The other night as I walked into my painting-room, and saw Eucles on the floor, and the sketches and pictures about, I felt a delight, an elevation I cannot describe. I remember feeling the same thing thirty years ago in my pasteboard house. Such is the truth; and it is painful to think how little real knowledge one gets after twenty.

"17*th*.—I took my child Frank to-day to see Macbeth at Sir George's, Grosvenor Square. As we wandered through the deserted gallery and drawing-rooms I thought, 'Here have

[1] [Frederick Wordsworth Haydon served in the Navy, and became Inspector of Factories. He was dismissed the service in 1867, when he published a letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, entitled, "Our Officials at the Home Office." He died in Bethlehem Hospital, Nov. 12th, 1886.]

assembled

assembled more men of real genius, and more pretenders to it, than in any other room perhaps in Europe.'

" Since he gave his collection to the National Gallery, there are, of course, few pictures left. The Tondo of Michel Angelo, with his bust over it, was still in the Gallery, and the picture from the Colonna Palace. The walls were covered with his own works, many of which I had been consulted about; and on seeing the silent rooms, half lighted and half dusty, with the furniture covered, I was exceedingly affected with a sort of sympathy at the mortality of us all. Poor Sir George! The genius of the place was gone to his audit; and if we meet hereafter, as I hope we may, purged of our weaknesses, we shall find we have each qualities for the enjoyment of the other, which worldly passion obscured and dulled.

" On the very day Frank was born Sir George and Lady Beaumont called within a few hours. It was interesting to see his little figure striding about where his father had so often strode before.

" Macbeth keeps its colour capitally.

" 18*th*.—Began a portrait to-day, and I felt as if my hand, and soul and imagination were numbed, '*e senza stelle*.' How can I succeed under such impressions?

" 19*th*.—Attacked the head constable to-day with delight—a Bardolphian dog as ever lived. Succeeded—though yesterday my model was an interesting, fine fellow, and the face to-day a red-nosed, ugly pug. I got on to-day with delight, because, though cramped as to likeness, I was working with reference to a story. The hatred of portrait-painting is, I am sorry to say, a failing in my nature, invincible: at least I fear so.

" 23*rd*.—Hard at work and dashed away successfully. Read Vasari's life of Raffaele till the tears came into my eyes. I saw my Lazarus to-day; and the further I get from the grand style the more I am struck with my former pictures, and the more bitterly feel my afflictions.

" Ah, what a shame to the patrons of my time! Truly might Lord Ashburnham say he wondered how they could answer to their own consciences for their shameful neglect of me. What will become of me? Yet this is cant. I do not despair; and something whispers me that I shall yet do greater things than I have ever yet done, and that my knowledge will not be suffered to leave the world without a period arriving of full development.

" 27*th*.—Began to work in irritable spirits. The colours were badly mixed, the brushes were badly cleaned. I hesitated—trifled—faddled—and idled; but at last, ashamed of my delays, I plunged at a hand, and getting interested, soon forgot my troubles. I shall

I shall accomplish the group by the time marked out. From the habit of running about the town so in pecuniary difficulties, when they ceased I actually looked to Monday, for at least a week or two, as a day of walking, squabbling and battle. Such is habit.

" *Oct.* 1*st.*—Went to the Bench and finished all my sketches.

" 2*nd.*—Arranged for to-morrow the effect, sky, etc., and improved it much: made a drawing for the corner figure from my old model, Forster.

" 3*rd.*—Put in the foreground head—wants paring—a terrific character.

" 4*th.*—Was unhinged and unsettled—could not tell why. Advanced, but not conclusively, as I was trying to doctor yesterday's attempt.

" 10*th.*—Hard at work, and nearly completed one of the corner figures. Third of the month gone. Not so much to show as I ought or intended to have. Anniversary of my wedding day—six years. Well, we have had some exquisite happiness, and some bitter agony. God protect us! For the mercies, gratitude; for the pains, gratitude also, if they have contributed to purify our souls, and fit them for immortality.

" 20*th.*—Began again to-day, thank God, and got in the head of the good man.

" 21*st.*—Hard at work—finished the gambler.

" 22*nd.*—Hard at work—coated the good man in sorrow and affliction.

" 23*rd.*—Got in nurse and infant. Hard at work, and finished the good man.

" 24*th.*—Obliged to lay by from deranged digestion. All painters seem to have suffered from this. All thinkers in fact—painters or not. Rubens used to take his great meal at night. You get up with a black veil over your fancy, through which you see all things.

" 28*th.*—Hard at work on the mother and wife.

" 29*th.*—Hard at work, and advanced the mother.

" 30*th.*—Worked at a sitting seven hours; then took lunch, and set to one hour and a half. Finished the mother.

" 31*st.*—Last day. I worked pretty well up, but people called, and chatted, and gossiped and plagued me.

" *Nov.* 1*st.*—Hard at work, and succeeded in completing the boy. I don't know that I think less, but I think less of the thoughts that occur.

" 4*th.*—Hard at work. Finished my portrait of Talfourd, and got an order for his wife.

" 5*th.*—Hard at work, and put in another head.

" 6*th.*

"6*th*.—What a strange thing is the intellectual power. I awoke between four and five saying to myself: 'It may be laid down as an axiom, that that art which, as a principle, renders the inanimate or inferior parts of equal consequence to the intellectual or superior, is erroneous in foundation, and contrary to the great principle of our highest associations. The Greek school, and all the great modern schools of 1500, were conducted on the opposite principle: the modern French school on the above.'

"This was a mere caprice of my mind in sleep; for I had not been dreaming, and it was evident from so sound a remark that my mind had had rest enough."

By the beginning of December the picture was nearly finished (as well as a portrait of his friend, Mr Talfourd, painted while the Mock Election was in progress), and before the close of the year the Exhibition opened.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

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